

Bigg Jus "Supa Nigga"

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TNS

The new and improved

The new fangled monochromatic Steppin Fetchit in
high definition

He's Ben Vereen Bojangles tap-dancin in this

Ten million chameleons and all of them gray

For the mind state is that of cubical space

Thinking of these verses as a thought grenade or worst
case scenario a

disintegration ray

Your pumping heart becomes the blank canvas

Whether we paint pretty pictures of flowers or a
masterpiece of epic

anguish

For my tour de force I downstroy your sign language

Make the sign of a fist and punch you square in your
cabbage

Look around Dorothy you done missed your exit

We past Kansas

This be South West Atlanta

Where they run the West Coast offense with killa running
backs and a

flotilla of Bela Lugosis

In the back safety

It ain't safe see

So hide behind your most trusted reinforcements

My squad of stampeding elephants hit the record store

Samples scream for they life as if we was Lizzie Borden

Knowing full well they get chopped up in the morning
and served with

tea and crumpets

For in life you either a big game safari hunter or cute
furry hunted

Forget the hardest thug ass rapper

I make nerdy suburban MCs be on some gun shit

Mad as hell 'cuz I came underhanded like a softball
pitch covered in

slimy spit

Bring your "A" game or end up a stuffed museum
exhibit

I got connections at the illest Stepfather Factory ever

From here on out serving you nothing but sleep for
dinner
You mad?
You better catch me in between blinks or moonwalking
backwards on
air with velvet slippers
I'm that fuckin' nigga

The bulletproof saint
My spinning metal halo spits titanium chromidium razor
blades
In a 360-degree radius of time, energy, and space
From the twenty-eighth dimension where I contemplate
over earth's
dominion
You need blueprints to construct a stargate to escape
the ass whipping
knowing no ending
You'll be begging for any fat lady to start singing
Banished to the outer edge of infinity
Sentenced to pummel you senseless
Your guardian angels will be nowhere to be found
There'll be no Jehovah to witness
Consult your paganistic mystic
Your daily horoscope will read absolutely horrific
Your palm reader will be like "Oh Shit!"
Here comes that new legend
That don't spit that old Aunt Jemima folklore
The galactic revolutionary
Galloping on the back of crazy horse with a blue laser
to blast these
big lips on Mt.
Rushmore
Bringing you face to face with the newest in evolution
Welcome to the future
You've been categorized and archived with pins stuck
in your abdomen
like a pretty butterfly
You purple?
Step to a nigga and find out exactly what happens
when doves cry

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