

# Rip The Jacker, A New Style Of Rhyming (Ferdow

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Ferdowsi Jaffa Cakes Intro.....FULL MOON, HALF MOON, TOTAL ECLIPSE CULT FOLLOWING

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A new style of rhyming, a new style of rhyming,  
requires expert timing, Is dying a wise thing?  
From the Kinetic to the Energetic,  
What about KILLING? That woman tried to murder me,  
Ritual Widow Murder, searching for her urgently,  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany,  
Cover me, it tried to flirt with me,  
pretty ass lyrics is for bitches with acrylic,  
Fragments of INFINITY is my vision,

In Rabbit hole with Alice, the bitch masturbates,  
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate,  
Mix the dub plate, the BPMs fluctuate,  
I put her on cloud nine, look at her face,  
The face on the photograph we have in our database,  
Ok I'm a pervert, It's time to fess up,  
I might be looking for a leg up, but I won't touch,  
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice,  
I know I could build it fast if I block and tackle it,  
I like to role play but I only play masculine,  
It got to be difficult for a woman to live with me,  
Judge me fairly, compare me TO INFINITY,  
Finishing my Archeogenetic Rap Facility,  
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me,  
I was weak, it happens with every girl that I meet,  
I am still the Master,  
Not only can see into the future, see past it,  
As odd as it may seem, the POETRY Fiend  
god until I build my machine  
Ferdowsi owns poet laureate infinity,

The leaders lies got me reassigned, Mars God looks at my eyes,  
I think I've had about enough of your tough talk,  
I've mastered the art of rhyming now your mother a whore,  
No biting allowed just bark, I've passed them on through songs,  
Take shelter in an old missile silo  
Can you hear it? Listen to the bars  
The magic reminder that they can't find us  
Start dialing! 4686605  
No pulse rendered in the earthquakes epicentre  
Sound pours out of the ground and across the land  
Hip Hop The starlight scope in my hand  
Creative writing and rhythm amusing lyrics  
My opinion of Olympian gossip tells you don't listen  
If A shouldn't sound like Hip Hop  
Then A must be equal to X plus Y plus Z, no doubt  
If King equals X tired equals Y,  
Then Z must be equal to when we die  
Poetically exercising, the expert biting my brain  
This is a no brainer, its only entertainment  
The sun is so bright and sounds like Chinese fireworks  
You will taste my steel, the rest are details,  
I do it for civilians, the study of conics,  
Circular motion creativity in my poems  
Mad Max knows this, every time he sustains ops,  
A true master of all boarder cops,  
I gotta spit til I am not alone,  
It's a gift, placed on their tombstones,  
Try to hurt me, bring out the best or the worst in you,

She better do it I don't wanna have to hurt you dude,  
One question per second, the more apprehensive the sentence,  
&quot;Resistance is futile&quot;;, they said

With this pen I consecrate this again,  
May whatever it touch receive hallow light coming from them,  
I sit down and think, I can smell the ink  
I bow before the desert wall of the sphinx,  
The ideas have come from god, commands from the drum,  
The truth is still the truth, for everyone,  
Cheers! Hip Hop was dead, Hip Hop is impaired,  
I shed tears, space serpents flying around all these years,  
Hafiz, come over here, we'll just talk,  
I'ma take you for a walk through a beautiful place called  
Marineris Trench detour to AGCR!

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Its a CIRCLE / Mocked up Gay Marriage / You can't handle it little man