

The Perceptionists

"Frame Rupture"

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[Chorus - sample from "Manslaughter" by EPMD] - 4X
First suckers disrupt the frame of a sucker MC That
can't count one, two, three [Verse 1 - Mr. Lif] I break
sinks, eat for micra right away Rip a side filet Quick
think of Paris Reich a day With the flair disappear for a
century Come back to present time through a rhyme in
your memory Krueger maneuver, Hans Gruber Luger
Slide through the guard dogs, more than you could do
But Hoover Dam versus Redman Outcome? Rapid
water, rabid author Louie Pasteur's your pasture Peace,
catch you in the after Bloody acetate's risin out the acid
lakes, lucid New dimentia inventor, with improvements
You kid, walk two blocks, make a right up on Euclid Get
the team waitin, I'm impatient Neck down, deck sound
Lazy, hazy, waitin for the next round [Verse 2 -
Akrobatik] Feel your chest pound, the next sound you
hear is splinter and bones And all your broken down
crew members' different moans I got 'em locked down
for kickin insignificant poems The Perceptionists, a
legacy that's writin in stone Overthrowin so called
Kings, that's sittin in thrones A +Coup d'Etat+ to your
fortress, we scorch shit We roam the underground with
a splif and a torch lit Bringing light to those who be
supportin that horse shit Scramblin transmissions in
your so calm headset We got y'all little pansies shook
and leavin your bed wet They beefin up security like
government death threats When I roll through cowerin
for cover's your best bet Let's get it straight (let's get it
straight), I've been hittin y'all off since '98 Here's a
motherfuckin pass if you late I'm more likely to hit you
with the on time rhyme that's raw Spittin lava hotter
than the Earth's core [Verse 3 - Mr. Lif] Welcome to
Hell, hear the bell? Time for dinner I'm eatin mashed
potatoes with Kato, that's my nigga Laser beam, I
made a fiend cry, I seen die I mean death, hurry 'fore
there's nothin left I vaporizes, the vaporizer can't
disguise Into the midst with a list of things that fate
defies The saint describes a faint disguise Really
concealin the row more boaters, hope across the skies
This angel cry, when the mangel sigh Cons to get the
watcher with the Gothic eye Get off of the hog and fries

And here's a ceiling The virgin Connie squealin, a boat
sailin On the seven seas, inhalin Some real plush green
from Na Mean, she said A trap was set with factors that
were not seen Perhaps you couldn't catch her with the
tractor beam Next time I might attack you with a
blacker theme But shssh, the children have to dream
(*scratches*) [Chorus]

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