

[Bigg Jus]

I swing boomerangs and murder air attacks  
Blow out busted internet, access info out your back  
Clip cut you off, I'm too advanced for your little cause  
Pole position, my verbal contact no life support  
We'll maintain position, lift off to ignition  
Frequency feedback provide ammunition  
The brain cells panic sell two tons of the IQ  
When the energy starts to fornicate, that's when I punch through  
All type hard rock tracks that's hard to the max  
It's spacey like mixing up angel dust and crack  
Yo wait a God damned pagan minute, then pause on that  
My styles the man like the Ku Klux Klan be from deep down south  
Don't let one of these little emcees get lost on the wrong route  
Catch a Mississippi Burning f\*\*k that then catch an arson  
Land mines, destruction, Far Rockaway to Carson  
You couldn't locate my synthy format using LoJack  
Bitch I'm all that  
Scratch the bed numbers straight off your girls' back  
In fact black the injection of my lethal status  
Will ultimately break all beats down into antimatter  
You couldn't hang if you was bit by a radioactive spider  
I'm intrigued, your lackluster broken charted style  
Is unkempt and wild causing mayhem  
The battle rhymer mixed with tonic and El-P is f\*\*king lethal  
Like a African disease killer people  
And it's true I'm messing with your whole crew till you're bogling  
Cause your style is now off with a blast of the force

It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters  
The Krazy Kings these thinking caps be sparking tags quick x4

It's been rated combustible  
Computer animated T2  
Winds up enzyme fractal poly-residue  
When taking away what little time that I got  
The mind view in energy oxen I pick the combination spot  
When in 1985 they injected me with props  
Ten years of misdirected blacks killing, I'm back on the block  
Recuperating from the never-ending bloodshed of the war  
Though my pockets remain empty, my soul remains pure  
Retained it exists laid a whole education  
For the new rebirth of a super space station  
Practicing the science of shooting the planets from a distance  
While escaping without conscience of existence  
Or would be laws no matter how much I resistance  
From somewhere wicked in the West this way comes  
It seems that we underestimated Satan once again  
Time marches on but some and then some blends  
Into the recess of all starving no content  
All for the form of better communication  
I bet you wish you could eliminate the whole lower class population  
I be the fund raiser for my own expedition  
A pro-black family mind reconditioning  
For the multi-colored Pumas are no longer the flavor  
Unless you're one of those techno transient jungle ravers

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I strike a match for you two dollar MC's that can't burn  
This is for your own concern  
I burn images in retinas for all you bitches faking  
You couldn't download my multi-disk without penetrating  
Complex quotes set to explode off of impact  
But it sees to that disco boogie mayhem dance track  
Lookie bitch at poetry that's on track like a bookie  
More heads be jocking my shit than a droptop at dookie  
Peep this, put together the form into pieces  
That form the eight steps for your mind increases  
Another ass whipping slashing my burn to pieces  
It's mad bogus, I'm fading in and out of focus  
Cock shoot cops tax me, I'm taxing you  
My gunshots scream nerve wracking, heads is pushing through  
Intensity, I booby-trap all known vicinities  
Leave you stinking like face guts in a dumpster in Little Italy

It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters  
The Krazy Kings be thinking caps and sparking tags quick x8