

Frisco Kid

"Releasing Hypnotical Gases"

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[Pharoahe Monch]

As you look from whenceforth I come; riding the wind
thus eliminating competition from bird's-eye view, I'm
descending in helicopters -- in a village raid
Flesh will burn when exposed to the poetical germ
grenade
I'm highly intoxicating your mind -- when I'm operating
on cell walls to membranes, cytoplasm to protoplasm
Disintegrate em eliminate em now no one has em in
battle
I display a nuclear ray that'll, destroy bone marrow in
cattle
Thereby destroying the entire food supply
that's crawling with AIDS, maggots, flies
It's ironic, when a demonic, government
utilizes bionics and a six million dollar man to capture
me
Clever, however; you could never ever begin to
apprehend a hologram
Who's determined to fight solely, to defend in wars a
land of the holy
I threw I-raq/a-rock and I-ran/I-ran
cause I couldn't stand anymore within the depths of the
sand
So don't ask me Hu-ssein/who-sane
cause the hypnotical gases are eating my brain

{oxygen levels, check it, hydrogen levels, check it
nitrogen levels.. check it}

[Prince Poetry]

Twenty-thousand leagues down below,
minus one-hundred and forty-three degrees
Seize the info, gather the archaeologists
The aftermath needs to follow this cause it's, deep
Equivalent to the esophagus, spreads to scientists
a.k.a. Optimus Prime -- time, television is, dead
on this issue and very much irrelevant to this intuition
de-leting any alias info and descriptive
Mortal calm, partition with infrared light, vision
precision, beams

Colors, reds, fuschias, lime-greens
Black, don't you know my formulas form dope lyrics
uplift spirits and yo I hear it's fatal
to walk the path of Konfusion, where it's
torture some cherish, while most human-like beings
perish
Subjected to death
Their bodies don't agree with the hypnotical intellect
Poetical acid is burning up flesh
At the end of corridor do you see me sitting there
Johnny More Grotesque
Literature somewhat equivalent to concentrated
sodium hyperchloride
Insight, foresight, more sight
The clock on the wall reads a quarter past midnight
You feel nauseous
Forever you will avoid my royal presence as I step into
darkness

{Now is the time.. to stretch your brain to it's
maximum }

[Pharoahe Monch]

I am one who is one with all things, thus the unorthodox
I am
The paradox I am, the equinox extending my hand
into dimensions to unlock new doorways
And so the light has revealed to me that there must be
more ways
And so I play with rhythms, for something more than a
mere game
enabling me to advance in wisdom
Words will exist like vampires
No need for sunlight, from concentrations camps I
escape
with my sanity -- in 2010 every man will be
subject to global warming, formless oval
Millions of locusts swarming
Seek and you shall find the deliverer of a rhyme
the intelligent one, utilizing the mind third vision
Surrounded by a three-sided figure, containing the
brain
The triggering mechanism from which I strike
sight beyond sight, sound beyond sound
which comes from below the magma, the granite, the
ground
The surface will seperate, dispersing harmful ashes
Your optics will not be able to detect
the deadly hypnotical gases
Damn it's hard to breathe!!! But if I got one breath left;
I'll suck wind from the valley of death, here I come

from the slums of earth to center
I reveal myself as a beast within a, unbreakable shell
Walkin through the doorways of Heaven -- or is this
Hell?

{The time is now.. right now.}
{This is the hour, this is the new dawn!
This is the new day.}

[Prince Poetry]

As I step into the Thunderdome, with flows as the wind
blows
Visualize the intros, releasing hypnotical gases
chemicals mixed, fixed, takin it to the sixth
round of poetical warfare; energetically I walk with the
flare
Rampaging like a rock-like figure
throughout the night's atmosphere I swear
My wrist holds mind-trigger darkness can't overshadow
me
cause of high rate of smashin you, then trashin you
after I'm bashin you, with my hammer
Whenceforth passed to me, by Odin
Occasionally my pro-file is low-key Gamma
Rays brainwashed to transforms me
but I still withhold my hammer, to lift me up
For God still is my upliftor
I use this knowledge just to crush the cluster of grifter
Night approaches so I proceed in flight
back to the Hall of Justice as I continue to disintegrate
em
Translating the codes in hypnotical language
then a Theta assault steppin up, frontin to be blunt
but I'm a radical creator of a poetical hypothetical
mathematical slay slur, punch that, stun that amazes
and dazes
and phases the stranger, with pages of the lost
chapters
Unfound factors
So I stretch like Reed Richards across the land
Continue with reading your e-equilibrium
with concepts that confuse ya, metabolism's fallin off
Data consider oblivion
Now as I walk through the valley of death
ignorin the battle lashes and gashes and rashes
the atom smashes, cause I released the last hypnotical
gases!

