

Outerspace, It Is What It Is

(Intro: Esoteric, Planetary)

It's vinyl thug music, man

"I call a spade a spade, it just is what it is" <- Jay-Z

Yo...Yo, Planet', set it off, daddy

It's Outerspace in this bitch, man (Uh-huh) (Yeah)

My man TZR in that muthafuckin' hit house (Word up)

We just touched ground in Boston, man (Yo)

Let's do this

(Verse 1: Planetary)

I'm the wizard of wordplay

I spit paragraphs in absurd ways

I'm too fly, you die in the worst way

Sort of like burning your body parts, the party starts

And inspires the crowd, like hearin' Marcus Garvey talk

Awkwardly spark beef, I put you all to sleep

The "Blood and Ashes," I keep that all for me

I brainstorm in a blizzard and still remain calm

I walk through the inferno with flames in my palm

I start wars with killers and carnivores

And smash characters' heads in Cadillac car doors

Far more than amateur - I'm immature

Some say I'm Godly for holdin' the sinners' cure

My skin is pure, my body is waterproof

Slaughter the boof and keep blades between my jaw and my tooth

I'm dangerous, man, with just one raise of the hand

My game plan is make grands with my ace in the fam'

Ain't nothin' changed with the budget, and love from the public

I'm still waitin' to kill 'em with one club hit

My rugged approach, they lovin' the most

So while you...huggin' your toast, I stay up with the smoke

(Chorus: Planetary) + (Crypt the Warchild)

Aiyyo, it is what it is, my nigga (We gon' eat)

Whether the sun or the storm, my nigga (We gon' creep)

If it's on, then it's on, my nigga (We gon' beef)

"I call a spade a spade, it just is what it is" <- Jay-Z

(Verse 2: Crypt the Warchild)

Yo...

In case y'all ain't know, I'm a ragin' beast

Been hibernatin' all winter and I ain't made my feast

Eyes of Satan all lit up 'cause my aim to see

Quick to stab you in the back, never aim to please

Spit havoc on a track, the terrain could freeze

Live lavish on the map with a chain of thieves

Split atoms with a rap like my brain's diseased

As if I was a 'Nam vet with a grenade in trees

And if there's beef in the air, we let it fade the breeze

Invade the beach, parade the street from days to weeks

I'm made to creep, from above and beyond, beneath

Slave the beat, engrave your meat with ancient speech

Homicidal, cock my rifles, I'm a sniper

Plot my rivals, lock the title, I'm your idol

Squash the Bible, I'm a psycho, not disciple

I'm a tower, not the Eiffel, not delightful

(Chorus: Planetary) + (Crypt the Warchild)

It is what it is, my nigga (We gon' shine)

No matter who hatin' on the clique (It's our time)

together Let's do us, every rhyme, line for line

If I shine, you shine, shine

(Verse 3: Planetary) + (Crypt the Warchild)
My pen's cursed, the ink will poison you and your friends first
(Lyrical gems burst, what the fuck are your mens worth?)
Your neck jerk, every single part of you's left hurt
(Outerspace niggaz got the power to end Earth)
You out of place niggaz I devour, respect turf
(I shower flames sicker in a tower of dead birth)
on the hour train, nigga, where cowards get left murked
(And I'm the main nigga, y'all flowers with red skirts)
You'll probably brain quicker than a nun that offends church
(We bring pain quicker, every second it gets worse)
My network: equipped killers and experts
(Have your family fit proper in a box in a stretch hearse)
Have it propped up, locked up in a spot where death lurks
(Get your knot cut, rocked up, stainin' your sweatshirt)
I wrote this off of drinkin' with a bottle of Beck's first
(Had y'all niggaz thinkin' I was savin' my best verse)

(Chorus: Planetary) + (Crypt the Warchild)
Aiyyo, it is what it is, my nigga (We gon' eat)
Whether the sun or the storm, my nigga (We gon' creep)
If it's on, then it's on, my nigga (We gon' beef)
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