

# **Blackalicious**

## **"Do This My Way"**

Visit "[Do This My Way](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I be the first ever Asian astronaut  
Blastin' off, castin' off  
The ties that bind like a smashed guitar  
Rode a mastodon out Jurassic Park  
Chased by a fan in a Tyrannosaur mask  
Travel the traffic cop  
Past the spot  
Where the ostrich got across for the ocelot  
What I couldn't of bought  
Cos they wouldn't a popped y'all  
Just for me to cop it one

So I had to be up  
I'm going gradually up  
Into the galaxy bus  
Until I can't feel my lungs  
I pass the family up  
I see an enemy's bus  
Saw the anatomy up  
I catch the ballerinas

Now I was walkin' down this one block  
Didn't hear a gun shot  
Smellin' hell or nature  
Pickin' fruit off of a kumquat  
Tree another day up in this life under the sunspot  
Light upon my innervision searchin' for an answer  
Hereditary, man-in-glory, days of the missile fury  
inventory took  
And while I raise  
Rain began to fall from the verbal dance I did amaze all  
the natives  
And the ladies said "You're crazy - would you love to  
have my baby?"  
And I plays with the chief of the Mohicans and the  
Sheikh  
And travelled everywhere from Delaware way up to  
Mozambique  
Was givin' praise with the Deacon at the steeple  
Spirit-seekin'on the weekend with a tea can and a pair  
of old shades

It's such a beautiful thing  
This musical thing  
When I can do it my way  
And shootin' no blanks  
I just refute what you think  
A quite unusual thing  
Yes it's a mutual thing  
Cos it's the root of all things, and we aims to be

The venomist, instrumentalist, syllabal-mystic man  
traveller  
Skippin' through the brakes on a Wednesday into a city  
plaza  
Tryin' to make it 20 out of 15 pennies on the after  
The cold-hearted world creepin' on my destiny like  
salamanders  
Enchanters, cos I run their goose and I be the gander  
Cleanin' out the digestive tract of hip-hop like  
cranberries  
Shinin' like amber  
All of the children told me "Damn you're an  
Answer to our ears and deadly threat that's posed by  
cancer"  
On Prancer, on Comet, on Cupid, I'm Santa  
Got more flow than Flo Jo, while I laugh Ho Ho Ho, got  
jo jo dancer  
Punchlines, I'm a Crunchtime Casper, and a one-time  
champion for it  
A hundred lifetimes in the hereafter, and for the  
reincarnation tranform  
What the heck I'll come back for it  
Gotta handle chores now, and discuss all of that with  
God afterwards

We goin' bobsled off the Himalayas  
With the bottle of bobs ?  
In a big ol' box full of the latest compilations  
And then we won't stop til we hit the Appalachians  
To the Bullets Bargain Basement  
Then 'cross the Baltic ocean basin  
The ride 'cross that Oakland night bridge  
A drop deposit in the drop embankment  
Makin' cakes that taste like Tecrine  
Bakin' ex-potatoes, raisins, plaintains, M&M's, peanuts,  
grape juice  
I'm savin' my pay checks to get my plane fixed why's  
that  
We goin' fly all night - stop the propellors and  
Jump out of the side with umberellas and  
Let's make them all night the caterpillars that  
Take us to the top the Himalayas

It's such a beautiful thing  
This musical thing  
When I can do it my way  
And shootin' no blanks  
I just refute what you think  
A quite unusual thing  
Yes it's a mutual thing  
Cos it's the root of all things, and we aims

A lot of people follow ? and tolerate indeed  
About to lead 'em all to battle upon the bottom of the  
beat  
And plant a seed of thought that sproutin'  
Like a balance like a teeter-totter  
Seen a lot of freedom ? the feat amount to beat the  
drama

He began to dis  
Until the nurse, the passengers had grabbed his shirts  
And nothin' happened assured the captain and the  
person  
But the pressure had expanded, and inertia burst, the  
cabin burst  
And all 'em burgers, blankets, rations, animals and  
drinks  
They flew out

Fleeds a lots of man ?  
Climb upon the wall like Peter Parker  
Meeter of the creed of darker regions  
Darker seasons  
These are not the reasons for the grief  
And now proceed to outer-reaches  
How to keep styles from seepin' outta me

They flew out  
The fusilage  
Had blew in time  
It stupid to have  
The attitude  
When you would dive  
Into the ground  
(Now) if you'd have thought  
Of suicide  
If you would try  
But you would tie  
A parachute  
Onto a slide  
And took a dive  
Now who's alive?

It's such a beautiful thing  
This musical thing  
When I can do it my way  
And shootin' no blanks  
I just refute what you think  
A quite unusual thing  
Yes it's a mutual thing  
Cos it's the root of all things, and we end

Visit [Blackalicious](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.