

The Neverending Story

Jay Electronica

Have you ever heard the tale of
The noblest of gentlemen who rose up from squalor?
Tall, dark, and decked out in customary regalia
Smellin' like paraphernalia
Hailin' from the home of Mahalia
His uptown smile was gold like a Frankie Beverly day
His favorite song from Prince was not "Raspberry Beret"
It was "Sometimes It Snows In April"
He was brought up by the faithful
In the cage of every unclean bird, ungrateful and hateful
The legend of the clandestine reverend from the Bricks
With the master's grip to pull the sleeping giant out the ditch
And I ain't even have to wiggle my nose like Bewitched
I just up-shift to six, convert the V4 to a broomstick
Though I tarry through the valley of death, my Lord give me pasture
If you wanna be a master in life, you must submit to a master
I was born to lock horns with the Devil at the brink of the hereafter
Me, the socket, the plug, and universal adapter
The prodigal son who went from his own vomit
To the top of the mountain with five pillars and a sonnet
The autobiography read Quranic
Spread love like Kermit the Frog, that permeate the fog
I'm at war like the Dukes of Hazard against the Bosses of the Hogs
Gip-Gip-Giggity, Alchemist put the icing on the soliloquy
Let it be forever known that I niced up the pen something considerably
Jay Electollah Flomeini mainly is support mainly
The fatwa he issued on al-Shayṭān was delivered plainly
It's the day of Qiyāmah
To the believers, I bring you tidings of joy
But if you want beef, I'll filet mignon ya
You could catch me bummy as fuck or decked out in designer
On I-10 West to the desert, on a Diavel like a recliner
Listen to everything from a lecture
From the honorable minister Louis Farrakhan
To Serge Gainsbourg or Madonna or a podcast on piranhas
What a time we livin' in, just like the scripture says
Earthquakes, fires, and plagues, the resurrection of the dead

I'm a miracle born with imperial features
I'm a page turner, sage burner, Santeria
Chongón, December baby, my Orishas
Saint Hov, story takes place in ancient Egypt
They'll cut off the nose to spite their face, they'll steal ya Jesus
I can't tell Hattie White that blue-eyed version is make believe stuff
She'll throw me out her house, say, "Ye deliver us from this heathen"
I say that to Ms. Tina she'll sneeze at son, her photic reflex
They both had straighten combs, little did they know
I hold the heat next
Neither two can be used to fix our defects
P.S. we born perfect, fuck all the B.S.
Everybody wanna be us for real, we just gotta see us
Insha'Allah

I tried to turn that page over a zillion times