

# Quarashi, Weirdo

Get back the fact is that their giving me slack cause I'm the prophet of naught and the gospel aphrodisiac. Give me sorrow, I break it into love. You gotta follow, I'm holding our people above. No time to wait there's the gate proceed. I've got what you want and I've got what you need. I'm your musical instrument the public embarrassment, the hand around your neck and your money unspent.

They call me mister boombastic fantastic. Don't do nothing drastic you spastic, cause I bomb the mic like a fascist. I'm not even from America and I bury ya. Light in a coffin as to not to worry ya. Bury ya make you bounce like a berry ya'll. Make you giddy in you stomach like your sisters are ba ra bop. And now you met your match as I drain out your power and make you stop like a Seiko sports watch.

Your a blank zero, forsaken hero you're always gonna be a motherfucking weirdo

You see the laughing man he's a nut cause he's a Salinger fan It's the Quarashi plan taken from the Koran. They beat us up and they wait till we break but in the end this is just another earthquake. Repent and your lost, forget with all cost. It's a malady a sickness you can't floss. You gotta leave it behind, look around find a sign get back on the track and walk the fine line.

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Check it check it out here I come not leaving till I'm done Please stay a little longer and you're gonna get some from the man from the crew, little boy blue. Wait until it's dark and we'll be home for you. Now you may fuck up, you fucking stuck up prick you better watch it before you make the whole world sick that's it. Making me ill, you know against your will. I'm throwing rhymes like grenades, making a kill.

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