

Station Break

Wax

Ayo

Just another night, underwater colored lights
Taking you to previously undiscovered heights
Like a Mario Brother, sorry oh brother, where art thou?
Ask time for some art now class
Fart cloud full of gassiest elements, the nastiest elements
There ain't nobody nasty as Elements of Music
R.I.P., comin' to tracks from that fella since these other cats is trash
They should bask in their own irrelevance
Alrighty then, hella gems spillin' from my almighty pen
Got the jealous all biting
And they mad over spittin' bars, saltier than corned beef
Mad clovers in my yard, all of 'em are four-leafed
The state government banned me from the lottery
'Cause winnin' and myself are synonymous terminology
Sometimes I gotta say it bourgeois-ly
'Cause dudes who usually lose get confused probably
Get a new hobby
I been rappin' since the lobbyists complained that the stones on the road we
re too cobbly
Impossible not to be snobby considering I'm constantly atop the roster
I'm an Olympian forever gettin' gold, you ain't fuckin' with me cap'n
I ain't never gonna fold, I ain't nothin' like a napkin, Mike
This rappin's more like kidnappin', bitch slappin'
Or more accurately wrist slappin' of a child in a cookie jar
I am in a far more dialed-in state than you rookies are
Y'all are sub-par, get my bookie's card
He be takin' bets on why
'Cause I'm nice with that blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah
I'm a phoenix, rising from the ashes calmly
My prefix should be Omni, I'm awfully godly
Oddly, these odd MC's are at odds with me
Knowing odds are that the odds will be in my favor
I make fake rappers sign waivers
The paperwork's a headache but it ends up being a time saver
I cater to a very wide range of hater
Verified lames keep my name up in they monthly mailers
Dirty devil doin' dastardly deeds
Top seed challenging me to catastrophe leads
When I spit some might actively impeach harassment
While my income passively proceeds with its amassment
Crooked smile of a high wine drinker
The hook and line thinker got you hook, line, sinker
I tinker with lyrics like a mechanic in an old garage
Artfully replacing the part of an old Dodge Dart
Classic like most art from Mozart's
Considered unfiltered when the flows start
I simply open up my heart that the man or woman Madonna sang to
If I'm in your city, I'm accepting marijuana, thank you
Hey, hol' up, I'm like Crayola
Limitless color palette, you have gray only
Ayo, I stay so low-key that I'm low-key lonely
Mad scientist experimentin' at his house solo-ly
The music gets a hold of me and take control of me
It puts me in the zone of easy livin', would you like to go with me?
Yo, start your day off like your breakfast had weed in it
Lookin' at the speed limit, makin' sure you're not exceedin' it

Noticing your breathing, you all up in the present
Wild game like a motherfuckin' pheasant, ayy
Shotgun blast
Do not compare, do not contrast
You ain't in my fuckin' league, why the fuck would you assume?
My league night's every Monday night on the moon
My freestyles wild a la Flight of the Bumble Bee
Meanwhile after you're done rappin' there's the sight of a tumbleweed
Whistle in the mic to accompany
I sit atop the throne so comfortably
Checkerboard double stack
Get some more bubble wrap pronto
These other cats fragile, not to mention they muy tonto, yeah
Slower than a dial-up modem
I go over lots of heads like I'm climbin' up a totem
Pole, uh-oh, I'm on a roll like a French dip
My flow is something to be cherished like friendship
My style dope, clean bars like Dial soap
Provide hope to you like you Catholic and I'm the Pope
Master at rockin' the boat, you need a gyroscope
At this point, sayin' that I'm nice is kind of a trope
National treasure, I'm back and I'm much fresher
Rap tight like those things that measure your blood pressure
Known for the voice like I'm Fran Drescher
From crowds I draw stares like M.C. Escher
Yes sir, I go from sayin' desert to a reservoir
Hella wide range in my repertoire
Skeptics are surprised I've been described as Jekyll and Hyde
When they're high on lysergic diethylamide
I've got a devil inside that controls my breath
I try to swallow my pride and I immediately choke to death
Dream so lucidly that I seem delusional
The heat's so extreme that it streams from a crucible
I'll lay you out flat like a yoga mat
I'll get this party jumpin' like Jehoshaphat
Create an interest like the Federal Reserve
Tryna give my homie EOM the credit he deserve (Haha)
He was too far ahead of the curve
Bittersweet like the symphony by that band The Verve
R.I.P. EOM, shout out to my brother Herbs, uh

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