

Edan, Syllable Practice

Yeah

How's everybody doin out there

This is Edan the Humble Magnificent

and right about now we're gonna get into this song called Syllable Practice
and what that means

is that I'm not gonna say anything significant

You know

but it's gonna be battle rhymes

and it's gonna sound pretty

So listen to this

[VERSE 1]

The renegade radical, demonstrates battle drill

Efficiency and dedication through placement

Of syllable swords directly where umbilical cords were chopped when

Little kids were put up for adoption

Torture the orphan, I'll toss the forster kid

Waterlogged monologues and cross your faucet

Tap water lyricist, receive a rap slaughter hearin this

Perceive the prince where the mirror is

Expel tears and sweat to build pyramids

Irrigate, irritated orators excel

Extend ornaments to torment your tournament

Fortify five midgets in four to five mintues

Organize clinics that's short of more than five misfits

Mystic, I'm the sort of guy with tricks

Shift with the times until the stars burn out

Until then building with iller syllable workouts

[CHORUS]

Syllable practice is never a chore, never a bore

Immature literature litters the floor

I figured you for a biggot before

But don't be bitter and sore

Just spit and record meticulous thoughts

Syllable practice is never a task

Clever attacks left competitors waxed, steady get lax

So I fed em a fax, tellin em facts, propellin repetitive tracks

And feminie raps to the kennel for snacks

[VERSE 2]

The potent practitioner opens rap listeners

Broke the facsimile, focus activities

Folks collapse, quotes who slap enemies

Who pretend to be essentially assembling assemblance

Of ambiance that's seminal to confidence

I lend it all to consonants that tenderize your counterfeits

The pendelum is bound to flip

You're tremblin and doubtin if

Adrenaline amounts to dick

When petty methodists attack your semi-definite

Tackle any deficit, rap mentally effortless

Backpeddling pessimist with venomous predicates

Benefit the nemesis with red-cent percentages of sentences

The anarchist enters the vortex of unexplored text

Forestep, surgically deconstruct, verbally decompose

Listen when the deacon flows, even so

Syllables are only half the battle

The river I deliver's metaphoric so you never have to paddle

[CHORUS]

Syllable practice is never a task

Clever attacks left competitors waxed, steady get lax

So I fed em a fax, tellin em facts, propellin repetitive tracks

And feminine raps to the kennel for snacks
Syllable practice is never a chore, never a bore
Immature literature litters the floor
I figured you for a bigot before
But don't be bitter and sore
Just spit and record meticulous thoughts

And I'd like to send this one out
to the masters
Kool G Rap
Big Daddy Kane
Slick Rick
KRS-One
Rakim
and there's several others that are worth mentioning
but for now that's the unofficial Furious 5
cause they inspired me to write lyrics
And I'm out