

Optimus Rhyme, Dermato Fibro Sarcoma Protuberance

Megatron must be stopped... no matter the cost.

Well all I've got is my tongue
An esophagus and two lungs
Skeletal system plus muscle tissue and I'm done
I'm through, I'm finished feeding frivolous thoughts
To my overtaxed central nervous system stretched taut
Tighter than a tiger's tooth
Tucked into a pale face
Hunter from a foreign land
Strapped with just case after case
Of ammunition and litigational research
Search again my friend I just can't be hurt

You can wreck my spirit and kill my soul
But then I'll check my spirit then spill my soul
And when I pick it up you better go go go
Cause you never know when you're gonna come
In contact with a rapper
Who can't afford to keep the crapper
Stocked with rock pepper
I ain't talking about that yellow pepper, red pepper, green pepper
All the same paper, people
Put your fuckin' brain in the mix
Just askin' for about five minutes
to hit you with the b-b-b-beatbox shit
But I'm only flesh and blood and bones and balls and skin
and hair and white cell waterfalls

Yeah, this invader's a nuisance
Dermato fibro sarcoma protuberance

Man fuck it, I'm payin' this dude to cut it
And I hope he cuts deep
Cause I got fat scars to beat
Just a needle in the back, it's back to business
9 to 5 service, sacrifice

Witness this, witness that
An MC who's not afraid to spit back
Witness this, witness that
An MC who lays it down man just like that

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Well I've been waitin' a long time
Just to get this off my mind
Rhymes stuck in my throat like
Warm milk in seven nine

Find new new woman's waist to intertwine
And find my body with the best lines
Cut from the script of good times
Take that as a sign like the artist
Times change now the softest MC's hardest
On me, the AHP?

We doubt regardless
That what we feel fuels flows that regard us

Say that bitch
And then you close and you switch
Confessions
Speaking of confession with your priest-like shit
I just can't compete with this
Don't even seek this
Try to beat this
Well stop tryin
Twenty hail marys and a splash of holy water
Won't save you from the Eastlake-stalking firestarter

It's hard to
Admit the way I flow this vibe at you
Lodges if you try to grab it
But it dodges ya

You rappers fill your flows with hodgepodge
Spice it up with sewage
Rhymes so old you need embalming fluids
Who is the do-do-do this
Do-do-do delivering diatribes mocking
Mile high piles of MCs comitting suicide

A bunch of illiterate, innocent, and insignificant little fools
Who could fail to, fail to, fail to man they fail to

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Like that.
An MC who lays it down man just like that.