

Jean Ferrat

"Kill Screen"

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This is rebel shit
Mojave rock
Got polyglots, who'll molly whop you til yo body pop
I'm never sick, when my temperature drop, it's 7 up
105.6 hell, praise the rock
I ain't a savior, just your neighbor like amazing Peter
Minus the spider bite, the webs, the aunt and uncle
neither
But save the reasoning, the need to tuck the dynamite
To even up the nonbelievers
Man humble season was cool, sure
But now I'm seeing North Shore faces, are y'all sure
Well turn around and walk four paces
I'll walk forth five, y'all 86'ed in all cases
I'm the figure 8 sideways, always, ageless
Y'all in the club aimless, blind, spades shit
My time and space mix, record a rhyme on spaceships
You way behind like you caught a ride on a slave ship
I'm the modern anomaly, brazen Amelie, faceless
Representing the basement, raised up, cage less
Limitless, reminiscent of rapists
Boundaries?
Got none, rock, paper, shotgun
Achtung, baby not an A.D.D 80's baby I'm not from
Rated G catering eras, I was the type of New Yorker
Rhyming at night in the park and hiding a knife in hair
and
Even though mama was careful, I would be fighting so
often
Finding the light in dark, was time and just life in the
mirror
Reflection infinite, Escher
In the end
We r who we r uhhh'?? Ke\$ha
Late night dive bar, sipping on a vesper
I'm bond and the villain in one time bomb, test her
Dressed mismatch like confederate soldiers
Told ya best to think fast, this level is over
I'm going for the kill screen, fistful of quarters
Billy Mitchell, I'm a fiend, jumping barrels, famous
sauces

Was a preteen prodigy, a plethora of knowledge, I
don't mean like Albert
Johnson
I mean Jean was on to college
I'll never respect a comment from a novice
I'll never be just a common denominator, promise
I was nominated flyest so you'll see I'll take us higher,
the defiant one
The phoenix from the fire, hell mouth leviathan
I only get killed at the end of time
So I'm buying some
This is heavy metal
Ryerson
Or Reitman & Mogel '81 either is right man
My life spans eternal ever since I touched the mic stand
Put the mic in my right hand, left hook, goodnight man
Rest good, hype man, jeannie take it easy like bikinis
on some white sand
Is on me
I'm calm b, sipping on a zombie, Cond?, Nast, no bath
salts spilling
In my flask
I'm appealing to your class, laugh now get shot later
with sedatives
I'll medicate to torture you some more so aww, you
better live
Edifice I'm living in a world full of oedipus
It's all relative, melanin, nepotism
Tell the kids, hell is in, check the prisons
I wanna teach particle physics business, just as a better
business class,
Syllabus rise up
You wanna get your philistine thighs up
My abilities high as fuck
You still willing to try luck
I wish I had guillotine garage doors
Mass carnage, barnyard parties, animals, carnivores
Trash, garbage, Skarsgaard hotties, mandibles,
parting jaws
Bleeding y'all dry of convictions... the art of war

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