

# 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