

# Clint Eastwood (Phi Life Cypher)

## Gorillaz

Yo. Yo. Yo.

'Cause I'm this, Gorillaz from the mist lyricist and my thoughts be twisted.  
I spit the wickedest rhymes from a time that's never existed.  
My futuristic linguistics turn fools into statistics.  
I'm a lyrical misfit with a sadistic characteristics.  
I perform murderous acts on my tracks with a single breath,  
And if a boy wanna protest, then I be stampin' upon his chest  
Done makin' a mess.

No other man could conceive the weed I'm consumin'  
And I transform from my cartoon pseudonym, turn to a human.  
I spit words from my mouth that be turnin' you inside out.  
And I tie knots in intestines just like I'm a boy scout  
That's workin' 'em out.

Now rearrangin' your whole skeletal structure.  
Then I find some nine inch nails to perform some acupuncture.  
When I punch ya, I rupture one of your ribcage in a rage  
And I turn you into a cartoon too, then erase the page.  
I take you back to the stone age with Barney and Fred Flintstone.  
Get Dino to tear-up your Moschinos and then force you to limp home.

I'ma take off like a jet pack, when I get back better step back.  
I'ma make the crowd react and nod their heads until their necks snap.  
I can flip-flaps while riding a skateboard and doin' a tic-tac.  
And leave your head in a spin like staring at turn table slip mats.  
I'm a conquering lion, big cat. This is real talk, not big chat.  
Did ya get that? 'Cause I ain't no small timer, I rhyme on big tracks.  
Now feel the vibes I create.

This heavy weight I'm about to detonate  
And demonstrate how I generate lyrics that supernaturally levitate.  
To the top my lyrics escalate, accelerate and leave you panickin',  
Take the ground from beneath your feet, leave you Skywalk-in' like Anakin.  
I'm sharper than the tips of Zulu spears and Olympic javelins.  
My style is totally buck wild but most definitely happenin'.  
To your brains I be tappin' in, to computers I be hackin' in.  
To me, I be out of this world like aliens who were time travelin'.  
I'm dabblin' in the Fists of Fury technique when I speak.  
Forget Karate Kid and these wooden blocks, I chop through concrete.

Concrete, concrete, concrete

Wha-wha-well-well-wha-well

I've been stoned ever since the days of creation, I've been red.  
I'm a mad dred, causin' so much havoc in Russel's head.  
My lyracism is just like an aneurysm inside his brain.  
He plays the beat in a trance and he's never feeling no pain.  
I could never be a racist because I possess so many faces.  
I'm one of those beat-up bad wit' bags and a pair of braces.  
With lines longer than laces I'm gracin' you with my presence.  
The lyrics went flippity-flick, and ya bubble like effervescence.  
I pulverize and bamboozle, shave numb skulls like a poodle.  
I smashed the top of your head with a guitar I borrowed from Noodle.  
I'm as animated as Japanese animes causin' calamities.  
Some serious savory from my roarous rhymes of reality.  
At the speed of sound, I'm running around the clown that tried to defeat us  
But that tenacity is an audacity that you ever thought you could beat us.

Beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,  
Beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,  
Beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us

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