

Alphabet Aerobics (The Cut Che

Blackalicious

Now it's time for our wrap up
Let's give it everything we've got
Ready, begin Artificial amateurs aren't at all amazing
Analytically, I assault, animate things
Broken barriers bounded by the bomb beat
Buildings are broken, basically I'm bombarding
Casually create catastrophes, casualties
Canceling cats got their canopies collapsing
Detonate a dime of dank daily doin' dough
Demonstrations, Don Dada on the down low Eatin' other editors with each and every energetic
Epileptic episode, elevated etiquette
Furious fat fabulous fantastic
Flurries of funk felt feeding the fanatics
Gift got great global goods gone glorious
Gettin' Godly in his game with the goriest
Hit 'em high, hella height, historical
Hey holocaust hints hear 'em holler at your homeboy Imitators idolize, I intimidate
In a instant, I'll rise in a irate state
Juiced on my jams like jheri curls jockin' joints
Justly, it's just me, writin' my journals
Kindly I'm kindling all kinds of ink on
Karate kick type brits in my kingdom
Let me live a long life, lyrically lessons is
Learned lame louses just lose to my livery My mind makes marvelous moves, masses
Marvel and move, many mock what I've mastered
Niggas nap knowin' I'm nice naturally
Knack, never lack, make noise nationally
Operation, opposition, off, not optional
Out of sight, out of mind, wide beaming opticals
Perfected poem, powerful punchlines
Pummeling petty powder puffs in my prime Quite quaint quotes keep quiet it's Quannum
Quarrelers ain't got a quarter of what we got uh
Really raw raps, risin' up rapidly
Riding the rushing radioactivity
Super scientific sound search sought
Silencing super fire saps that are soft
Tales ten times talented, too tough
Take that, challengers, get a tune up Universal, unique untouched
Unadulterated, the raw uncut

Verb vice Lord victorious valid
Violate vibes that are vain make 'em vanished
[Incomprehensible] well would a wise word Smith
Just weaving up words weeded up, I'm a work shift
Xerox, my X-ray-diation holes extra large
X-height letters and xylophone tones Yellow back, yak mouth, young ones yaws
Yesterday's lawn yards sell our yawn
Zig zag zombies, zoomin' to the zenith
Zero in zen thoughts, over zealous rhyme Zea-lots Good, can you say it faster

Songwriters

Lucas Christian Mac Fadden; Timothy Jerome Parker Published by

RAM ISLAND SONGS (*SEE NOTES*) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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