

Williams Cunnie**"Pigeon"**

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[Vast Aire]

Metallic wing pigeon. . .

Cannibal Ox. . .

Birds of the same feather flock together
Congested on a majestic street corner
That's a short time goal for most of 'em
Cuz most of 'em
Would rather expand their wings and hover over
greater things
That's what we call inspired flight
By the pigeons that gotta eat pizza crust every night
And "Let there be light" was understood
When a mic-stand descended from up-and-above into
the hood
And if my face is worth a thousand words when it's
scarred
I would only hope that two of those are coco and butta
To heal the wounds of the tissue scarred to mark the
death of my womb
But I've graduated, got my wings
And you've got to let go of my constructed Lego egg-o-
waffle halo
Eh yo, I'm a black man with an African
Drum in my chest that beats on the opposite of the right
Let me know I got a breath left
In this frigid fragile capsule
That allows you to fly south before the winter winds
trap you
I wrap my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss
I'm just a pigeon with one mile left
That doggy-paddles through this bullshit ocean of
death
And these rags-to-riches words will break bones
Like the assassination of two birds with one stone
That's why I don't associate with bird brains with their
beaks in the air
Pelicans with wide jaws yap names for fish heads
You'll get tossed in the flames
Where some ornithologist will find your skeletal frame

[Vordul]

Eskimo metal got shit locked in oxygen shell
Words shot plated metal lung which spun kids'
carrousel
Mega alarm technoloid these boys fight four arms
swinging two toes very well
Terror toys jubilated mega noise when iron works
Bullet shot animated mad windows with fireworks
Shinin' summer-time hydrants
Splash passing cars, now run ghetto tyrants
These faces carry scars (mega large)
Pigeons turn penguins talk fables cellular
Detached Christ's Word
But freeze-frame gold chain swing Son of God
Iceberg gem shines on the neck of ghetto flight bird
Getting fly like word
Let it settle
I remember cats snatched off the pedal (steal and bite
days)
Doo-rags worn tight (Piranha bite ways)
Smoke cheeba through the lung Arabian camel
Fast like a cheeta now I'm knocked off my African
sandal
God damn you! Ethiopian skin mechanical
Trapped in ghetto's meg-yard where mega-hard
Arms swing metal palms iron skin leopard
Holding evil metal eagle attacks the desert
Paranoid fingertips stitched with three-fifty and seven
metal shit
Tucked behind the belt ghetto style like delicate street
etiquette
Never lacked toast metal cow got milk in the gut settlin'
Cats gotta eat swallow beef horribly melanin mahogany
Black boys feed face with rap noid (?)
Eight arms working short circuit manufactured crack
melted
Slinging shot guns through the mouth of cracked
helmets, black felt it
Cats who pop flows shot heavy through the nostril
Brain sizzle grab the pistol and get hostile
He caught you alone fuse blown
Unemployed screaming "That's why I robbed you!"
Tired of the Medicaid, deaded by the car (?) Novocain
filled with lemonade
"You better get a job!" mother talked, just another
hawk
He nearly ate a bodega food stamp transaction
Left me in corners buckled me accompanied by evil
hands clappin'

Rockin' my "hell I made it" wetsuit stitch
So I can swim in elevators crazy wet through piss
I rock my simulated air tank bit
So I can leave pressures of oxygen where my mic's lit
I'm just a pigeon

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