

## Grinspoon

### "Talkapella"

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(This is the mellow)

(Rhyme was def, and then it went this way...)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Basically it's like this  
My patterns of talking exist  
As a funky manoeuvre of reciting lyrics  
Stayin calm, but then droppin my bombs  
With my voltrons, protons and my atoms  
Boom! An explosion, I'm speakin very complicated  
Where others have failed I have conquered and  
excelerated  
Like Courtland in his court I command the fort  
The teacher that's teachin, and I need no support  
Now few people can talk, but more people can gawk  
But I prefer that you be down with my block  
Because my funky dope spanglish for sure gettin dumb  
Evaluatin suckers scared of my second comin  
Now everytime I see ya, you try to bite the formula  
But I'm just ignorin ya, and tellin ya, it ain't for ya  
Don't take this as a diss, fella or dweller  
Just showin you my form through my Talkapella

(Ooh, that's funky)

(Ooh, that's funky, momma)

(Rhyme was def, and then it went this way...)

[ VERSE 2 ]

Yes, I'm the one with the profound sound  
Clockin my music dope all around  
See, from what I give ya you will receive  
It's all in the delivery from A-c-e  
Till my mind control is controllin my mind  
And I'm lettin you know that I'm controllin mine  
Cause I could buck your head, yeah (buck)  
I could buck your head, yeah (buck)  
I could buck your head one time, yo  
But see, I haven't got the time to do the crime, yo  
No, I haven't got the time to do the time, yo

I'm just hypin, hypin up the atmosphere, y'all  
There's no one that I fear, y'all, I make this very clear,  
y'all  
I smack you with a lyric until you start to cheer, y'all  
So listen to the funky chumpie that I brought to share,  
y'all  
Not a ??? of character, but I'm still there after  
Everyone's gone from the scene, cause I don't care if  
the...  
I just wanna bring, yo, my crazy funky lingo  
Displayed upon the microphone when I want to swing,  
yo  
Yes, my talkism is gonna be a seller  
Through my Talkapella

(Ooh, that's funky)  
(Ooh, that's funky, mamma)

[ VERSE 3 ]

By now you love the rhythm  
Cause how I like to give em  
I'm not a greedy brother, you want some?  
Take this for some  
Now get funky, that's why I gave it to ya  
That's right, I definitely had to save it for ya  
Yes, I want you to enjoy my methods of speak  
No worries, be happy, mi tribe is elite  
Yes, I'm equipped with the hype tip  
Of speakin, yes, talkin somethin you can deal with  
But it's somethin 'bout the hip-hop, we just can't live  
without it  
Give us a place to be, and then we'll absolutely house it  
The beat concoct trauma after at a coma  
And you will find an exclamation after the word drama!  
Then you will learn I'm on ya, and I will be upon ya  
Because it's dope, my man, you see, I know that you'll  
respond to  
My talkism is gonna be a seller  
You wanna know why? Causer it's my Talkapella

(This is the mellow)

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