

# Down Syndrome

## Apartment 213

I be that mind blessin', blessin' these lessons we've ignited  
Want to bring it to my face, man, you're cordially invited  
'Cause I've cited, you possess no science in your thinking  
So I'm gonna never, you're blinking  
Fingers be pointin' and leakin' falsifyin' the stink  
You think I'm pink, I blink with them shades of thought and think  
And in this corner be the hush, so play on William Rhodes  
'Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls  
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat  
So don't fret, kid, I let you lick the love I secrete, yo  
Even my foes give me bravos and that shows  
Total domination in this rhyme complication  
Yeah, the skill is a cinch, I rock the womb with a mic  
And in the days of the nickel and breast  
I knew de yes yes y'allin was the callin, clearly not for the gat  
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT  
I'm Plug one-of-a-kind, for you people's delight  
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees  
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion  
I can tell that you a devil by the rhymes you're designin'  
Your play doggin' tactics, can't fuck with my facets  
Just because you talk all that glock shit  
Don't mean you can rock shit  
Your identities on freeze  
Just a form of protozoa tryin' to cross them seas  
See high horse riders gettin' shot by the sheriff  
'Cause nobody's safe for crimes  
And even all you skirts need to checkin' in your upstairs attic  
'Cause Mase is smackin' hoes, if hoes is startin' static  
Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood  
So as a deterrent, I use mental current  
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin' out of the face  
'Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make  
Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets  
Legends never die but they can get shot and killed  
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin' MC's  
You once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome, you kneel  
The same status I heard, the same nothin'  
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin' to lock down the stops

But I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men  
While the syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send  
Fresher than a sniff off havin' them J in fifth  
I identify with your rhythm  
But I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends  
I'm cuttin' off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain  
Let me tell you a little something about the self  
Tell 'em, son  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it 'til December  
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making  
More money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say  
Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade  
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade  
You acrobats flip the star gazin' map, for alla that  
You'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste  
And all the style that you bring gotta make decks bend  
You gotta rip it from the start when the beats come in

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