

Dj Krush "Vision Of Art"

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You've got a very soft vision of art
You've got a deficit disorder of heart
Thes are the wings of an endangered drum pattern
This is the flight of the hapless, you've got it all
backwards

When KRUSH drops a f**kin city buster, I call it the
crowd rapist
Ace of base shitty compounded to drown faceless
Out of the ground basics found in lost spaces
Ashamed of its own bassline traces (that's pure hatred)
Perhaps the internet feeds your village fright (right)
I got the double ox wingspan dragon archetype tonight
The part that reflects light, my razorblade kite
F**k it..the rugged word, my immortal beloved
Got you suckin off muppets for bisquick and contracts
and shit
Printed on the back of triscuits and served rectally
(jesus this shit is giving me a headache, man)
What a difference indifference can make
My bad chemistry chalkes lines like little deranged
johnny the terrain bum
Borderline f**k ya soundbombing
I'm heated like broke days with nothing but noodle
ramon and water
Water tainted, complaint filed time to transfer
Take me out? transfer denied, answer supplied as:
Stab em through the nipples with their own bitchy as
rimshots
I'm audio two basic combust with strange lust
With modus opperandum in box than funcrush you box
with soft touch
So much slower than the whole scenery seems
Moving through the plastiasine brackets backwards
Afterburn full thrust monks react trackless
Come to confront funk slugs with salt tactics
Turn the farrah faucet on and burn em in their mattress
Murdered by a strange man in the basement of their
building
Time to build time to be brazen with can rasing
The same faded disdain with a grain of insane
patience

Patent that, fire in the sky, cataract eyes
This is nervous unnerving wordshit reported
Fortnights of journey through
Warning you secret pathfinder's the cast of bad sitcom
The laugh track's added to the last cat shit on
The audience claps like dillenger gun masonic rounds
Falling down, trample the trespass sound
Ample disress, amp'll get loud as terrets
From banchee with a megaphone, me-me-me-
megaphone
Hold the frequency, hold it unevenly, unsheath the
jihad blade
And become animalistic authority walks the plan, thats
implicit
The shambles of the gifted, dismantled and
imprisoned
This is just a cf thought car derailed and resold as old
feelings
to those with false motion
All potions, pour to parched hearts open
Casted out, sold out in the open
DJ f**kin Len'll leave the boom box dead
DJ F**kin KRUSH'll make your children throw furniture
Learning disabilities spring from the scene
Like a recessive biter gene, ignited like a flare for all
teams
Tall beams broken, bring down the foundation
Found in a pool of cess where the worms unnerve
stations
FM is just femenin breaks on rotation
Company Floww hold the mic naked
Famous (aside from murder touch) get with the once
known divine style
I enter like Asian, demented and god-like
Odd mic clutched and chucked at glass structure
Eat at that, bodies of martars and pump action
Technospawn the last long-cock rhymer
Get with it, spaceghost the force soul weapon
Get with it, get got or got missing.

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