

Big Beat Evangelists

2 Skinnee Js

I do it, I do it

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Something strange is happening, something strange is happening,
I dont know where to begin, but something strange is happening. I do it this way, from the first to the seventh
day,

Stay on target like an X-Wing flexing my brain as I state my claim,

That my aim is to do this property watch me,

Dismiss your slobber impromptly,

As if my soul could be another mans property youve got to be joking

Think a minute about what youve been smoking,

Before you start choking, and gasping, and asking,

Who knew, its simple, and cheeky the dimple,

I jump up, I get the thumbs up like a thimble,

It aint what your thinking though, Im known to be pro

To kick over thrones and leave governments overthrown

Charismatic with the verbal acrobatics

Top gun take your breath away and leave you asthmatic

Its automatic that my standards are raised through the attic and my tone is
emphatic

Feel the movement its fluid like sand in the hourglass,

How could I stand to let even a single hour pass, without

Delving ahead and thinking fall back,

I take to the sky, youre grounded on the tarmac If theres a mic to be romped, I will throw the first thorn across
time zones,

Super fine zones with my rhyme zones Im not alone, my friends found by throne

We wear satin rhymes so we can sing along, so sing along,

We got the tasty treats to fill your mouth so open wide,

We serve poetic justice, stay open all night,

Well I, can understand why cheek is held high,

Those fans that wont die, they just wont, so I

Sleepwalk, just street talk like some ambulance,

We rock like amethyst, we raid like amorous, scandalous music played by
averists,

Youre solely misinformed like C-SPAN panelists

I never planned f

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