

Cadence Weapon, Messages Matter

when i spit, the words: they glisten
cause where i'm from all the birds say "listen"
and what the fuck is that suppose to mean?
i don't respond to emoticons or emotions
what a notion, as your brain pans through the locomotion
a key mouse and pad is said spoken, my friends do this
the peg you with one ways, i got your message late....i was still on the subway
and people, they don't laugh anymore
they use acronyms to make their opinions known
this why i might stay home for the next couple weeks
and retreat to my forms of beats, rhymes and life
i lift up the phone like every fucking night
Jim Kenny: stop pushing those buttons all the time
i use to be a baller, now i'm bringing my C game
i know that my song is a screen name

now girls love to be photographed
this is a fact that can't be contested by
the constraints of femininity in society
it's not that far from how everyone's a DJ
and how every single party is destined to be great
my bulletin board is on the baller block
another chopper, stalker from calling it holler-talk
to the dude with the novel tattoos, you know
played out: outside, played out: inside
stay out in nights, pageants streets of rays
whisper in my ear about the beats on stage
and don't blow me off like a dandelion
man, he tried to tell me that his DJ crew was incredible, you know... hyphy!!!
see i really don't get what that means out of context
but either way, misassociate songs with sex
and talk to me like russel right on my death day
you make me wanna tussle with a bed frame like...

my checking styles forward like Mike Peca
right rip, tight lip with hi-sticks up
i met a girl at the states i wanted to pick up
so i'm like "Baby, let me be yr glowing puck"
and she says "WTF?" in terms of abbreviation
that's when i say my cellphones biller's a mess
but i get pass stress through a keyboard press
and meet girls on the internet that wanna get blessed
and i met one the other day, she was too hood to true
she was too good to be new....goods
so i ran her through the scanner of my choice
i held her like a banner for my boys
i think she checks out like a Betty Ford, Eddie Whore's
mettle with my gerbils, send my basses of the board
i face a rancor, a matron at a store
to base myspace with graces is the paces i award ya!