

Hiding With Girls

"The Who"

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Talking

As long as you don't put too much on it

Verse 1

Tonight we got the mic on cruise
With more luck than horseshoes
While we fuse together like ??
'Cause we move with ten ton thrusters
The cosmopolitan cosmonaut up in your knot again like
aneurysms
Expand with wisdom
Musical mannerisms are parallel to cannibalism
And animal instinct that's in sync
Distinct leavin' suckas extinct when we combine
The gravity hella fine, physics of mind
Inebriating, leave you gaping open
Nothing's safe in Oakland
It's potent and murder is the slogan but
We showin' you the erosion of the stereotypical
Itchin' to pull the trigger on niggas
This is all original
And brand new, fidgetin' with tracks that are rigid and
Pigeonholin rappers while collectin' dividends at the
door
Ya' know [ECHOES]
And that's how it goes

CHORUS

Who? Who? Who? Who?
Who the entertainers stompin' through like cross-
trainers?
Can't be no plainer
YOU!
The remainders couldn't never be that one
Pack em in by millions attendance is platinum

Who? Who? Who? Who?
Who the entertainers who stimulate like vibrators?
With rhymes so major

YOU!

Ya' need us to rock a show, hit the pager
Niggas catch vapors when our lyrics hit the paper

Verse 2

Once again in your dimension, tension personified
Del and Hieroglyphics pollenize
We don't apologize for gettin' places packed back-to-
back
Our rank cranks just about any function
While your memory file is blank
No hankey-pankey jankey stuff goin'
Down over here no forms of raps are wroten
My styles fluctuate like the Dow Jones average
While they stay savage
My cassette change shape and transform like ravage
or rumble

Make the earth crumble and seperate
Fallin' to the underground
Get into your head like a metal plate
While you sit and wait for these niggas on TV, they
hella fake
Hieroglyphics, they can never escape us
The eagle eye, Mach 1, three mics
They say "D"
Intuition is the tool in which I use
When enrichin' you with original stylistics
And the Hieroglyphic ritual is too habitually blowin up
With ballistic attacks
Let me just deal with the facts
Niggas keep it real in they raps which are not realistic
Perfection and our poetical competitive edge
Is just a reflection of how we feel shit
This history's impressionist microphone specialist
Catchin' bids for puttin' MCs parts in my fridge
But granted quiz it to exquisite to the highest EO
My prodigal product a diabolical melodics
Aquatic is nautical
Motion, Hiero, kenetic flotation so fuck ya phony radio
rotation
My colossal might on the mic is optimum
Hip-hop from the Sequoia Heights populous
Gamma rays like Bruce Banner
Phase your scanner
With mind over matter I slap the curls out you girl
scouts....ya know

CHORUS

Who? Who? Who? Who?
Are these originators rippin' cuts like sabres
In the hands of Darth Vader
YOU!
The remainders couldn't never be that one
Pack em in by millions attendance is platinum
Who? Who? Who? Who? Who?
Who the entertainers who stimulate like vibrators
With rhymes so major
YOU!
Ya' need us to rock a show, hit the pager
Niggas catch vapors when our lyrics hit the paper

Yeah, Ahh

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