

Optimus Rhyme, Ford Vs. Chevy

Ay...

Wassup, it's the Optimus.
No stoppin' us.
Positronic pathways...connected.
Alignment...Autobeat.

Lalalalala, la laa, la la la laaaaa (X2)
Lalalalala

Chorus:

It's the same old song,
digging in the same record bin, hit the same bong,
living in the same city,
yes on the same sidewalk,
with some played out game, and some played out talk.

Lalalalala

Man I'm just sick of these dudes,
always walkin' round like you're in a bad mood,
bringing everybody down with your whack attitude,
with some messed up style, and a stressed-out groove.

Pull your seat back, allow this abstract poet to read back,
those fat raps on that fat track to get your feedback.
My backpack is stacked to the max with phat rhymes-
now headlining: English and Optimus Rhyme! -- and
simple minds commit suicide when I step in the joint,
jump on stage, grab the mic, people start to point,
staring at this: the craziest hip-hop lyricist,
rappers from New York to Los Angeles are all gettin' diss'd.

I'm still at it, after mathematics,
putting Seattle up on my map, battling static,
making local hip-hop a habit
let me see that Boom Bap CD, hey AHP?
[What, you don't have it?]

A young man on a solo tip without a band and I'm,
spitting speech you can barely understand now I'm
touring across the land in front of fans
forget that, yo, this is my life, guess again...

(Chorus)

Hey yo I'm through with meaning,
I write graffiti on the ceiling
it reads open up and die, open up and die,
but I don't heed my advice
when I'm opening up my life
I should have thought twice
giving up 24 hours for a fight,
a little bit like this
You being dissed, your head caught like a snitch
I know nobody's perfect,
see I speak my mind, it saves time,
it eliminates confusion
it keeps you on the same page that I'm moving.
It comes to the point, [it's F.Y.I.]
Just lettin' you know where I stand, it's easy to decide.
You can be my ally, or be on the other side,
it really doesn't matter, I don't confuse my pride

with the feelings of the people who can't hang around
won't stand for nothin',

I'm not the type to stand out in the crowd,
I'll keep a loud mouth but a low profile.

It's unsettling the way these rappers bring these flows,
I hate those, copycat clones, and these shows
that they call hip-hop, not, it's all jealousy
instead of trying to move the crowd, they criticize me.
Your attitude is nothing, I've got something
for you fat rap cats who think the Optimus is bluffing,
you got a problem -- say something! -- grab a mic
and let flows be the definitive factor for this fight.

Yo I could spend my whole life puttin' pen to the paper,
it don't change real life in the vapor,
might be the way for people to be safer
I keep the caper object unsolved
Twenty-seven certified laws circumnavigate,
just revolve, you think the ball's gonna
and begin a bit thick, I just downshift,
to the ground, look around, you're in the basement.