Earthling, Nefisa

Mirror boy, rhyme with dada convention
Psychoanalysis didn't mean anything
PVC costumes, letters to Castro
Show me what you're reading, freaky girl with the afro

Franz Fannon, yeah yeah I get it
All that curiosity with something to offset it
Diagrams and plans, drawn in secret locations
Scientific babies, they be peddling information

The queen, she's smoking prozac, we be smoking napalm
The verbal countries, they be smoking atom bombs
I wrote a book in the year seven-ten
By nineteensixty-nine I had written more

If you're feeling insecure
Cause you're living in a storm
If you find them, you can burn them
If you burn them you can keep warm

Them winds of change, they be bringing change
Especially now there's prostitutes on Ilford Lane
You see, it's kinda like, but no, it's not the same thing
See there were men on the moon, but they killed them

Bearing in mind, my mind's soul food
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all
Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine
Times being what they are, Radar

Aeroplanes in my room
And I don't know who's flying them
They're playing that tune
It's okay, I got my eye on them

They're making their messages out of them smokes
Words evaporate, I can't read what they wrote
Their language is so strange, I never seen it's kind
The smell of them vapors be taking my mind
Combined with that melody, them engines be humming
I pick up my mike, I put it down

See now I'm outside in, I don't know where I'm going
I gets in my car, I starts rowing
But like the water is seeping
It's getting in through the bottom

I tickle them fish
Swallow them whole, now I got some
Bones, sticking in my throat
Has anybody seen my universal antidote

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Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all
Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it

Bearing in mind, my mind's mine
Times being what they are, Radar

Don't even think 'bout it
Don't even contemplate
Before the funk goes to your head
You better stop and wait

Don't even think 'bout it
Don't even contemplate
Before the funk goes to your head
You better stop

Don't even think 'bout it
Don't even contemplate
Before the funk goes to your head
You better stop and wait

Don't even think 'bout it
Don't even contemplate
Before the funk goes to your head
You better stop

And still it's cool, like they does it in Egypt
I say come to that river man, but nobody's seen it
Believe that, cinematic, atmospheric
Panasonic my headphones, ain't nothing on it

Bonnets on cars, magazines, girls on Harleys
We's sneaking up on babies, and we's eating thems Farleys
I don't know where my girl is, oh well, somebody took her
Fixing those strings as she sings Mr Hooker

Spikey hair my head, since I cut off my dreads
I got the green fishs tail, set sail on a moped
Jean of Arc's on the back, trying not to fall off
Valentines park, hip hop, set it all off

It's like I'm on a solitary exhibition
It's like you see me everywhere, but you still know that I be missing
Pissing in the wind as I'm lookin' for them answers
In seventies movies and topless dancers

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Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine
Times being what they are, Radar

Bearing in mind there's nothing in it
Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all
Bearing in mind...
Times being what they are, Radar