

## Jay Electronica

### "Eternal Sunshine"

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[Eternal Sunshine]

She said she never fell in love with a Superman  
Christian, Muslim, Protestant, Lutheran  
I told her that being a mortal is a portal  
To the true nature of growth to the Christ like Buddha  
man  
That's why I never spit the traditional garbage of a  
knife fight,  
Bright lights, white ice to the fans  
The radio is just a stereo, like a house and a home,  
A chair is just a chair, ask Luther Van  
Go to work; go to church let your dreams die  
Bow tie, Final Call, and a bean pie  
Yarmulke for Hanukkah, wish list for Christmas  
This is the gist of the life that we lead, why?  
So you can fit in, with the close minded in the sit-ins,  
And clothes lined in the ed-end  
I could care less about a plaque and Benz  
And get Punked on TV by my friends  
Don't get a n\*gga wrong, I get tempted by the rewards  
That all come along with n\*gga songs  
But what does it mean if I'm a Muslim and you a Jew  
And because of that alone we don't get along  
And when you talk like this, and try to walk like this  
The radio stations'll never put a n\*gga on  
Just Mims, just 50, just Wayne, just Jeezy,  
Dem Franchize Boyz, and Jimmy Jones  
F\*ck that, f\*ck rap this God-hop  
King-dom mu-sic for the hard rocks  
I'ma spit it till TRL get it and Hot97 hear the n\*gga with  
a bomb drop  
Ask Flex, ask Slay, ask Who Kidd  
Just blaze said Jay is the new kid  
I took Eternal Sunshine and I looped it  
No drums no hook just new shit

[Paper Thin]

The handling of a heart's  
A very delicate art  
Cause it's paper thin  
One irrelevant thought

That started out as a spark  
Could be a poisonous dart  
That leaves a permanent mark  
That's ice cold in the day and burns in the dark  
And makes you never wanna see her face again  
Tee-hee what a place I'm in  
Lead me to the sta-tio-n  
A one way ticket, don't look back  
One cold tear that frozen crack  
A whole lotta pain I'm holdin' back  
Sheriff said: "Eff that, roll the sack"  
I said: "If my skull was cracked  
And blood ran out to the cul-de-sac  
That could not match me where I'm at"  
My memories flash me there and back  
Yup there goes me right there in black  
Hold her hand stop starin' back  
She starts cryin' I start denying, its my fault  
And I'm aware of that  
Man, in hindsight signs be glarin' back  
Wheres the map to show you where you're at?  
I can hear the crowd yelling  
I can smell the tire smoke  
I can hear the starter pistol wheres the track  
Ring no answer came home late  
Jane told d\*ck she had a date  
But they was just chillin'  
And at that moment the right brain says to the left just  
kill em  
Make the headlines  
Make the front page  
Wild out in the court house man thrill em  
They'll say: "The boy dead wrong but I feel 'im"

[Voodoo Man]

Voodoo man, chicken bone chicken bone  
I can make a thunderstorm from a light rain  
My ears start ringing  
My nose get bloody  
I feel a little bit of pressure on my right brain  
Intermission transmission  
Put me in submission  
Glistening trapped in the light prison whistling  
The Christ told me come closer to the light man  
I went blind woke up in front of a mic stand

Voodoo man, tap dancing in the French Quarter  
Walking on water with a scroll in my hand  
The blueprints for a disc shaped-like vessel  
That was chiseled out of metal off the coast of Japan  
Fasting on the top of a mountain I went to TepoztlÃin

Saw a shiny object floating out of the ocean  
I'm sort of like a postman  
You can get the message if you want to understand  
From the rap slumber man

Voodoo man, civilize the savage  
Criticize the parish  
Spreading false doctrine  
Terrorize the cleric  
For carrying on nonsense  
Specialized lies to paralyze the conscience  
Voodoo man, chit chatter  
Abracadabra, spitting out matter  
While I'm shitting out data  
Mmm, chew 'em up shitting out rappers  
Sipping Pellegrino while I'm giving out matches  
Set yourself on fire  
Let the wisdom of Elijah  
Purify ya take a n\*gga higher  
Sold your soul to the high-est buyer  
Now you're on the wire  
Talking about two-foot tires  
Saying you sell crack  
Clapping at cats with macs  
But you a liar pants on fire  
Same old rugged cross  
Different crucified messiah

[FYI]

While you was blowin' X amount of dollars on a bracelet  
The sovereign nation of France was openin' they files  
On the UFO phenomenon: i.e. spaceships  
It's just the facts, Jack may as well face it  
Every rhyme I write the seal get cracked in the chapter  
of Revelations  
An atom get cracked in the blackness of meditation  
Mysterious shit, call me Jay Dogon I'm on some serious  
shit  
Scholars wonder why don't he bust  
Allah blessed me with a Midas-y touch  
Everything I lay the hands turn to Ethiopian gold: shiny  
and buffed  
I got a firm understandin' on the minus and plus  
So I ain't got time to argue with a rapper  
Bout how he ain't got rhymes  
That's f\*ckin' with mine's  
I'm trying to kill Lucifer, so if I have to brake  
Cause a rapper in my face  
Tellin' me that he the great  
You can bet a shiny nickel  
I'll blast his motherf\*ckin' ass way past Jupiter

You couldn't be stupider  
F\*ckin' with the nuc-u-lear  
Mayan, Aztec lion  
Asiatic Blackman from Zion  
Quetzalcoatl supreme, lettin' off steam  
Dimethyltryptamine make a man dream  
But y'all would much rather hear me rappin' bout trash  
The size of Erykah's ass, blunts and cash  
We need savin'  
Minds are consumed with swine we need bathin'

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