

Scapegoat Wax, Eardrum

Yeah, yeah,
9, 10, 11, 12,
Yo, usually,
We do it like this,
The Suspects
Scapegoat Wax
Uh, coming through like a T-Rex,
Check, check,
Yo yo

MCs smack their heads on brick
And publicly pelt themselves with rocks
And put their feet on dry ice blocks
This one's the knock, knock knocking
On your nose bridge
Poking at your eyelids
With the soul kids from where I live
Everybody's smiling big as Regis
And time froze like fetus
A guitarist took a time machine and cloned baby Jesus
And made an MC like me (what, what?)
Who came to conquer everything
Within the breeze, man, woman, disease - please,
You looking at me in a dumb and funny way
But come to find out your crew
Was some 12-year-old runaways
Mentally I am of the 23rd Century
Technically microphones and drums are my specialty
Cloud 9 to catch the scent of my rhymes
I'm stomping through the streets rapping (Ooh, ah, ooh, ah)
While you're marching for dimes
It's like a lemon to a lime, a lime to a lemon
Sports trivia: Who's head coach is Bobby Cremins?
Georgia Tech Yellowjackets
Iller by the millisecond
I be kicking like Tekken
Check out my record collection
It's kind of fat
This is why I rap like that
I be oozing out the funk
Like a case of the clap

CHORUS:

{Here is something you can't run from
So stop look and listen
You take your position
We do it like this son
The illest prescription
A lyric incision
Into you eardrum} -- X2

THE SUSPECTS:

Natural mystic blowing through the air
Hey is you smoking something there?
Contraire, mon frere
Cause in my verbal contract to give niggas instant convulsions
Experience eternal seizures
Tongue got you chokin'
Rollin' down your throat, and...
And leaving you to believe
That planet Earth gave birth to a deadly disease
We'll never freeze
Even at the point of a handgun
Swallow the bullets and spit 'em back random

Holdin' motherfuckers for ransom
Thinkin' they handsome
Stick they family for all they own
And some
My life is based on tantrum
Is that why yo ass be steady rappin'?
You know
Fuck a platinum
Finagler philosophy
Y'all player haters
Ain't understanding my verbocity
Constantly
Off lots of weed
It costs to be
The boss don't take a loss
No double-cross hater back off of me
Feel animosity
In high velocity
Both prodigies

CHORUS

Your ears are rung
My noise is like a thousand voices
Until I'm done
My words will shine through all distortion
I'm here intact
We're gonna get this thing together
And when it cracks
I'm gonna bet you that
You and everybody else surrenders

CHORUS