

Eyedeas, One

This world is my cave
And the cave molds the background
of a picture painted by you

(distorted lyrics that are hard to understand)

Hey yo it's time
(Yeah it's time)
Yeah it's time
(Hey yo it's time)
Hey yo it's time

It's time to clean MTV outta your ears
And listen up like a good student
Eyedeas and Abilities is here to turn robot?? back into humans
I gotta speak til the facts get heard
I collapse the last fractured nerve
This is much more than just your average rapper's words
Passing verbs and laughter hurts (?)
The passengers to my head flight
Dead right if a clash occurs that ass get served
Better luck next life
I plaster bums (?) to the wall of shame
Cause their songs are all the same
Playin, talkin how you platinum on the first record you ever made
And the underground MCs these days don't seem to make the grade
Too busy bein bitter bout they situation
to create a greater way to break their chains
To that phase (?)
And I don't trust the major mutt (?) label
Pets (?) talkin dog shit
I'll break your neck frame your nuts
And hang them up in your boss's office
See me auction off hits easy
For low prices
I flow nicest
Write at night to fight off poltergeists
Catapulted by some iris (?)
The hopeful light has defied (?) width of the whole crisis
Souls' likeness (?) collide with logic and modestly deposit
metaphysical greetings
And I didn't come alone
Abilities annihilates the Techs while I wreck the microphone
We're in your zone to keep your earth warm
And give you what you thirst for
This is Turntablism and Lyricism
Imperialism
First Born