

Choclaire, Marvel, Solitair

"Blindly Firing"

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What's your definition of dope?
'Cause I think our opinions differ
'Till your own skills develop, be wise and shut the hell
up
I told you man, I'll fold your plans
You know you can't be colder than me
With a microphone in hand I'll show your fans I own this
land
My flow's intangible
Expanding growth that stands and holds hip-hop on a
cross
Lickin' shots for the lost vision
Listen: It's imbedded in my genetic code to push the
evolution
Clean up the pollution and let the rhetoric grow
So your records get sold and with each blow
You give, adds tad more gold to eat whole out of your
cracked peach bowl
As we go without rules, the freedom of independence
we breed
So we'll eat 'till we're full, keep control and bleed at
slow-mo speed, you know?
I weave and sew my way through this imaginary land of
fairies and trolls
Tryin' to bury the scroll
I carry a load that weighs way more than my area code
Vocabulary unfolds so that you cherish the very story
of merit you're told
Your character's bold, but build a barrier
Spare your words before you perish
Don't be careless, apparently to share a paragraph
tears your nerves
Heard you grew some nuts
Now you think your crew don't suck?
Stupid fucks
In a battle you'll still lose to us

[Chorus]

This one's for all the people in the world that think they
can get with this
Eyedea and Abilities, you know we be the sickest

MCs under my feet with they names on my shit list
This one's for you, this one's for you
This one's for all my people lovin' hip-hop that are truly
gifted
Eyedea and Abilities, we only came to rip shit
DJs with no cuts outside their self-inflicted wrist slits
This one's for you, this one's for you

What's your definition of dope?
'Cause I think our opinions differ
I guess I don't know what's dope from the viewpoint of
a listener
So how's it sound?
My new joints prove points
Arousing styles of new nose for a thousand miles in
any direction you point
If I was your pal, I'd respect all criticism that was honest
But I'm not 'cause you're probably an MC in the closet
Subconsciously copyin' everything from the sentences
to the penmanship
Mad 'cause I invented what you can't even pretend to
intend to accomplish
Promise an end to this infinitely childish game
Refrain from grabbing the mid and spare yourself
some shame
No, I don't sound the same
And yes, I'm a little deranged
But it ain't no thang 'cause lyrically, nobody can hang
There's always room for admiring a pro
But get off the jock
Can't you see the tire swing is full?
Oh, now you wanna call me out for offending your
ears?
Just chill, there's a billion other better ways to end your
career, for real
I can't even hear you skill-less motor mouths with total
clout
Adding up to less than zero, I'm your hero
Don't go that route, I'll show you out now
Peace to all the real MCs
But first, I'ma show you show why my DJ's name is
Abilities

[Chorus]

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