

Ren, Illest of Our Time

One two three
Spitting bullets on the beat
I'm a sick little puppy
Who gets lucky when he speaks
Blessed with a silver tongue
Chest with an iron lung
Extra terrestrial, tentacles, alien
Psychopathic tendencies
A pathologic entity
If everything is set in stone
Then this is how it's meant to be
Elementary, dear Watson, you might find
Yourself inside the mind of the illest of our time

Let's get it popping, hot rocking
I'm Freddy Krueger, I'm chopping
I turn it up to eleven, the Demogorgon of Oppin
The strangest thing, I'm the boss when
The danger - lingers, I'm plotting
Sweet like a spoon full of sugar
Because I'm Mary like Poppins
The double barrel is cocking
A shotgun shell to the noggin'
I'm coughing catchy bronchitis
You're in your funeral coffin
No blocking, stoping me not when
I pick the world up - I'm squatting
And when I take from the rich
I'm in your hood and I'm Robbin

Four, five, six, spit a crucifix
Six-six-six flow, crucify a catholic
Maverick, anti-hero, villain not protagonist
Words are kind of muffled when you're sucking on my massive
Who's the fucking illest, who's the realest, who's the baddest kid?
Call the police on this beat before I damage it
A kiddie called screech on the streets, I'm a masochist
So far from reach, I'm the type to kill a pacifist
Catalyst for chemical combustion, I'm the analyst
Of metaphors and similes and synonyms, an alchemist
Evangelist - spread the words I speak like they're cancerous
Pragmatist - think before I speak then I answer it

Pull up, pull up, pull up to the place
When I pull it, bang, a bullet sang, it shot right into space
Music for the hooligans, let loose on the estate
Call the police and the riot vans, the people want to play, hey!

Freedom now, has lost all meaning, how
Can we all be free in a hierarchic breeding ground?
The poor get poorer while
The rich get rich in style
I'll be a heretic, kill a king, take his crown
Top of the throne, top of the kingdom I own, top of the streets that I roam
Top of the dome, spitting for Britain, I show 'em bars like a cellular phone
Hyping like Tyson, an icon, go twice in
Left, right in, I'm striking like I'm biting like a python
Ready? I'm heavy, I'm Mercury, I am Freddy

So eat my words, fill your belly
Like alphabet spaghetti
I am a rap-star
Don't believe me, the facts are
I spit fast like I'm Nascar

Don't believe me?
Then fuck ya
Ah shit

I don't feel so well
I don't feel so well
I don't feel so well
Call a medic for myself

I don't feel so hot, my brother
Aching, shaking, stop then stutter
Things gone wrong
Hit by King King Kong
A Swan-ton bomb like Hardy Brothers

I don't feel so fresh, my bro
Things get slurry, speaking slow
Head in Hong Kong, wonton soup
Is what I have for brains, I know

That I want to spread these tattered wings, hold them high
Banished from the heavens but I'm knocking on the sky
Living with depression is a blessing in disguise
Never second guessing, intuition getting wise
Want to sink into the pupil of my eye
Travel to the corner of my cornea and mind
Look for all the answers that I never seem to find
Till then, I guess I'm still the illest of our time