

# Make your mind up

## VoodooLand

Hieroglyphics is gonna twist a kid's cerebellum  
If he lives, then I tell 'im I'll leave his head swellin'  
When tellin' fellas about the 5-6  
Live it's me investigatin' fly chick's privates  
I got a plan, I got a plan, a strategy  
Adam be mad, a G mad at me 'cuz I got a fatter salary  
Actually, you will be cookin' like bottom ramen  
Never top 'cuz you'll never stop the atom bombin'Hiroshima, Nagasaki, don't copy  
The manuscript, man, you slipped, you're sloppy  
Joe Schmo, never no more, I'm clever and you're never gonna score  
'Cuz I'm sure I'm better and pure  
Like cannibus, and if it's possible I'll drop a new  
Line with the lyrics, live with the spirit  
And soul, I got plenty in me, eeny-meeny-miny-mo  
Slo-Mo, approach with yo ho, yup'Cuz I'm the man and you can read it in Genesis  
A D A M, the A P L U S  
One and the same, runnin' the game on fly chicks  
Real tight, so they feel right with the 5-6  
And it's like that, and that's how it is, G  
The skins I cross get tossed like a Frisbee  
Search and find lines of life in my scripture  
Screens make me seen, so the keen get the pictureEruptions, and rustin' when I'm thrustin'  
Cuts men into microscopic particles  
Molecules, atoms attack 'em, hack 'em  
Never slow, never slack, I'm invincible, [unverified]  
Flow is intense at fools  
Who know not, flow not like this wizard  
Ya play with it, riddle, widdle a hole in ya dome  
And pull out ya gizzard, tracheotomyI slaughtta the watery-weak  
Ya slips, there's a slobbly geek  
Niggaz tweek, when I speak, they retreat  
Rethink what was spoken and then repeat my feat  
Of inhuman capabilities, rape and pillage emcees  
Then I kill emcees, who have no style  
I file niggaz down to the cuticle  
Who can feel my foot printsSoot gets kicked in your eye, beautiful  
Blinding, winding up and change-ups  
Rearrange punks, when I drops, kerplunk  
Rip chunks out the mic and then digest, Why test?

I'm cavin' in your chest when I express myself  
Extreme confusion, you think you're losin' your mind  
'Cuz my rhyme cuts holes like a nineTajai, two syllables, easy  
With ease, we, seize thee, butt emcees be  
'Cuz they come whacker than batman sound effects  
I ground your text, but vertebrae wack I pound your necks  
Sally bone, I be prone to rip shit, likely  
Believe it or not, believe it I got the cock-D  
Cacophony, I cap the phonies, so there is no needs for me  
Your attempts deceive us and pimps know I beExcel irate and on that scale, that's fail  
The countenances of countless knit-wits  
Who wish this with mis hits  
But this shit is equipped with  
Homin' devices that are precise as they get, kids  
Target's stuck to foes who pose muchly  
Fronts be fucked and punk nuts, why gets amongst theePunks, we often cross when soft men  
Is the image portrayed to them  
Spinach is no savior when  
I Popeye's, all of the guys feel my brutish  
Strength, and Wimpy's see haggard futures  
Don't tempt me, shrimps we skewered on the Barbie  
My foot has found wit' in ya  
Is there any dilemma? Yo, hardly

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