

# Eyedeas, Blindly Firing

What's your definition of dope?  
'Cause I think our opinions differ  
'Till your own skills develop, be wise and shut the hell up  
I told you man, I'll fold your plans  
You know you can't be colder than me  
With a microphone in hand I'll show your fans I own this land  
My flow's intangible  
Expanding growth that stands and holds hip-hop on a cross  
Lickin' shots for the lost vision  
Listen: It's imbedded in my genetic code to push the evolution  
Clean up the pollution and let the rhetoric grow  
So your records get sold and with each blow  
You give, adds tad more gold to eat whole out of your cracked peach bowl  
As we go without rules, the freedom of independence we breed  
So we'll eat 'till we're full, keep control and bleed at slow-mo speed, you know?  
I weave and sew my way through this imaginary land of fairies and trolls  
Tryin' to bury the scroll  
I carry a load that weighs way more than my area code  
Vocabulary unfolds so that you cherish the very story of merit you're told  
Your character's bold, but build a barrier  
Spare your words before you perish  
Don't be careless, apparently to share a paragraph tears your nerves  
Heard you grew some nuts  
Now you think your crew don't suck?  
Stupid f\*\*ks  
In a battle you'll still lose to us

(Chorus)

This one's for all the people in the world that think they can get with this  
Eyedeas and Abilities, you know we be the sickest  
MCs under my feet with they names on my shit list  
This one's for you, this one's for you  
This one's for all my people lovin' hip-hop that are truly gifted  
Eyedeas and Abilities, we only came to rip shit  
DJs with no cuts outside their self-inflicted wrist slits  
This one's for you, this one's for you

What's your definition of dope?  
'Cause I think our opinions differ  
I guess I don't know what's dope from the viewpoint of a listener  
So how's it sound?  
My new joints prove points  
Arousing styles of new nose for a thousand miles in any direction you point  
If I was your pal, I'd respect all criticism that was honest  
But I'm not 'cause you're probably an MC in the closet  
Subconsciously copyin' everything from the sentences to the penmanship  
Mad 'cause I invented what you can't even pretend to intend to accomplish  
Promise an end to this infinitely childish game  
Refrain from grabbing the mid and spare yourself some shame  
No, I don't sound the same  
And yes, I'm a little deranged  
But it ain't no thang 'cause lyrically, nobody can hang  
There's always room for admiring a pro  
But get off the jock  
Can't you see the tire swing is full?  
Oh, now you wanna call me out for offending your ears?  
Just chill, there's a billion other better ways to end your career, for real  
I can't even hear you skill-less motor mouths with total clout  
Adding up to less than zero, I'm your hero  
Don't go that route, I'll show you out now  
Peace to all the real MCs  
But first, I'ma show you show why my DJ's name is Abilities

(Chorus)

