Non Phixion, Area 51

(Verse One)

Sabac I let Íoose, 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 oddysey 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