

Cannibal Ox, Cholesterol

Yeah, what, Vast Aire,; Shell Shock..
It's that gravy, you know what I'm saying?
This goes out to my beloved Family of Atoms
(That's my word, I love them)
This goes out the Indelible MC's - you know they STAY unmovable
This goes out to Bay of Pigs Hail rock
Power Kingdom, last but not least
Golden Money Clan, You know T-1, a.k.a. Shell Shock, c'mon
And I'm Vast Aire - 'nuff said

Now, let us build upon this issue
If the Highway to Heaven is narrow, then sinners acts as fat tissue
And as one can see, I have no space!
But I remain on the positive scale-weight of the galaxy
What, you wanna fix fallacy?
You can run around the world twice chasin' chastity
What in the Hell possessed you? Don't you know I m Cannibal?
That means when I'm rhyming that I get down to the bone gristle
I start lickin' my fingertips in the cipher
See, naturally, I'm higher than
That's right, above any (any) homegrown
THC Herbal(???)provider
But that's beside the point
Tell me who's gonna hold the weight?
I can't wait any longer
I'm ready to hold plates with Jehovah
Using Neptune's fork, telling Zeus to move over
I'm here before dinner
Clearing the Periodic Table of Elements off
Then I'm supplying a tablecloth
Yo, you can catch me, analog mic hog
I can't feel rhythms without cholesterol
After all, you must learn to
Examine the appetite
Within the nuclei
Within the presence of the omnivore's eye
That is I
And when sunlight shines off my throat
We call it the solarflex larynx lorax smoke
For the trees

This is real life, and I'm Vast Aire
I usually speak for calories(???)

Skinny MC's trying to start somethin'
Bulimic MC's trying to throw something up
I can fondle around the outskirts of diets
A donut at midnight ain't nuttin'
I'm a glutton!
Now let's build upon this issue
If the Highway to Heaven is narrow, then sinners acts as fat tissue
And as one can see, I have no space!
But I remain on the positive scale-weight of the galaxy
What' you wanna fix fallacy?
You can run around the world twice chasin' chastity

And all that - you nah'mean?
It's T-1 and Vast Aire
The bassline is like biscuits and gravy, nah'mean?
Yo I'm Vast Aire, I'm not a hard MC
I'm not a hard MC - I'm Vast Aire
I'm not a hard MC - I'm difficult

I'll stand up brewin' hot pots of piety hip-hop

The gluttony inside of me won't stop
Yo, it won't stop
If you can't have your cake and eat it, you never had it
Anyway, plus it ain't even your birthday gimme that!
Now you cramped up my flow has that ability
You should have waited 30 minutes to press play
Oh, you're a fad MC? Well if you don't say
You grab at the mic, and all I see is a ribcage
Vast is the vitamin MC you never believed in
So I vanished you, due to malnutrition
MCs are too bloated
Thought they were fat but they only retained water
You know them the sluggish type, they get led to the slaughter
Is you fugeze?
The Ethiopians praise me
The Black god chubby thoughts and a chubby belly
You feelin me? (YEAH!) You feelin me? (YEAH!)
Do you wanna hear a little more? (HELL YEAH!)
The beautiful balance of life
You don't want me to sit on the other end of the see-saw
'Cause you're afraid you might see more
You might see more

T-1, he up on it, you know what I'm sayin'?
Yo, I'm Vast Aire I been on it
Vordul, he up in here... uh, what?

(ad libs and samples until end)