

## Casting Crowns

### "Mic Memorial"

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Just so your bookie don't overlook me  
I still rock a show with rookies. The flow is cookies  
Dipped in milk. Spiderman dipped in silk, I gansta lean  
and lift the tilt  
Sitting mic check ace duce  
See the seven duce Monte Carlo? Yeah, that's the Grey  
Goose  
I'll right hand your hype man, While the crew bogart  
yours bodyguard.  
You so hard Yakuza leave ya body scared. Sten shooter  
glock user rocking  
Pac music  
See the mac flow over ya  
The gat blow, Joe, You'll see so many arms you'll get  
arachnophobia!  
The black foe', Shut shit like the Lac doe' normally laid  
back but he's on  
Thee attack  
It's the Cheikh Anta, Diop of Hip hop. The Rhyming Van  
Sertima. Lock Jaw  
User Maat-Ra Setepen-Ra.  
The planned murderer of land burglars. It's the Twa the  
first steller  
People  
Nigga we the Bes, Rome next to the Olmecs. Who told  
the secrets to the  
Masons?  
Ra Fried my pineal with no apron. Tahiti scriptures.  
rappers try and boobie  
Trap us.  
But we're truly viscous wild and unruly with it  
Rap songs-animated-Pixar Movie pictures!  
On the utmost-est  
Reign like the third Tutmoses

With the Tongue play

I place words in the beats when it's heard in the streets  
It's like audible Fung Shui  
Where tennis shoes hanging from electric wires

Corner store wall paper? neglected fliers.  
And you expect the liars to rectify us?  
When cops come around, they petrify us?  
Your impious won't deny Us pious

We only understand the heights of the highest  
Yo, who's the most treacherous? Son the flows  
effortless. Wonderful,  
Wet-tundra-flow, The essence is excellence  
Drop bombs under yo bungalow. Heavy flow bro don't  
get caught in the  
Undertow!  
You got fans that would be irresponsible.  
Most rappers know so they fear the monster!  
Boy wet. Saturated. Hydrated. I vibrated up out of my  
physical a wizard to  
You pseudo-lyrical misfits,  
This is more than a band

These are Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man  
Smash rock & Toure', Twice your life span

In Oakland the other day 4 cops got wasted

I was spitting raps to re' shit in my basement  
I shine luminous. Rhyme Catalog numerous.  
The Lunar Polar and Solar mic controller  
Not a Kabbalah follower the crown chakra rocker gotta  
meditate to elevate  
Then educate the feather weight!  
Y'all betta wait, fa Casual next album, and if it don't  
drop... It  
Levitates!  
The best flow just so celestial boy I spit helium. IF you  
don't know god  
Then I'm the medium for meeting him  
Fulla game still will pulla thang guerrilla killa aim...  
My raps float over tracks like the Bullet Train  
I have to squeeze big lyrics in micro phones, I need a  
macro-phone  
You tour is like a Apple phone; 16gigs for 3G's? you  
should have stayed  
Back at home

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