

This is my playground:0  
And I don't play around  
I bust a grammar glock and leave em lying face down  
Ubi coming right behind me with that trait now  
Any n every enemy better black his face out  
Put em on, most pessimistic when pushing this  
Pen-point accuracy, thundering to get back to the beat  
'Cause I'm bad to the B-O-N-E  
Only prescribing that purple pill  
Perpendicular to poison, that most certainly kills  
Only realer than the real, with the skill to prevail  
How I feel when it ain't all good  
I got six for the holier than thou, my pen pal  
Really wish ya'll would, would cop for the veteran  
And keep on knockin' but we not gon' let em in  
The question's rhetorical, give me a s-s-s-s-sentence

What? Ya'll think we ain't gon' change  
You thought we'd stay the same  
With a legacy to be lost  
Never thoughts will f-f-f-fade away

Ya'll think we ain't gon' change  
You thought we'd stay the same  
What? Ya'll think we ain't gon' change  
Thought we'd always stay the same? (2x)

They said we couldn't  
We didn't get in our wish is granted  
1, 2, 3 for the pen  
Independent no disadvantage  
This is Alanis, my rapping skill's a jagged pill, swallow  
Following since when Tribe Called Quest was rapping still  
Now I'm back with the real  
Keep all eyes on deck when I'm on Ces  
We go way back like Biotech  
My style fresh  
When am I gon' get my dues?  
I write off stress, imagine this icon upset  
Turn the mic on and bless  
Preaching power  
Worship icons of death  
From Anubis to Ra to South-Vietnamese coup d'etat  
General D. and the chemical demons induce chaos  
Like a suitcase bombing  
Achmed and Jihad we been at odds  
Set em off, better get em off  
Never talk again when the pen is lodged  
In your larynx seriously it's so hilarious, ha  
Living off me vicariously, it's so American  
Arrogant naïve, marinate and wear-in a cape  
When Icarus got too close to the sun  
The pa-pa-pa-paraffin gave, serenade!

It's the king of the king of the  
Wait a minute, no!  
It's the prince of the city with the fatal sentence flow

Sadomasochistic rhythm, rippin 80 minute show  
I'm supernatural, my sacrament  
Is scraping from these dreidel spinning hoes  
Whoa, I got an axe to grind, I got an axel in my mind  
I wind it till I'm binded to the nickels and dimes  
I drink until I'm spittin up slime  
Till I wrinkle like a pickle and brine  
I'm on a waterbed with your girl  
30 minutes later, that's a ripple in time  
My guns may stop working but my missiles are fine  
Hob-knobin' hot dollar sign budget  
Kansas City traded Tony Gonzalez like fuck it  
Fuck pushin these cheap tricks  
Three things make money out in Kansas City  
That's drugs, pussy and Jesus  
B's itch and move the fuck over  
Get ready for the Mac Lethal movie  
Closing-liner rollercoaster motherfucker