

# Jay Electronica

## "Shiny Suit Theory"

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[Jay Electronica]

One two, one two

uh, yeah

I'm sailing on a cloud, they trailing below  
my shrink told me it's a feeling they'll never know  
I pack up all my sins and I wear 'em to the show  
and let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go

I'm sailing on a cloud, they trailing below  
my shrink told me it's a feeling they'll never know  
I pack up all my sins and every L that I blow  
and let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go

In the land before time, a land before altar boys  
Synagogues and shrines, man was in his prime  
look how far I go in time just to start a rhyme  
the method is sublime  
you get blessed with every line  
I'm in touch with every shrine from Japan to Oaxaca  
Your melonated, carbon-dated, phantom of the  
Chakras  
Me and Puff, we was chilling in Miami  
He said "N-gga f-ck the underground,  
you need to win a Grammy  
for your mama and your family,  
they need to see you shined up  
you built a mighty high ladder, let me see you climb up  
Nigga, what you scared of?  
terrorize these artificial rap n-ggas and spread love  
pollinate the ear buds  
like you supposed to, spit it for the culture  
pay no attention to the critics and the vultures  
they rather have a shot of Belvy just to spite you  
they cast the judgments 'cause they feel they got the  
right to"  
F-ck 'em, I let the dice roll like my father did  
I gotta shine, it's in my blood, I'm a Harlem kid  
I treat my babies right, treat my ladies ladylike  
Hit 'em with a remix, then make sure that they play me  
twice  
I thought you said it's the return of the black kings  
Luxurious homes, fur coats and fat chains

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

In this manila envelope, the results of my insanity  
Quack said I crossed the line between real life and  
fantasy  
cant it be the same, went on covers with Warren Buffett  
was ducking the undercovers, was warring with  
mothaf-ckers  
went from warring to Warren, undercovers to covers  
if you believe in that sort of love, your screws need  
adjusting  
in the World of no justice and black ladies on the back  
of buses  
I'm the Immaculate Conception of rappers slash  
hustlers  
my God, it's so hard to conceive  
but it all falls perfect, I'm like autumn is to trees  
Uh, the doc interrupted  
he scribbled a prescription for some Prozac  
he said "take that for your mustard"  
boy, you must be off your rocker if you think you'll  
make it off the strip before they Pac ya,  
n-gga you gotta be psychotic or mixing something  
potent with your vodka  
It takes a lot to shock us but you being so prosperous is  
preposterous  
how could this nappy headed boy from out the project  
Be the apple of America's obsession?  
you totally disconnected with reality, don't believe in  
dreams  
since when did black men become kings?

[The-Dream]

You have no idea  
the means to what I say  
and you have no idea  
of how I got this way

Now, fear my dreams  
and by the time you wake  
I'll look down from the clouds  
see, I'm on my way

[Chorus]

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