## Gift Of Gab, Stardust

Yo..

Yo..

Rhyme to the rhythm When I slip in to the zone And zero deep into the ruse It's to astonish my opponents When I'm on it like I own it Make the whole galaxy call it scripted Held ya deep within a different world Lightly, so only are to wane vain main Never plain, stained brains Try to elevate from here Not just to simply maintain To the vain bang boogie watch my spirit blang blang I don't need no change of jewelery I don't need a dang thang Hang, rappers like you That don't produce a realer(?) product It's my soul's interpretation If you want it, hey I got it Only so much time alotted Many thoughts that must be jotted Clearing out the mind that's clotted Not I'm writting on some 'Pac shit In the month of august, take a break out to the farthest Region on my rocketship Now y'all MC's can eat my starter See the crew I rep is Quannum Y'all the bench, we the starters We the meal, the main course For your belly, y'all some tottlers Keep it modest, open honest I don't claim to be the hardest Killer, wit' a gun, I really, only wanna be a artist Travel the entire atlas, global trotter Got a lot a proper type of sharper, riper, I can concentrate(?) to offer

In the middle of the sky, you see my Drella glimpse(?) just passing Middle of the night, it's dusty, yet it's clear Like as if you dipping your third eye into a tab of liquid acid For some pyschedelic clarity to breath within the madness

When you're out and you're far away from home And your heart and your mind, they start to roam Fallin' out from the time they spark the zone Seein' girls from the night they got you stoned

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Left the planet Earth to get a wider like perspective
On the bigger picture, now I'm steady cruising through the nebula
Headed out to Mars, with souls and minds are more connected
Built with elders how to conquer
Ignorance the mighty predator
I be the cosmic editor
And when it rains I let it pour
And if I'm sure I'm Thor, I guess I'll be the lyric pedd-a-ler
I'm deadly with the medley
Steady, ready with the metaphor

MC's are R.I.P. if they love life they why they said it for?
Headed for your head, it's gonna erupt, I'm blowing up
And popping this, it's cool I be the judge and jury
With the Johnny Cochran savvy, plus I hit the cabby green up really often
When I'm rocking like I rock it now, stopping is not an option
How a biased force subsided, never will run outta ammo
Used to build with pharoahs, riding through the desert on a camel
Ran into a camel by the name of Joe thought he was wacko
All he did was smile and pose and get my folks hooked on tobacco
I crackle as I rap, I pro attack a slacker
Never clever, sever heads
I'm clever, yes, I'll never dread a battle
If they white, they put they thumbs up up like fists if it's an afro
In the Bay I'm hella tight and plus I'm filthy in Seattle

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(Chorus)