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 tarmacIf 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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