

# Optimus Rhyme, Transform

(female dispatcher: your transmission was broken, how many occupants?)

The far-east conference committed their most competent  
to this continent; north-west displaying dominance  
on this parchment, so spark this, puzzling paragraph  
half of you will be like, what? the other half will laugh

I talk trash, and make you clap, and run fast  
whack rappers are scared of all the jokes I crack  
Dan Rather can't blabber another newscast  
without thinking that I'm the one that sent the anthrax

So drop science, while I'm droppin' broken English, linguistics  
I'm your girl's lips like beige lipstick  
Now dig this: You fuck with Optimus your fuckin with  
a whole family of Seattle-based lyricists

MC's with the same ideas, about to set it off  
droppin' hip-hop on its ear

(affecting industry trends with a ball point pen)  
some loose leaf and some ideas of where to begin

(musical and sound interlude)

Just step the fuck back  
step the fuck back  
I praise fate that I'm breathin'  
I feel like I'm leaving my own body every time I go to sleep  
I wish one time that it would happen  
Then I could leave my flesh behind and creep quietly through the streets  
(?)