

76%

Jean Grae

Ready the cops ready the riot gear, ready the bombs
Ready the cars fuck it ready the tank hit the alarm
Trilogy infinity bars, I'll spit in your mouth
Break in your house, shit on your couch, hit your kid and spouse
Survival shit homey
Driving with a corset made of dynamite sticks on me
Arm me with an army jacket with a pistol in it
I'll just pistol whip you like a bitch you calling me a bitch
Your lip is busted dripping crimson on the floor honey
You see it's all fun and games
Until you're falling on my sword gutted to the core buddy
With a 4x4 to your jaw, assaulting your balls with a saw, and some sea salt
Loaded cannon on the other side of a seesaw
With an if you see something say something sign hee haw
Guit-ar strings, and a key card with a sharpened end
Will make me carve things in ya deep scars that never mend
But never mind Jeannie right
She's harmless calm as condom in a convents quarters
As Common as Lonnie, or women covered in islamic countries
Or conflict in congress
Or in Copenhagen commenting danke
Idiot
I'm unmitigatedly brilliant, bet again
Better go back the to beginning Fezig, Finnegan
Put in your bid again, bet Grae
Kiss the converse, Leroy
I'll windmill bee boy all over your kinfolk
And I don't mean breakdance
I'll throw a hive at boy
And kick him in a windmill and then spin the damn spoke
I'm Pig Pen but swarming with half notes
Treble clefs, bass clefs, half rest as top hat
Delivery legato as fuck and not a libertine who liberally fucks
I deliberately say "fuck that"
Tongue in the second letter of vocabulary
Make it come and go whenever necessary
Yes nigga i cuffed that
Drink a big cup of Never
Bit of hilarity

If you front the flow i dare whatever ya test
I love that
Bethenny Frankel, slim chance of that shit
I'm Dr Gonzo on constant natural acid trip
My natural state is bat country
Do I want some molly? No ma'am, Al Bundy
Marcy Darcy haircut, Daria attitude
Marty McFly Air mags, pardon the magnitude
I make references to shit I like
I really don't care if it's a hit on site
I'm not blackpeoplemeet
I spit on mikesAww man I'm sorry
Is the kid alright?
All night long Lionel Richie, Vince Vaughn
And I'll stretch my shit out like Cardiff Giant off a plane
Arcane is an innocuous descriptive of the lane
But Arkham is more accurate and smarter to claim
Wayne manner, not the house, but the same mannerisms
Played out, but without the pain of the slain parental figures
Orphan rap, endorphin rap, dolphin rape
Wait...how'd that get in there, aww too late
Orphan black, multiple characters, same actor Jean
With a St Patricks Day theme, drink
An almanac of culpable narratives, in back of me
With a quaint braggish Grae lean
Blink, and you'll probably miss it
But I'm glad well you listened
And that the fans who get it
Whenever damn well they spread it
If it's thin as pancetta you do could it damn better
I'm like the Whoville anthem and their mascot forget it
Imagine Bambaataa in Calcutta in 76
With a Cosby sweater on
That's how hot I am
Then imagine Dorothy Parker in Alaska in 1926 sitting a bar
That's how hot I am
Also
Many levels of hotness
My pineal gland is on a vacations top list
Cut me, I bleed agave. That's obnoxious
Why would you need to cut me just trust me, it's a process
I could build your confidence
Also be your accomplice(laughs)
I couldn't say that with a straight face I'm way too honest
I'll push you in the Gowanus for nothing

I'll punch you in the vomit button
I'm kinda like Rick Moranis but with Vigo in him (Vigo)
I'm from the land of Cry Freedom (Biko)
I probably would have fucked Mc Lovin Yipee-ki-yay John McClane
I don't die hard
I don't Dylan
I'll never die at all
I get dye jobs, for sticking up dive bars
And making the old guys lick up the whole stripper pole
And make 2 sidecars, side bars
Side cars are delicious So lift a cup or two, bitches
To the motherfucker who these other motherfuckers wanna do

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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