

Rip The Jacker, Blue Steel (Omni3)

Your ear cartilage has been targeted
The bombing will commence, don't be a bitch nigga you started it,
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust,
The mucus dried up to a pear like crust, 140
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Musically still producing, I got a couple new things cocooning,
But Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style it's like trying to ride a Bull, 160
The gross oversimplification of a Jamaican in a basement
tracing over diagrams for a tape deck,
Am I a mad man or a mason? A Patriot or a Pagan?
West Coasting in a 64 with Dayton's
Distinguished English and Sophisticated senses,
In sync with the Talisman I received from the Temptress,
My luck was crushed, I felt like they fronted,
My heart kept pumping, I had to do something, 170
With these lyrics I consecrate the spirit,
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you can hear it,
Time keep on slipping, the Ripper keeps ripping,
But right now my image stands still in a prism,
I've almost perfected this, I'm one word away from excellence
When I find it I'll begin testing it, 180