

# Rapid Eye Movement (feat. Black Thought)

## Pharoahe Monch

It's not latin, or white, or black music  
It's that cooked up coke, crack music  
Black Thought and Pharoahe, the rap duet

It's that lucid rapid eye movement My think tank's like a piranha tank think, multiple bites figure  
Mega, reality, tera, giga

Grand Theft Auto, modern day Mickey and Mallory Small  
But I'm sick enough to walk into an art gallery and piss on a Picasso  
Crack statues, rub my balls on her face, shit on it, and throw it at you  
So when the beat intensifies  
I become emotionally desensitized  
Like, once I slapped a rapper with mace  
Then I spit acid in his face, after he rinsed his eyes, no wait  
I actually grew five times my size grabbed  
Ma\$e by the thigh and slapped a rapper with him  
Now that's practicing sacrilegious activism  
Attack is for battle, and practical rap with wisdom  
Actually, it's pragmatic capitalism for actors  
that crack under pressure and collapse when I get 'em  
Monch is medicinal man made medical marijuana  
With a phase plasma rifle like I'm searchin' for Sarah Conner  
And shorty's got brains, shorty not playin'  
I'm 40 blocks I'm a killa with 40 watt range  
With an arrangement of bullets that I've arranged  
Encrypted in scriptures specific individual names  
That shall remain anonymous

Me and the ammunition's in a relationship that's monogamous  
It's like I'm married to the silencer  
Until I file for divorce and release my ex-calibers  
Do art with your arteries, place that for my adversaries

Put your snap back cap back, cap your capillaries like It's not latin, or white, or black music  
It's that cooked up coke, crack music  
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It's that lucid rapid eye movement Vocally twice as magnifying as ever hearing Chewbacca scream  
Through a megaphone with the significance of Dr. King  
Philanthropic  
Cause I'm trying to see man united without referencing UK soccer teams  
My philosophy prophecy, the opposite of Mephistopheles I incited isosceles  
Sent to Earth to warn of environmental atrocities, and nobody can copy me  
Stop, it's not possible but probable that it's only philosophical mockery, strange

Change copper to gold, switch properties, bang!  
Stay on top of the globe, flip monopolies, aim  
Take stock in the soul, spit properlyTake stock in the soul, spit properly  
That extended clip on my hip sits awkwardly  
I'm diabolical, follicle triggers that I cock and squeeze  
Sending shots to ancient Greece to pop Socrates  
I bear arms like button-downs without the sleeves  
Manic depressive and possessive like apostrophes  
My psychiatrist waive the doctor fees  
When I wave the pistol and say listen quick, watchin' me so I can breathe  
National Association for the Advancement  
Of drugs for performance enhancement  
And it's tough taking so many chances  
But I've been a bad seed from the womb, they call me ovary cancer  
And I got an ugly heart, although I'm totally handsome  
And I take the love of your life and hold her for ransom  
And my tactical cam that never stood for any national anthems  
Was hood, I am the actual answer  
And I'll prove it  
Black attire, rapid fire, rapid eye movement  
I'm from a species that is higher, I am not human  
Extraterrestrial alien, a monster killer of conscience chillin'  
In a barrel of lobster  
Ex-Slave sadomasochist that gave the mass of my ass to kiss  
A dyin' breed, I'm the last of this  
Black is as miraculous as Jesus of Nazareth  
When I vocalize the crowd rise like Lazarus  
It's the Rhode Scholar, my cold collar piss off Peter  
Your hoes holla, he's on top of the bars  
Meet a Mr. Globe Trotter in my Adidas  
Pure cheetah, hoppin' out of this exotic European 4 seater  
Hollerin' cheeba cheeba like I'm Pharcyde  
Killin' is the dark side  
Villain, I'm God, I'm Godzilla  
Sometimes I'm Bob Dylan put blood on these tracks, for real  
So, God-willin' you'll feel what I'm spillin'  
Yeah, I never quit, I'm still syndicatin' up  
Me and Pharoahe Monch, still here for the benefit of us  
This is straight razor behavior, I never get enough  
Get the picture, my militia gettin' ignorant as fuckYea, it's suicide murder  
Straight from the underground through the fiber optics  
Pharoahe, Black Thought, complete the cypher  
The movement outlandishIt's not latin, or white, or black music  
It's that cooked up coke, crack music  
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It's that lucid rapid eye movement

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