

Carly Simon F/ Otis Redding III, Dexter Redding "Latyrx"

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LYRICS BORN: Cheyenne! Look at what the liquor brings
about,/ Throw out
the magic basket full of wires and let them flail all on
the ground./ Why
do they love it so?/ Hatched seeds of light supported by
light seaward
breezes, / And we see these orbs in a car chase of
sorts, / Absorbs sweet
Lorraine and her dolly on the front porch and it escorts
them into/ Deep,
dark, space around Taurus, / And the Mormons can't
explain the stars
reflectin' in her corneas. / It makes they hearts beat
hard against they
corsets which / Bops they lockets up against they
foreheads, and--/ Who was
it that sent this little girl's mind up into orbit? / She had
to forfeit
little dolly while in space so that she could touch the
stars like torches.
/ Privately, we recorded her, / Intimately, yes! We
courted her with-- /
"Miss Cinnamon Tea, please rest your itty bitty palms in
my--/
Incandescently glowing hands and infinitely, / We will
explore your
inquisitive tendencies; / The intrinsic and the explicit, /
We won't
inhibit any of your inquiry, / But first the fire must be
met then quenched
by you candidly and randomly venting any / Thoughts,
memories, anything! /
It's time for you to start channeling what you've been
gathering!" / So we
left gravity, / Instantly engulfing Lorraine in a
shimmering cavity then, /
Flattening like an elasticine band that stretches and
contorts, / And then
I'd widen like the space highway spiraling sideways,
contract and dilate,/
Then straighten up at 100 mph then fall on myself in

layers like a
thickened band of taffy, / Assuming every length and
shape imaginable, /
Then I catapulted Lorraine and her stuffed animal into
still deeper space,
/ But fathoming what I had actually done and her pace
increasing rapidly, /
I shot out like a javelin after her screams, / First
matching her speed,
then surpassing her, hearing her laughter as I passed
her, / But the web I
spun had not strengthened yet, / And the momentum
sent them stretching
through my intentions,
And I popped! / Dolly lost. / And Lorraine. /
Popped back down into her bedroom, / And coughed/

LATEEF: Born / the correlation / relation shapin' / the
forms / are takin'
their stations
warned / we're warmed / the verbal intercourse / and
mind fornication / is
on, whine, design is tight, / corn burn more than blunts
/ or oil at
midnight / the clock turns, as it often does / fight it with
all ya might
scrub / ya learn more if ya listen / timing is more than
tic-toc-tickin' /
rippin's a mission so come equipped / but not with
remote clickin's or
clips / in the nine / ya mind / is fine / with me / brother /
ya chickens,
you caint rhyme / and punks react violently / but bad
men respond silently
/ later hearing your gone, and the facts while sipping
on cognac quitely /
privately / commenting on society / modestly, /
honestly, / asking why
fools even try it / when they're undeniably / and
obviously, / undoubtedly,
/ decidedly, / wack / I stretch out and expand / in 3-D
like / galaxies
establishing terrestrial contact, like / roll up the
windows, crank the
heat, relax recline the seat, / and thank Lateef, / take
two and pass, /
give it a little gas and ask / "What's the riddle mean?" /
Fantastic / G
E=MC2 don't be sarcastic, my mind moves at the
speed of light when blasted
/ synchopated audiosyncratic madness / concentrated

/ focused / on the
rabbit / like I'm rabid, gigantic, teething wolverine /
armed with claws
that bring murderous tragedies / to even human
beings burdened with
feelings of sadness / ludicrous thing is I'm glad to be
the baddest /
sittin' fattest after I'm finished lunchin', munchin' em /
before that /
I'm slashin', attackin with rippin' action / in sound
clashes / bastard I'm
the fastest / quick draw / like: western classics / BIG
JAW, voice cuts
like a saw / sprinkling you like Magic / as the cataclysm
hits / like SMACK
/ vocabic havoc cracks / your sternum, spine, and
scapula / spectacularly /
propelling you backwards over the edge / of the track

LYRICS BORN: Now that we have made our way away
from the sky apple, / You
will notice from your new knowledge experience, / That
the distance from
the crust to the mantle to the core, / Is much greater
than previous
measurements, / And as lyricists in this time period we
experiment with a
myriad of new findings, / Different from the supposed
truths, / The ample
evidence we presented, / It complemented our
argument that "everything is
impermanent". / Not static or at settled standstill as the
opposite element
has suggested is legitimate, / And finally, as a
reminder, / The precious
metals and ores mined for early in the earth's surface
sediment, / Cannot
compare to the infinite introspective splendor, /
Represented by the
treasures indicative of our entrance into the earth's
center, / Incentive
isn't it? LATEEF: yes, yes, yes, YES, well, yes, yes, yes, /
You're dealing
with lyricists that's fresh, fresh, fresh, / You wan test
surely ya jest,
look, lets just get / one thing correct before ya step
focus on breath,
breath, breath, / one rep, / breath, breath, breath, /
select yet another
set of styles? Yup, yup, yep, / each one as hard as
erections I got to

flex, flex, flex, / for project protection I'm collecting
text, techs, tex,
/ while you're caught up, / thinking rap is just sex, sex,
sex, / and more
flesh, flesh, flesh, / robbing your soul of its precious
sensuousness /
most of these rappers are talking shit out of the side of
they neck / what
the heck? / It's more and more suckas gettin' signed
for less, less, less,
and less / and lesson 1: if aiming to impress, press,
press, / you gotta do
it yourself / quiet as kept, kept, kept, / if my work is
respected I
collect checks, checks, checks, / they cain't all bounce
and if they do I
got an ounce at the rest / so I aint stressin' off that
bullshit. / LYRICS
B: 'Cuz I've walked on water weapons baby haven't you
heard? / I've
authored songs on different planes and left the
boundaries blurred, / And
I taught Neanderthal to use the rotary phone, / I kicked
the devil in his
neck without my rosary on. LATEEF: and I checked out
the vampire's nest /
sans garlic, dissed his harlots, then without the crucifix
/ plunged the
wooden stake deep inside his chest / Pinned him! /
thrashing around in the
bottom of his sarcophagus / writhing around / till the
only thing left, /
were little scraps of nothingness / those scattered all
about infinity LB:
All different shapes and sizes going wherever /
LATEEF: But all of one
entity / LYRICS BORN: That I had brought together for
my pleasure / Watch
this now, /

---SIDE BY SIDE AGAIN (TO THE ENDING)

LATEEF: As you sit there pensively, tentatively fidgeting
with creation /
but you fuck 'round with this and you'll get aten.
LYRICS BORN; Your last dinner in my chamber where I
tempered weapons
rendered from a rusty Ford fender, /

LYRICS BORN You get your steak and eggs, / Your
Caesar vinaigrette, /
Savor your cigarette, / 'Cuz I'ma tape your lips, /

Become my marionette,
/ You curtsy, pirouette, / And when my blade caresses,
/ I scrape my
bayonet, / You lose your favorite legs, / I love that
fragrance, / Playful
Pet! Yes I'm the patron saint of Dangerous, / You
slaying La-Tyrx? / You're
driving majorettes, / Over some acreage.

LATEEF: You gettin laid to rest / ain't slayin' Latyrx / you
gettin laid to
rest / over the Sunset's edge

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