

# Takeoff

Alex Wiley

In front of the mic, behind the limelight  
A star so bright shines refined advancement  
Dance with the last man on the face of the earth  
Who did the electric sl-i-i-ide over the verse  
Hands held high, connect the antennas  
Do or die when we fly, face the grimace  
Yeah let's get this off you ready, Fast Eddie  
Drop a load on 'em, wrong folks got a hold on 'em  
Put the Blowed on 'em, roll on 'em  
Roll over 'em, no control over 'em, over me  
Outwardly, inwardly, openly, awkwardly  
Happily, dastardly, tragedy and casualty  
Same story same flight  
Where they put yo' body same strip same spot, same endin  
Same car, same engine, same tension brewin  
Give me the steel, what the FUCK is you doin?  
You done enough it's not enough, act two  
I'm runnin up it's not a bluff, I'm bout to crack you  
Nonchalant, idiot savant no comp  
Romp, with the big guys, stomp all the pies  
Kick the box, light these M-80's  
Ladies grab your babies, run for safety  
I don't think it may be a, good idea to stand here  
You have no idea of what the FUCK'S about to land here  
Smart bombs, J-DAMS, bring mayhem  
Hold up, god damn, it's just a party  
Dirty red carpet and you walk by me wobbly  
Obviously, oblivious, frontin snobby  
Heat to the Mojave, heat to the robbery  
Beat, to the rhymin, each, brother probably  
Taxpayers killed the mayor, and the senator  
Rhyme sayers say a prayer, see a minister  
Drinks are on the house, the house is on the hill  
The hills are on FIRE, it started in the fields  
Smoke inhalation, no ventilation  
No fire station, no assimilation  
Minus the heroes and plaques memorial sites  
become burial sites, from high aerial flights  
Hover over David Blaine, I'm here to save the game

Fifty-two pick-up witcha brain  
Alone lies the man on the track  
Lonely as the dagger in my back, staggerin fowards  
Fallin face flat, still spittin at you  
Still gettin at you, they're all laughin at you  
My greatest gift of all was the ability to fall  
Get back up and fall, get back up and fall  
Get back up and fall and crawl and get back up and brawl  
And make 'em lick the balls  
Now the dagger's in my back pocket, I hear the track I rock it  
Pull your arm outta socket, reachin for the cockpit  
Rock shit, roll shit, control shit  
Hold shit down 'til we slow on some old shit  
I'll stick the pin in your neck just to earn respect  
Stuff the paper in your mouth if I have to spell it out  
Or write it on yo' forehead cause that's what I'm about  
Run the route, bring water to the drought  
When all else fails on the trails of love  
Hate becomes judged, happiness won't budge  
Wickedness does just as wickedness does  
And I'm just gettin a buzz, I'm sayin it just because I can  
Just because I am a man  
With the, hand that fit it and the teeth marks embedded  
But God's hands, grip tight, and don't forget it  
The evil in your heart is, misery's home  
Where ugly is bred and grown, I refuse  
I defuse the bomb but just for a moment  
And like out of NOWHERE comes yo' worst opponent  
The first ones on it, the last to leave  
All my, trash is treasure, that's how it's perceived  
At the end of my spin when the heights achieved  
I'ma leave with a bang like how I was conceived  
There's thieves in the temple with tricks up they sleeve  
BUT NO!!! FUCK THAT!!

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