

# Tobymac, III-M-I

III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I and you  
Illuminati comin' thru  
III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I and you  
Illuminati comin' thru

Flow like the Cassius, swing like the Clay  
One day, I'm'a make the whole world pay  
With k.o.'s and okay we bash clots-n-dot-dash  
You got that right, I'm'a rock the Morse code tonight  
Transmit 'n throwin' fits 'n paparazzi like zits  
Get flipped out and squeezed fresh like juicy sun kissed  
And if I miss with my missles you're still gonna sizzle  
'Cause I frizzle fry radiation style worldwide

You got your pipeline clogged man get that puppy routed  
You got the style down and since you don't know about it  
Who's the loser (I am) because we come in numb love  
And choicer and did I mention looser (no you didn't)  
Then I do sir, producer, hit me with the juice  
Much obliged got the head of a moose  
So mount me on the wall of your livin' room  
Sure to bring the boom  
Speakin' like a zoom deep into your tomb

And if you feel the vibe glide true it's on you  
And if you need to drive right through it's on you  
And if your screamin' &quot;moi non plus&quot; it's like  
What you tryin' to do when you can't fade the true one

Eruption type volcanics I got the vocal spurtmatic  
Suction cup hands upside the slammin' daily planet  
I do windows (on school days) spill Jim Jones (type kool-aid)  
All these primrose (style bouquets) I clip those (for doomsday)  
Got succulent flavor, the uprisen Savior  
Manifestin' thru these mics, blastin' out your graveyard  
Savor every bite that TOBYMAC gave ya  
Turn and tell your neighbor this ball-o-dirt is goin' into labor