

## The Bad Seed

### "Curriculum 101"

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[Intro: movie sample]

Claims are being made

That for me go far beyond the available evidence

In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence

And that bothers me

[Canibus]

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides

Explains you probably never understand Jermaine

Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces

The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they  
screeches

Realms of heaven and hell

Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells

Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you  
offer me?"

They reply "tecnosaucery"

They tell me the meek will never inherit the world

Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet

I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep

Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest

In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in  
grease

Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek

Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast

Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?

It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry

I hope I've got time to repent before I die

Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach

Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete

Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet

Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me

Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see

I memorise the books that I read

Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly  
weaning

Unforseeningly a genius without meaning

Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling

Handcuffed under water without breathing

Near death on a fatal quest for air

But why should anyone care? He put himself there

His career was based on facing the stares  
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs  
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers  
They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get  
there  
It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared  
and unsure of yourself and still get killed  
Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills  
More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt  
Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk  
Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined  
his health  
I don't do this to anybody except myself  
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf  
Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo  
Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0  
Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco  
When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go  
And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row  
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme  
that I wrote  
Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold  
Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most  
When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat  
If you disagree please do it quietly folks  
Anybody better than Bis? Must be a hoax  
Black man? NOPE - what about the Great White Hope?  
What? Man you must be sniffin' great white coke  
Don't you know that's like Gary Coleman fightin' the  
Hulk  
Still not even quite that close  
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out  
from the coast  
What the fuck is the maddness with you  
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true  
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you  
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue  
The most theatrical MC battle of all time  
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign  
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'  
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors  
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors  
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off  
paper  
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze  
them  
In practical practice my style's even greater  
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the  
difference?  
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient  
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my

rhymes  
You got to rewind every one of my lines  
Do you know how to paraphrase?  
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?  
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow  
Figurably the language is too dope  
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes  
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote  
On any track I come off strong automatically  
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity  
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff  
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb  
Truly superb, analyse the words  
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth  
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the  
giant tourist  
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous  
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through  
humanities border  
With a new curriculum every quarter  
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world  
order  
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water  
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior  
I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you  
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble  
You want a record deal  
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya  
skill  
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it  
in latin  
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it  
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack  
shit?  
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs  
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101

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