

Non Phixion, Area 51

(Verse One)

Sabac I let loose, claimin truths is consequential
Paranoid MC's divin in {?} like Yentl
Think I got a pencil, to blacklist devils movin the Rosewood
With Singleton, we stop a flow good
Whippleton killer top biller for G's, Non Phixion sleepers with jeans
Never fall asleep, lace Pall Mall, a final call like cattle disease
Rip mics, stab with wordplay
Dipped like sherm stay, my school clothes bloody from swordplay
If I had a nation, I'd be a Mason, like Cosby
Rap oddyssey don't stop cause I'm kamikaze
Gut a fuck Nazi, spill the beat son, and take five
I can show you sides, of humans of most bastard homicides
Killers walk free, juiced off Hennessy P
So Benet Ramsey {?} me on LSD
You dicks are stupid, consider humans chopped up on Euclid
You can't prove it, puppy dog eyes like Droopy

(Verse Two)

An awful calamity, I have the FBI after me
They barely batter me, because I speak on how they data be
corrupted, I use a disguise inside they eyes
See the day, 7/4, meaning jungle of the lies
Samurai sci-fi, Shanghai to C.I.
Rabbis in God fill my pock' with dragonflys and Geminis
Brooklyn, home of the Dodgers, Russian massages
Where thugs be coppin guns and kids are aged without they fathers

(Verse Three)

My lyrics twist like bamboo sticks
It be {?} African headhunting cannibals, running down your avenue
Stabbin you, Goretex vexed, in Xanadu
Two thousand two we here to rock for food and praise and God and gratitude
Missile command latitudes, blastin dudes
Askin youse, over there yeah you, how can we tear through
invisible prison cells, the projects where we dwell
has, many traps, that we must avoid, or we'll be destroyed
Sometimes people don't really take the time to think about
the consequences, and so they wind up locked behind fences
And that's by far the worst case of all scenarios
Don't let the devil get your soul