

Algebra (Mr. Breaker & The Technician Mix)

Soul Hooligan

Kept back by the deeper rumblings in my breast
Bad vibes putting mad pressure on my chest
Fly time is a rhythm clocking exocet
Mad lines from a stranger you've already met
Tribal is the plate I'm eating from, you guessed
I'm full yet I cannot fit inside my vest
'Where's he at?' is the question I refuse to get

Here I'm at. Right here. In your headphone set. You'll try to diss/take a crack at this/not algebra/or calculus. So take a crack at this now. Two truths make a lie, first you die then fly

Cross the sky - jambalaya with your chocolate pie
Suck it deep: don't let it interrupt your sleep
You'll get fleas and disease when you're counting your sheep
If you please, don't please 'em - run 'em off the ranch
Let them grow like leaves then rip 'em off the branch
Fly time is a rhythm clocking do-si-do

B-boys rocking with the freak-freak: so now you know. You'll try to diss/take a crack at this/not algebra/or calculus. So take a crack at this now. It's the P.H.A.R.M.A.K.O.N.

The remedy, yes the cure from the poisonous pen

C.O.M.M.U.N.I.C.A.T.I.O.N.

What you'll find inside my rhyme is enemy and friend

Going N to the E the bethe U.L.A.

Burning all the competition with the rhymes that I say

H the double O the L the I the G.A.N.

Now the soul is what will signify the hooligan. You'll try to diss/take a crack at this/not algebra/or calculus. So take a crack at this now.

Songwriters

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