

## Ana

# "Verbal Experiments"

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Intro: Madlib

Hah Hahahah...  
From the dungeons of darkness  
Comes God's Gift to Hip Hop  
Representin' with the LP

[God's Gift]  
We'll hit 'em hard and fast in a straight line  
Concentrating all firepower to their blindside at sunrise  
Operation sunray, UV radiation  
First breach their outer barriers then continue  
penetration  
To their central point, crushin' their nucleus  
Rushing their central brain command  
Planting a virus that expands  
Through your whole nervous system shutting down all  
communications  
To your ya bodily functions Handicapping your  
defenses  
Swiftly attacking your unit, Neutralizing MC's  
By ripping 'em apart before they even know what hit  
'em  
Style blitz

[Wild Child]  
Jack gets pissed off, wack MC's step up and get lost  
The rhythmic boss, Jack spits rhymes through my teeth  
like floss  
I bust with motivation to uplift MC's with  
High above controlling stratus clouds, my man God's  
Gift  
Come down, assist us, wack MC's must be reminded  
Get a Lootpack tape, rewind it, for those closed  
minded  
To the abstract we kick, we rock all places  
I found out MC's aren't human cuz they got two faces  
They be chillin', willin', always time killin'  
Wack rumor spillin' while Jack be still in charge  
Asking me if I smoke chronic, niggas it's ironic  
I'm Wild Child, 80% human, 20% bionic

My main occupation is to step up and rock the nation  
Focus up upon my jam and blow up just like inflation  
So if you ain't down, don't front, worry about your  
health  
Worry about your wack crew and ya wack ass self

[Madlib]

Hey yo, here comes the Master Don, here to renovate  
My style hits ya like marble weights so pass the dinner  
plate  
But pass up the swine like money ya rhyme lime  
Madlib done told ya time and time again  
Find the mental maze, faster ya plaster your  
instrumental  
With lyrical disaster till you scream out "Who's the  
master?"  
I flip it up rip it up to raw addict,  
Crate diggin' for the static when I mad beat shop  
Impulse down to prestige and Black Jazz  
21st Century enja got mad  
Record labels of the old, ill loop and take 'em out  
I keep it secret when a nigga tries to peep shit  
My beat hit like a Roy Jones Jr. skit  
Your girl starin so now you wanna flip  
I rip it down to the Loot while ya yell peace  
While I pull out my piece, yell peace but now leave ya in  
pieces  
But at least you escaped this beast  
Smokin' on a cushin' leaf while ya try to bring grief

[God's Gift]

Now something's shaking in the palace, can't you feel  
the Santa Ana  
Switching currents and building velocity, it got's to be  
God's Gift and Lootpack, mentally superior master  
race of lyricists  
Conducting verbal experiments  
With open and imaginative creativity  
Fathering styles from infancy to be lyrically  
Complete, grown and fully developed adults  
Trained in mastering total blitz coastal, total assaults  
Also we launch all out war when we tour your area  
First destroying your local underground spots  
Rocked your major clubs and plugged into your  
theatres  
Advancing as hip hop's vocabulary leaders  
Hostile take-overs is our main focus  
As the deadliest of CDP special attack forces  
Basically, MC's lack division is appalling  
Third rate styles with the nerve to say they're vocalists  
Out of focus, often it's the people they run with

Coupled with their own wackness, they're futureless!

"And keep feedin you, and feedin you..." - 'Method Man' by Wu-Tang Clan

\*scratches and various talk to end\*

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