

High & Mighty

"The Half"

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originally appeared on the "New York State of Rhyme" compilation

[Mr. Eon]

I encompass, a circumference, of your compass

Smokey the Bear's opponent, face atonement

The kama sutra tutor, the Mets rooter

Shorties like my slick finger like ?Bruce Sooter?

You caught in this web of the spider

The High and the Mighty, might be, slightly, violent

It's High-ly the one to leave the sun rayless

Now your style's cheaply made like a pair of Payless

Pick apart your secondary, like Jim Plunkett

Who woulda thunk it? Titanic-ally, I fuckin sunk it

Hope to have a spot like George and Wheezy

Chocolate peanut butter shit, like Reese's and feces

We sees, the observable, absurdable

My elements enough to make a kid take a pull

No preservatives, but I'm still edible

I need my shit green to remain incredible

Chorus: Mr. Eon (repeat 2X)

You don't know the half

Half of me want it all, the other half-assed

I'm halfway there

I be, death-defyin, within def rhymin

Periphery, I can see the whole vicinity

[Mr. Eon]

I be a misfit of science, like Andre the Giant

You need to SHUT UP, givin divine solids

Amongst two million, I still be the ill one

Multiply two zillion, I'ma still come

with stupidity, turnin Santa to Satan

Rantin and ravin, while you cave in

See I love the sugar walls, get with my hand though

And waxin off will be the death of me like Rambo

Calisthetics, on any premise, yo well it's

the Gleam Hornet, Eon, uncommon

like Brian Piccolo's piccolo

Mr. Verbal still remain, like Vinny DelNegro

I shine golden when you see me, like C-3-P-O

I'm PO'd, by a microphone B-O

But me though, need the weed green like ?Grit-o?

Keep that shit tight like Grandpa's Speedos

Chorus

[Mr. Eon]

Your pitiful spittle, pales to the hale

In full scale, you're straight monorail

My impact is Amtrak, you toy Lionel

You're Slinkies and Weebles fail to prevail
You couldn't even fuck with my echo
You better let go, desperad', face the barrage
You can't mess with Eric the Derelict
Cherish it, while we smoke on this green relish it
cause I, huff on Dutches, Felipe couldn't spark
Step into a spot, thinkin I'm a NARC
It's pathetic, my lifestyle is energetic
When I wreck the set, even Leon couldn't Lett it happen
The High induce the hand-clappin
Hallucinations, that you seen from the rappin
My hands stink, from the snatch I be slappin
Step into the Coliseum, what the fuck happened?
Chorus
{ "You don't even know the half.." - cut by Mighty Mi

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