

# Xero, Reading My Eyes

The Microphone Molesta'  
Machete undresser  
Stupid dope fresh tight sh\*t resurrector  
Top gun yeah mon best of the besta'  
The living MC peace and resta'  
Successa, the flexa gunna'  
The make funna the adversary make runna'  
Make summa cold with rhymes that spit  
Kickin' gifted, lifted, delinquent 'wit  
I be the prophet, my hand  
Top it, stop it, felt like rockin when I rock it  
Locked it down with this perverse verse  
Every f\*ckin' curse I burst to hurt  
Move crowds physical fitness rhymes  
Coke heads couldn't do my lines  
Decorated like Christmas pines, my battalion rocks  
Emcees become silhouettes of shock

Reading my eyes will say it in many ways  
Losing my pride will save it in many days

Hit the dirt  
Because the words I spit will do more than just rip your shirt  
I'll b\*tch slap your soul  
Get back the track control  
You coming at me?  
You can't hack it though  
So ridiculous  
Watching my crew get sick with this  
Wickedness  
Pitchin' this  
Lyrical viciousness  
To crews and cliques  
Maiden, men, and mistresses  
This is my life  
The twilight, the fight night  
And trying to see nothing but the highlights  
When I write  
These eyes on horizons  
Die for my son, cry wrongs and Krylon  
Fire on, rude men telekinetically  
Esoterically beats become a clarity  
Feel verities, heroism, and heresy  
And sever every Emcee I see with severity

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Losing my pride will save it in many days

Why not...  
What I keep...  
Why not...  
What I keep...  
Why not...  
What I keep...

Why not give me what I came to deserve  
Why not give me what I came to believe  
Why not give me what I came to deserve  
Why not give me what I came to believe

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