

# Edan, Key-Bored

MC's approach me hungry, I proceed to feed em anal snacks  
Walkin around town with a sign that says 'The Brain is back'  
My brain is packed with frames of accurate detail  
I'd rather hug a tree than fuck around with an e-mail  
I don't need a computer monitor  
I'd rather walk a few kilometers  
And conjure a plan to confuse astronomers  
Losin the logical, brusin the gossiper, foolin philosophers  
Cooler than icicles, usin a bicycle for daily transport  
Dictionary all up in the Jansport  
Rhymes I write fly in the night sky usin a hand torch  
Walk up in a ciph with a knife, spoon and fork  
Read depictions, receive evictions from the landlord  
(I) stand (for) hip(-hop's) progress  
Yes is the answer, the question is a dancer  
The mind is linoleum, I structure choreography  
My aural compositions win awards for cinematography  
Steven Spielberg clapped, I even peeled herb's caps with waterguns  
They haven't found the planet that the author's from  
Dwarfin em at orpheums and vexin em with requiems  
Ace em in gymnasiums, stadiums and palladiums

Yeah, this one goes out to MC Faggot, DJ Nazi Caligula  
Black Sabbath and everybody that drinks soy milk across the country  
Y'all know the time and Edan is the fuck up outta here