

Eliza Doolittle

"Gutter Tactics"

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Chorus:

Gutter tactics backed with mathematics
Acts to cause havoc
Words weave with static
Streets tattered
Preachers turned addicts
Knowledge subtracted
Equation is Tragic
(2x)

I've had it with these half-assed kids, they ain't
Ready son
They talk all that shit, they already done.
You ask who I is? One in a million.
Intellect bred on Bricks that your feet is on
Bet your breath that your text bounce off chest like
Teflon,
That's my word god!
Misspeak, catch a left from this southpaw.
Bleed histories of Mayan Kings and outlaws.
Out-thought master strategists with quicker wit.
Go toe-to-toe with the illest pugilist
Chose to rip microphones
Deliver iller diatribe
I'd dissect KRS to ensure we survive
Times desperate, culture infested.
Can't rock original style with a template
Memories cemented of where I first felt this
Soul set to rest on C-ment
Seen as deviant
Designed as militant
Blinded by my sun only see our silhouette
Attack on all fronts.

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(2x)

I've had it with these half-assed kids, Only concerned
With material
Inferior insight, rhymes superficial.
Serial mental produce paragraphs for instrumentals
Now isn't that simple?
Lyrics aimed at temple
Now who do I resemble?
At window holding rifle...
Attempts to stifle,
Thwarted with assorted left and right fists.
Only know to resist, as these situations shift
Politicians lose grip on the multitudes and masses
Explanations get graphic
Ghastly acts occur regular
They feed off the jugular
Jungle warfare turned urban combat
Conversations tapped, operations turned black.
Too late to turn back
Survival is how well we adapt to change in habitat
The intelligence they lack
Are the concepts we grasp
Pains of our past etched in man's fiber
History transcribed by hands of these liars.

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(4x)

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