

Cadence Weapon, Your Hair's Not Clothes!

yo, say you spray demeanor when you're faying like Tina
quit the sic-talking with kids bopping, so float on
hip-hop is so on, can't miss it in the sitcoms
and the big problem arises when it's me that super-sizes
who's riding? who's rising? who's writing about it?
there's more than one bible if your into soundwaves
nowadays, i'm live-in', I mean "living" in the live
on the stage while performance and no, it ain't wise
ever put a hooker on a chorus? keep your brain wet
on the cut like a swordfish
street kids lived in bars, half-orphans
a crew that needs 5 mics...whatchu doin trying to source us?
well, you see how that went and I went like George did
where "everybody knows my name"
usually not my bourne one with short sons and tall daughters
don't bother, do much more than pour bottles

I gotta new religion, well don't read into it
in fact, don't read, don't write, don't type, don't hype
don't prop, don't talk, don't bite, don't don't
you won't won't make a double negative
another relative in a long line of open-minded intelligence
which felt like mic stands in exhausted right hands
hey!...i'm just kidding, i'm jayson kidding around
like my wife beats me up and my mistress takes me down
good clean fun from the last arbiter of sound
and I talk in dirty verse and possessive pronouns
now sit, it use to be "i wanna be your dog"
now it's "who let the dogs out?" you wanna call out
big red hands, i'm new killer fallout
stall now, dilators stick to me like flypaper
time of day, no time to date
this goes out the criming cause in china
pages water ella flambe....in their veins

yo it's silly how they get bro, all rappers talk about
is they're condition like Lenny from "Memento";
heart made of arson, try to play me don't start son!
beats on the daily like Carson, beats so they play me on Carson
or do I mean Leno? No, Conan, cut it out! get with the program
for as long as i've lived, i'd say i've been a barstare
don't try to play me out, it's just not Renaissance Fair
i'm costume baller, dressed like a grown-up
i'm a weather balloon that just got blown-up
I told the homie Jon, made albums just records
we don't play chess, only play checkers
he hears my songs and later wants to see the verses
so I hang with the idiot like I was Ian Curtis
the boy likes your hair but why do you wear
a buckle on your dresses? please explain it to me, Jess