

Jim Brickman

"E=MC²"

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[Mr. Eon]

King Solomon to your Senate and Congress
Lyrical trial fest, turnin thugs Amish
Quadruple to ya uno, what you know?
Got weight like two sumos on Pluto

[Evidence]

Yes E, my flow is stunning, cunning or expertise
Evidence, effortlessly, the exor-cist, e-mmences
Obtain poison fists, spirtual combat is how I'm rockin
this

[Mr. Eon]

Throw smoke screens in heaven, weed lace adrenaline
Your three loaves of bread couldn't fuck wit the eleven
Bring ninety-five thesis to one page of feces

[Evidence]

I'm not the one to loop shit, chop drums into pie-ces
At least these days, I got lyrics in abundance
Shoutout to homey block and Greenpeace in London
And for production, it's all on how you ?trump? ?
Records take up space and get heavy, hold the weight

Chorus [Mr. Eon, Evidence]

Most MC's, I don't care what they're sayin
Right they're on the right track but they on the wrong
train
Wrong destination, wrong reason for the action
I come equipped wit flows and pack game like Paxson
Most MC's, I don't care what they're sayin
They're on the right track but they on the wrong train
Wrong destination, wrong reason for the action
My name is Ev, I take you out like subtraction

[Evidence]

My mind is attached in my physical form
I stress my, emphasis as I enter this
It's gettin warm, storm, clouds start to darken
My rhymes flood like Noah in the Arc an'
It's worst nightmare, wear your shades for the glare

My skyline turn ?sharp trues? in knock a turquoise
Toys turn to girls, boys turn to bed
I'm in the situation but not started
In this case I'm committed, serve em like Lendal
Smoked out in interviews but still intellectual
So check the perpetual, escalation from Dilated
The mic icons who roll thick like pythons

[Mr. Eon] (Evidence)

E=MC squared (So run scared)
We droppin mathematicals, you ain't prepared
(The equation shows that we're truly amazing)
Dividing up your crew wit nuttin remaining
E=MC sward (So run scared)
We droppin mathematicals, you ain't prepared
(The equation shows that we're truly amazing)
Dividing up your crew wit nuttin remaining
To unscramble my mandibles untangible
Unhandable tantrums from this scandalous vandal
The pitcher's a balker, foul like street parkers
Teleport like Nightcrawler into sleep walkers
Fought up beatboxers, rushin ?cheap toxins?
Hob goblins hob-nobbin, hoes be knob-slobbin
Check this direct dialect on sandscript
Claimin that they fresh, they spit breath that's rancid
Repeelers to DAT and catscan, the last champ
Put on my shit and watch thugs try to slamdance
It be the Dirty Decible spillin grungy
Facin me is like Bizarro and Solomon Grundy
Not to mention man, you just need to try more
How you matchin a neanderthal verse a cyborg
Elementals, wit pens and pencils, utensils
Silhouettes get my shit crunched by more mentals

[Evidence]

Evidence, Alchemist, Mighty Mi, Mr. Eon uh uh

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