

Soul Hooligan, Algebra

Kept back by the deeper rumblings in my breast
Bad vibes putting mad pressure on my chest
Fly time is a rhythm clocking exocet
Mad lines from a stranger you've already met
Tribal is the plate I'm eating from, you guessed
I'm full yet I cannot fit inside my vest
'Where's he at?' is the question I refuse to get
Here I'm at. Right here. In your headphone set.

You'll try to diss
Take a crack at this
Not algebra or calculus.

So take a crack at this now.

Two truths make a lie, first you die then fly
Cross the sky - jambalaya with your chocolate pie
Suck it deep: don't let it interrupt your sleep
You'll get fleas and disease when you're counting your sheep
If you please, don't please 'em - run 'em off the ranch
Let them grow like leaves then rip 'em off the branch
Fly time is a rhythm clocking do-si-do
B-boys rocking with the freak-freak: so now you know.

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It's the P.H.A.R.M.A.K.O.N.
The remedy, yes the cure from the poisonous pen
C.O.M.M.U.N.I.C.A.T.I.O.N.
What you'll find inside my rhyme is enemy and friend
Going N to the E the B the U.L.A.
Burning all the competition with the rhymes that I say
H the double O the L the I the G.A.N.
Now the soul is what will signify the hooligan.

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