

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
(?)