

Oakland Blackouts

Hieroglyphics

"I don't know what makes that, that's why I need to you leave!
I'm very busy trying to discover a new science!"

Yeah, beats like this you just can't peep
It's a natural, international, not that same ol' shit
Get split in half, figuratively speaking take a bloodbath
When I run past MC's, drop the mic like the Sunsplash
Is in Jamaica, the heart-breaka lyrics
Like a stake through your left pectoral your shit is horrible
I'm clean, like brand new Mo-Mo's on a Porsche
And your shit is sittin on rims, let me begin
To elaborate, rings on his hands like each finger was Saturn
And the latest fashions but the same patterns
Kept flashin up in his rap, concerned with, glamorous
Tales of fatalities like he was Tarantino
The analogy is that we know that Quentin write Fiction
Fantasies, woven intricately, while I'm predicting
Every motion, them slight changes in your tone of voice
Is a toast to your parasitic choice of speak
Leakin cold blood out the arteries if you bit
'Cause we done said it, you can't configurate
Like the great Hieroglyphics resistance we incinerate
Lit it up, now I'm fin to cut
Peep the demonstration of uniqueness

It could be fatal wait'll Del come back out
And act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts
Don't you ever forget, it could be fatal
Wait'll O come back out, and act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts

Hurrah, here come Del to dispel the blahs
Cause and effect, pause for respect collection
Diction friction, depicting violence
Volatile with my profile, like Molotov's
MC's must be on auto-pilot, waddle silent
Like some platypuses, Del is down with data pushers
With top secret floppy disk and battle armor and mega
Plus all the rhymes that I'm bangin are double-decker, to check ya

Electri-fying, defying laws of gravity (what?)

Avidly rapidly firing lyrics I'm shattering
The abdominal cavity, then I'm travelling out the spinal
Finalizing your paralysis on the microphone (what?)
The catalyst is the capital L-I-N-D-S-E-why
MC's try to test but they mind gets blown

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Ain't no MC hurtin me, matter of fact you work for me
Havoc stricken palladiums made me numb
To anything you speak to desecrate the great Hieroglyphics
And with it goes the flows that chop egos, to segments
Behind the decimal points, I point backwards
When you lack words you toil but boil I coil clowns
All around, repellin sellin statues of wack groups
Statues for Hieroglyphic travellers
Any lackluster MC's I mallux ya, right on your cranium crack it
Bust your teeth through your limbs and then tip you over
If you know of Del, well then
I ill constantly with consonants, followed by nouns and make
Mounds of manuscripts to whip challengers, that ain't
Too talented, so before I reach my destination
Let's waste some MC's for fun (yeah)
I understand the fans needs so I feed em smorgasboards
So they can gorge and MC's can gouge they eyes out, from the teargas
Emitted from my tongue, leaving fans sprung
And for the crews who high-strung, eat dung (ewww)
They just gnats and ticks, bugging me (bzzzzzzz)
Hugging me nuts in a cuddly clutch, my
Hieroglyphic theory is validated by facts
Dilated the tracks, so they wide and fat
Violated the wax, but colonized the wise words
With more enzymes ten times nutritional
Unintentional, my flows just go there, yeah

Don't you ever forget, it could be fatal
Wait'll Op come back out and act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts
Don't you ever forget, it could be fatal
Wait'll Del come back out and act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts
Don't you ever forget, it could be fatal wait'll Souls come back out
And act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts
Don't you ever forget, it could be fatal wait'll ? come back out

And act out emotions in Oakland Blackouts
It could be fatal... wait'll Cas come back out
Time to scam all you MC's
Yeah, yeah, it could be fatal
Wait'll Pep and Jay-Biz come back out, hahaha
YouknowwhatI'msayin?
Just wait

"My rhyme will remain Hieroglyphic"

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