

9th vs. Thought

Black Thought

215

21-pound

Uh...

I'm not a typical arrogant American on prescribed medicine
I'm sick as I ever been
Rollin' out of the dealership and the McLaren
These rappers is Peter Pan, I'm Pan-African
Space invader black and nem
Mixin' Alexander McQueen with Haider Ackermann
Real rapture in the form of a living man
I don't give a damn, not a mortal could test me
See, I don't get examined
I'm a high priest and a wild beast
Once warrior, now chief-the mouthpiece of the foul East
And I'm a rock 'em, sock 'em robot, hops, I drop bombs
Any flow I got come at you like "dot coms"
You should know I'm not, for the run of the mill drill
I'm still trill, the flame thrower, the real deal
I don't coincide aside with the oddness
Your highness is where the pantheon of the gods is, I promise
I'm known for being brutally honest
If lyricism is spiritual to you then rewind this
I'ma kill 'em but it ain't about to be with kindness
I believe the industry about to see a conquest
Changin' of the mindset
Money just a concept, never been a object
Even when my mother was livin' up in the projects
Now my waitin' is higher than young Richard Pryor get
Still speakin' my mind, just in a different dialect

It takes two to make anthropology
The student and the study
That being the case
It is time for the study to examine the student
And to evaluate its own self

I said, I seen it all, I had it all and I ain't mad at all
This rapper toss gravitas like a cannonball
Stayin' up all night, throwin' my sleep pattern off
I need a doctor on call to keep Adderall
Position of my commission is trilateral
You fuckin' with me, you trippin' for tryin' that at all
I mess around, make the call, get the gat involved
I know people, it's a small world after all
My credit card say it's onward at the mall
My broad lookin' like she Cinderella at the ball
Reborn every January like a Capricorn
From downtown, no Ryan Lewis and Macklemore
It's yours truly, I'm Paul Mooney, I'm George Clooney
I'm fully immersed in the craft, bringin' awards to me
The bass player said he gon' sue me
I gave the finger to him, the Lord gave a round of applause to me
My soul winnin', I've been goaltendin'
Cold sentence, chrome pen, a nigga gone 'til it's no limit
The vision came to me so vivid
My observation was if money for the takin', I'ma go and get it

Y'all know my everyday lay, no costume
I murk rappers and they can't play no possum
Another studio but it's the same old outcome
I told my nigga Small Vicious, "Baby, we got one"
Listen

Accurate scholarship and fee dedicated artists would reveal a singularly important thing
Racism was and is not only a mark of ignorance
It was and is a monumental fraud