

# Eyedeia "One"

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This world is my cave  
And the cave molds the background  
Of a picture painted by you

(distorted lyrics that are hard to understand)

Hey yo it's time  
(Yeah it's time)  
Yeah it's time  
(Hey yo it's time)  
Hey yo it's time

It's time to clean MTV outta your ears  
And listen up like a good student  
Eyedeia and Abilities is here to turn robot?? back into  
humans  
I gotta speak til the facts get heard  
I collapse the last fractured nerve  
This is much more than just your average rapper's  
words  
Passing verbs and laughter hurts (?)  
The passengers to my head flight  
Dead right if a clash occurs that ass get served  
Better luck next life  
I plaster bums (?) to the wall of shame  
Cause their songs are all the same  
Playin, talkin how you platinum on the first record you  
ever made  
And the underground MCs these days don't seem to  
make the grade  
Too busy bein bitter bout they situation  
To create a greater way to break their chains  
To that phase (?)  
And I don't trust the major mutt (?) label  
Pets (?) talkin dog shit  
I'll break your neck frame your nuts  
And hang them up in your boss's office  
See me auction off hits easy  
For low prices  
I flow nicest  
Write at night to fight off poltergeists  
Catapulted by some iris (?)

The hopeful light has defied (?) width of the whole  
crisis  
Souls' likeness (?) collide with logic and modestly  
deposit  
Metaphysical greetings  
And I didn't come alone  
Abilities annihilates the Techs while I wreck the  
microphone  
We're in your zone to keep your earth warm  
And give you what you thirst for  
This is Turntablism and Lyricism  
Imperialism  
First Born

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