

# 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