

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 allotted
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)