

Edan

"Beauty"

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[-VERSE 1-]

Well it's the rap beautician
The facts you listen
I blast through rhythms like hash through your system
True in love and wisdom
Well off and witty
Using God's sleeve to wipe the hell off the city
See my elegance, dining on the periodic table called
developments
The universe designs my intelligence
Drop science down a bottomless pit
Run swift through a handstand on pyramid tips
The sun splits the waterfront causing prismatic effects
Butterflies come alive to have sex
Birds fly out of a top hat slow
To join the brilliance of wilderness and soar through
the Congo
Speed the convo through colors and shapes
My word choice is turquoise I love to create
My art hurdles over the clouds of dark purple
Red mixes yellow and blue in sharp circles
Paint splashes over your conscious like canvas
Colors jump out of the body to form branches
Psychedelic images flash like avalanches
Illustrate skill with the quill to build stanzas
I use pens like hallucinogens
So who can pretend, my music ain't a beautiful thing
A suitable king
Deserving of the jewels and the rings
That only flatters my appearance like the tulips in
spring
I'm cool with the gods, I could never use the facade
Of a musician that celebrate hate and abuse women
The beautician is back, Humble Magnificent wizard of
rap
Throwing tuxedos on the wax

[-VERSE 2-]

The numbers they fall off the clock midnight
At the museum an apple is stolen out of a still life
You see 'em, stand by the mirror with no reflection

A point five appears on your shirt for half stepping
Scientists explain that they no longer know things
A dog takes a shit on the floor and grows wings
Planets of the solar system now trade places
Statues and national fame become faceless
Great lakes evaporate and leave no traces
The man with the mustache reveals the three aces
Briefcases open to expose sheet music
The thief hears the piece performed and weeps to it
Master violinist plays the solo one handed
The notes on the page become ants that run frantic
Slowly the symphony dissolves into noise
The phantom with the glass eye sweats and loses poise
A scene is made, the cheese brigade is summoned
The man in the mask walks fast and starts running
An officer fires a pistol in black apparel
But instead of lead, records grow from out the barrel
The criminal escapes through a disappearing door
marked beauty
Exiting the world forevermore

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