

The Mayor

Hieroglyphics

I'm a hard line flow pressure, professor
I ain't in it for the fame but I wanna live forever
I'm so mega with the mo' better
Capital letter, if you don't get it
Go get a Rosetta Stone
Either way you translate it
You better just let it be known that daddy's home
I'm taking off my belt
I was staring in the eyes of my enemy and saw myself
Then the law got dealt
To the peasants in my presence
I'm the best in it even if I didn't have a bread cent
The resident resident Buddha blessed in it
Represented if not a record then by a record spinning
Comes well recommended
You gon' see me test my limit before my second wind hit
Pancake batter, grey matter, grab a dame by her mane
Have her love the way I came at her
When we step into your city
Keep it grimy and gritty, the Hiero committee
Run shit like the mayor
Party over here, what? Y'all over there
When we stomp into your area
Everywhere you are
No one can better, nah
We run shit like the governor
But we gon' let it do what it did, what it does, huh
We run shit like the mayor
No matter the subject matter
The rigors with which I subject matter
With my inter-dimensional spits unparalleled
Did you all mitt, the progenitor click
Invented the shit in your well-spun fairy tale
Why give specks respects due
The truth will protect you
When next to you'll see growths essential
Measurement ain't even relevant or evident
In the shadow of a mountain
Shouting how big your pebbles is

Well rocko I'm such a generous gentleman
Who when times is reticent to denigrate degenerates
It's mean, I'd rather disseminate the medicine
I mean all smart soldiers imitate the veterans
Congressional medalists from umpteen tours
Really here for one thing: your progression and betterment
Shoop heard veterans bailing in the desert winds
Spreading this gospel to any hostile settlement I'm one of them dudes
You won't catch me hanging out with none of them dudes
None of them fools, 'less I'm trying to run up bamboos
For a hundred grand
The shoes, the tie, the hat, the crew's dip
Plus the new shit that would arrive and tighten up loose lips
Blue ships, the top pick
The crew sick, and you pick the topic
The crew spit hot shit
Subdue the subconscious cause I'm just lyrically obnoxious but conscious
You niggas better feel me or chill, B
Don't ice grill me just blow nice
But really, I only smoke spliffs
Kush like Nubia
Kushite to harm your king
The swing's off ya, steel shine
No prime flow when it's time for the rhyme flow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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