

# Shiny Suit Theory (feat. Jay-Z & The-Dream)

## Jay Electronica

I'm sailing on a cloud they trailing below  
My shrink told me it's a feeling they don't ever know  
I pack up all my sins and I wear them to the show  
And let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go  
I'm sailing on a cloud they trailing below  
My shrink told me it's a feeling they don't ever know  
I pack up all my sins in every L that I blow  
And let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go  
In the land before time  
A land before altar boys, synagogues and shrines  
Man was in his prime  
Look how far I go in time just to start a rhyme  
The method is sublime you get blessed with every line  
I'm in touch with every shrine from Japan to Oaxaca  
The melanated carbon-dated phantom of the chakras  
Me and Puff, we was chilling in Miami  
He said: "Nigga fuck the underground you need to win a Grammy  
For your mama and your family  
They need to see you shined up  
You built a mighty high ladder, let me see you climb up  
Nigga what you scared of?  
Terrorize these artificial rap niggas and spread love  
Pollenate they ear buds  
Like you supposed to, spit it for the culture  
Pay no attention to the critics and the vultures  
They rather have a shot of Belvy just to spite you  
They casting judgments cause they feel they got the right to  
Fuck them! I let the dice roll like the father did  
I gotta shine it's in my blood I'm a Harlem kid  
I treat my babies right, treat my ladies ladylike  
Hit them with a remix to make sure that they play me twice  
I thought you said it's the return of the black kings  
Luxurious homes, fur coats and fat chains"  
In this manila envelope the results of my insanity  
Quack said I crossed the line between real life and fantasy  
Can it be the same one on covers with Warren Buffett  
Was ducking the undercovers, was warring with motherfuckers?  
Went from warring to Warren, undercovers to covers  
If you believe in that sort of luck your screws need adjusting  
In the world of no justice and black ladies on the back of buses

I'm the immaculate conception of rappers-slash-hustlers  
My God it's so hard to conceive  
But it all falls perfect I'm like autumn is to trees  
The doc interrupted, he scribbled a prescription for some Prozac  
He said: "take that for your mustard, boy  
You must be off your rocker  
If you think you'll make it off the strip before they 'Pac ya  
Nigga you gotta be psychotic  
Or mixing something potent with your vodka  
It takes a lot to shock us  
But you being so prosperous is preposterous  
How could this nappy headed boy from out the projects  
Be the apple of America's obsession?  
You totally disconnected with reality  
Don't believe in dreams  
Since when did black men become kings"  
You have no idea, yeah  
The means to what I say  
And you have no idea  
Of how I got this way  
Now, fear my dreams  
And by the time you wake  
I'll look down from the clouds  
See, I'm on my way  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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