

Weerd Science

"Fuck You and Your Filthy A&R Department"

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It's so simple
Got a whole list of issues
Inside of my brain
Gathered right next to the temple

Write all my rhymes in pencil
So I can erase 'em
The morning after I write em
I wake up, read them and hate them

Remember later, lay them down
And made them understand
Sometimes a rapper suck
There's nothing I can do to change them

Man, it's like I told you before
You don't listen to me
So I don't listen no more

Give me a huge label advance
And a chance at fame
And I, I'll sing and dance
Go right with the grain

Sponsor soda companies
Promote with no shame
Smile, shake hands
Damn, I love this game

But just when you think that I'm your best friend
I'ma stab you in your fucking back, time and time again
Till the blood soaks through your sports coat
And with my Pepsi money, I'ma drink Coke

You'll be stifle to trifle my cycling
Ease the pain of the knife
That's in my fucking back
Or is that a hose?

They siphonin' my spirit, man
Got to attack
Counter they blows with blocks

In the name of all that is not wack

Kick my motherfuckin system
Into Auto-Rap
White or black, slap your face
Till your head's not attached

Rocket blast, feel the slap
Back of payback hurts
But I've had to nurse wounds
That are so much worse

Now first, I would like to call attention to your verse
The reason I'm so fucked, and I'm about to burst
Cause you keep feeding me nothing but shit
And tell what I'm gosh darn tired of it

First, I would like to call attention to your verse
The reason I'm so fucked, and I'm about to burst
Cause you keep feeding me nothing but shit
And tell what I'm gosh darn tired of it

Damn skippy

Fission, fusion using the brand of raps
Not currently used in hip hop
Lips lock, never was part of my agenda
To bend over and open up my ass cheeks
So ya'll could dip cock

On the radar, making other emcees jealous and green
Like they name was Ralph Nader
Yeah, I'm broke as fuck and I got no paper
Shoulda just stuck with rock, it'a have been much safer

Trying to make a dent in the world like a crater
The illest of traitors, it's me, Darth Vader
Nothing can save you, peace out, see ya later
The dollar fifty in my wallet forcing me to hate you

Take you on a little journey through my life
Where dad slept on the sofa, never with his wife
Even as a toddler, man, it struck me as odd
But it only getting odder, I never looked to God

I just wrote rhymes on paper that's lined
And everyone of my lines reflects on times
That I live in, giving a shit, not me
Like metal band guitars
Every one of my lyrics lately's in dropped E

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Now you can't force a revolution, choosing sides
Offer a helping hand to the dumb and blind
Use my record like the guideline, for you to follow
along
Speak up and then swallow your tongue

You hardcore, I'm hollow core
My blue collar tour
Working class hero
Shit gets piled on

I really hate all these
motherfuckers I smiled on
I'm lying on a cold table
but feel like I'm dying on a rope or a cable

I'm unable to breath the air through my nasal passage
hole
Masses don't believe me, nobody believes me
Oh, ya'll think it's easy to move up like George and
Weezy, exsqueeze me?

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