

# Rip The Jacker, Accordion (Prolix)

I got bored with four beats to the measure, Professor speech compressor  
Terminated his tenure to explore a more rewarding adventure,  
Take a closer look at the bars, you'll see I'm not behind them  
or in front of them, I'm one of them,  
Started with a 100, The Game spit 3, I said "Fuck It!"  
I'ma have to show these niggaz something,  
Too easy, who'd believe me if I said that it wasn't?  
The rhyme is a weapon I bust it the Brotherhood got me covered  
OP orders with coordinates where to drop mortars  
I drive forward, Sandstorms make my eyes water, 10  
Skull is a submarine hull  
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.,  
The rhymes are raw, deeper than yours, you crawled before you walked  
But didn't think about your thoughts before you talked,  
We spit for sport, I won, you lost  
But you paid them off to nail my corpse to a cross,  
This is "The Greatest Rhyme Of All Time" supposedly,  
1000 Bars it will probably always be,  
Mentally top heavy, not many can rock with me,  
Hip Hop could not bench me so they plot to suspend me, 20  
I said "Nobody benefits, Everyone perishes"  
I tell them this, They say, "Here, it's time for your medicine",  
Imagine being fined over a rhyme? For stepping over the line?  
When I inspired Hova and Nas,  
I listened to 44 4's' 22 times  
"I Gave You Power" God stop my heart if I'm lying,  
You like Red or White Wine? Let's talk about it I'm buying,  
Let's talk about the Children of Zion, excuse me if I start crying,  
The Art Of Rhyming? I've mastered it certainly, surely  
I'll celebrate capturing it for my Taxidermy, 30  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany,  
To jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me,  
The Ice Truck Killer will be observing me perform surgery,  
Ritual Widow Murder, searching for her urgently,  
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate,  
The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates,  
I put her on cloud nine, look at her face,  
A cumulus lenticularis, a capsule in Space,  
You will become acquainted with my cryptic language,  
And my mystic manners, Rip spit bananas, 40