Exhibit C

Jay Electronica

When I was sleepin' on the train
Sleepin' on Meserole Ave out in the rain
Without even a single slice of pizza to my name
Too proud to beg for change, mastering the pain
When New York niggas were calling southern rappers lame
But then jacking our slang
I used to get dizzy spells, and hear a little ring
The voice of a angel telling me my name
Telling me that one day I'mma be a great mane
Transforming with the Megatron Don spittin out flames
Eatin' wack rappers alive, shittin' out chainsI ain't believe it then, nigga I was homeless
Fightin', shootin dice, smokin weed on the corners
Tryna find the meaning of life in a corona
Till the 5 percenters rolled up on a nigga and informed him
You either build or destroy, where you come from?
The Magnolia projects in the 3rd ward slum
Its quite amazing that you rhyme how you do
And how you shine like you grew up in a shrine in Peru
Question 14, Muslim Lesson 2, dip diver, civilize a 85er
I make the devil hit his knees and say the "Our Father"
Abracadabra!
You rockin with the true and living
Shot out to Lights Out, Joseph I, Chewy Bivens
Shout out to Baltimore, Baton Rouge, my crew in Richmond
While y'all debated who the truth was like Jews and Christians
I was on Cecil B, Broad Street, Master, North Philly, South Philly, 23rd
Tasker, 6 mile, 7 mile, Hartwell, Gratiot
Where niggas really would pack a U-haul truck up
Put the high beams on
Drive up on the curb at a barbecue and hop out the back like what's up
Kill a nigga, rob a nigga, take a nigga, bust up
That's why when you talk the tough talk I never feel ya
You sound real good and you play the part well
But the energy you givin off is so unfamiliar
I don't feel yaNas hit me up on the phone, said what you waitin on?
Tip hit me up with a tweet, said what you waitin on?
Diddy send a text every hour on the dot sayin
When you gon drop that verse nigga you taking long
So now I'm back spittin that he could pass a polygraph

That Reverend Run rockin Adidas out on Hollis Ave
That FOI, Marcus Garvey, Niki Tesla
I shock you like an eel, electric feel, Jay ElectraThey call me Jay Electronica
Fuck that
Call me Jay ElecHannukah
Jay ElecYarmulke
Jay ElectRamadaan
Muhammad Asalaamica RasoulAllah
Subhanahu wa ta'ala through your monitor
My uzi still weighs a ton, check the barometer
I'm hotter than the muthafuckin' sun, check the thermometer
I'm bringing ancient mathematics back to modern man
My momma told me never throw a stone and hide your hand
I got a lot of family, you got a lot of fans
That's why the people got my back like the Verizon man
I play the back and fade to black and then devise a plan
Out in London, smoking, vibin' while I ride the tram
Givin' out that raw food to lions disguised as lambs
And, by the time they get they seats hot
And deploy all they henchmen to come at me from the treetops
I'm chillin out at Tweetstock
Building by the millions
My light is brilliant

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