

# Mr. Lif, Heavy Artillery

Usually I'm at the bottom of the sea, dormant  
But every now and then I call upon the torment  
So I emerge, feel the rays of the sun surge with power  
Then prepare to tear and devour  
And after that's understood I let my sounds blare like Underwood  
After this, lightning and thunder could  
Crash in the sky and project down to the terrain  
The heat makes blood bubble in your veins  
Waves of energy channel through your feet in the form of a beat  
Rally back your troops, retreat  
Abort mission cause you know can't compete  
You're weak, fuck a backup plan, delete  
Cause after the mega-charge  
I grow mega-large  
Increase in size so no one survives  
You can't believe what you see before your eyes  
Yes, the god Lif has returned to terrorize  
Armed forces came out ready to brawl  
But at a hundred stories tall niggas look small  
This is the part where I stomp on Kong  
Rip through the city, crush and romp  
The [bus sailed]? at my frame but hit the flesh  
My eye beam connects, burns shit up and wrecks  
Lyrical Teks, slash necks  
Blood splatters all over my specs  
Body parts are found in tape decks  
So visual you can't watch the scene  
If you press stop the gears lock and pop your spleen  
Then I start to finish em: metaphor, simile  
Mr. Lif has broken out the heavy artillery

(I got artillery  
Keep aware  
I got artillery  
Lyrics are ammo  
You ready?  
I'm always prepared for warfare  
Get ready  
Time to drop this real heavy)

Release the crack and then summon the gods  
I defeated Zeus and Thor, now they want more  
I call on the rains so now let it pour  
To soften up the ground so I can bury the gore  
Book me for a show son, send me on tour  
Where niggas are fair game up in the airplane  
I'll battle everybody aisles A through Z on the free  
But none of them are fuckin with me  
Watch how I maneuver this  
Hype rhyme past the stewardess  
Without her even noticing  
Yes, I found an opening  
You lost cause you weren't focusing  
Now your dome's hot and smoldering  
Open up the hatch so I can drop out the cargo  
Cause I'm known to blaze stars just like the argo  
These rhymes are going far beyond your belief  
I'm like the Golden Child: each and every day I eat a leaf  
Gimme the wreath, I'll have a feast  
Gain knowledge of self then I plan to conquer the beats  
And I'll build back your mental piece by piece  
Giving brand new life to the mentally deceased  
But after this the situation gets truly hazardous  
Torturous, disasterous

Imagine this: experiencing hell right after bliss  
In this experiment I'm the catalyst  
Welcome to the realms where money is God  
And they tamper with your brain 'til you're a spiritual fraud  
As you focus on these words and enter the mind state  
I slow down your pulse then increase the rhyme rate  
Fall into deep psychosis, what's the prognosis?  
Osmosis: underwater diffusion  
Welcome to the realms of liquid illusion  
Where stationary things appear to be movin  
Look at your speedometer, how fast are you cruisin?  
Thoughts race, images flash, you're gonna crash  
But maintain your focus and move with agility  
Cause Mr. Lif has broken out the heavy artillery

(I got artillery  
Keep aware  
I got artillery  
Lyrics are ammo  
You ready?  
I'm always prepared for warfare  
Bring a bulletproof vest and get ready)