

X-Perience

"Sick Thoughts"

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Intro (dialog):

Aiiyo GRAV, shiiit
Aiiyo GRAV man; Aiiyo who's laughing man?!
Aiiyo get up nigga man it's time to go do this shit bee
Aiiyo GRAV, Aiiyo GRAV wake up man
Aiiyo GRAV bee, wake up nigga
Yo! GRAV what the fuck is goin' on man?!
What the fuck man?! Why is this nigga shakin' like
that?!
Aiiyo wassup with this nigga's eyes yo!
Aiiyo somethin' wrong with GRAV yo!
Aiiyo! *intelligible dialog* GRAV nigga
Yo! This nigga's shakin' yo!
Yo! GRAV! What the fuck bee?!
Wake the fuck up nigga!
Aiiyo! somethin' wrong with GRAV!
Somethin' wrong with GRAV!

Verse One:

Now often goes me like yo! here goes
That ox again sucking up all the oxygen from Earth
Givin' birth to phat styles so hide when I release my
carbon dioxide
Detrimental to your health, tonic makes flesh bubble
and boil
Fools quote in coils
So now they're strong on a power that's god
Lay in hardly any other can fathom
Watch me gather 'em up
In my congregation they'll be no hesitation
In my nation's reservation
That means I begin the mutating of a lyrical terror
All wack shit will get severed
Brain cells be in the process of amputation
All cerebral penetration must cease
I release a form of verbal death that by far
Will leave your whole mental scared

Chorus:

Sick thoughts on my mind x 7
With no self control

Verse Two:

I have tendencies to make wack MCs' backbones break,
bend
As my rap style ascends
We can rip limb from limb
Body parts get severed from my lyrical endeavors
We ain't all in this together
Because self-made get to top mountain peaks
While all you others stay weak
See it's survival of the fittest
So I rid dis fan of every hip-hop coal who ain't real
When punks try to get rid of me
The result is molecular instability
The outcome from a vet verses molecule
Disperse the atoms split from adoption
So now capture my dreams and jack me in the veins
Let me enter your blood stream
Kid I watch your head swell
As the game gets hard and I bombard your brain cells
See my prediction of the mental constriction
Is the restriction of train of thought have you in your
corpse
In the fact that this is real --
You say virtual reality so kid why would you battle me?
See I'm the only crowd pleaser
Your skull will finally bust and you'll catch amnesia
Friends and family you won't be remembering
I leave you comatose trembling

Bridge:

Aiiyo this nigga ain't gettin' up man
Man, Yo! GRAV get up!
Sick thoughts on my mind
What the fuck?! Stop playin' man, yo!
Fuck that shit man!
Quit pla- man fuck it get this nigga's wallet then
Sick thoughts on my mind x 2

Psychology and Chemistry is my claim to fame
Mixing lyrical concoctions for the brain
Through aural intake metamorphosis starts
Veins steadily pump poison through my heart
Check my cardiological expand
Forming to be on top of then mortal man
My skin transforms into flammable gases
Everything I touch disintegrates into ashes

So surpass this, lyrical mics that melt in hands
Burning more niggaz glass jaws back to sand
Scorch in the gorge of the Earth
Agriculture from these fake vulture niggaz tryin' to
feed of the land
Death by cremation to those who reprimand me
Axing out clear rouge styles that's uncanny
They're scared, when ever I walk the streets
My feet leave red burnt marks on concrete

Sick thoughts on my mind
Get up GRAV man
Yo! GRAV get up man
Aiiyo GRAV....

...Ooh shit!
Yo! what the fuck is wrong with you man?

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