

Jim Cuddy

"Heavy Artillery"

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Usually I'm at the bottom of the sea, dormant
But every now and then I call upon the torment
So I emerge, feel the rays of the sun surge with power
Then prepare to tear and devour
And after that's understood I let my sounds blare like
Underwood
After this, lightning and thunder could
Crash in the sky and project down to the terrain
The heat makes blood bubble in your veins
Waves of energy channel through your feet in the form
of a beat
Rally back your troops, retreat
Abort mission cause you know can't compete
You're weak, fuck a backup plan, delete
Cause after the mega-charge
I grow mega-large
Increase in size so no one survives
You can't believe what you see before your eyes
Yes, the god Lif has returned to terrorize
Armed forces came out ready to brawl
But at a hundred stories tall niggas look small
This is the part where I stomp on Kong
Rip through the city, crush and romp
The [bus sailed]? at my frame but hit the flesh
My eye beam connects, burns shit up and wrecks
Lyrical Teks, slash necks
Blood splatters all over my specs
Body parts are found in tape decks
So visual you can't watch the scene
If you press stop the gears lock and pop your spleen
Then I start to finish em: metaphor, simile
Mr. Lif has broken out the heavy artillery

(I got artillery
Keep aware
I got artillery
Lyrics are ammo
You ready?
I'm always prepared for warfare
Get ready
Time to drop this real heavy)

Release the crack and then summon the gods
I defeated Zeus and Thor, now they want more
I call on the rains so now let it pour
To soften up the ground so I can bury the gore
Book me for a show son, send me on tour
Where niggas are fair game up in the airplane
I'll battle everybody aisles A through Z on the free
But none of them are fuckin with me
Watch how I maneuver this
Hype rhyme past the stewardess
Without her even noticing
Yes, I found an opening
You lost cause you weren't focusing
Now your dome's hot and smoldering
Open up the hatch so I can drop out the cargo
Cause I'm known to blaze stars just like the argo
These rhymes are going far beyond your belief
I'm like the Golden Child: each and every day I eat a
leaf
Gimme the wreath, I'll have a feast
Gain knowledge of self then I plan to conquer the beats
And I'll build back your mental piece by piece
Giving brand new life to the mentally deceased
But after this the situation gets truly hazardous
Torturous, disasterous
Imagine this: experiencing hell right after bliss
In this experiment I'm the catalyst
Welcome to the realms where money is God
And they tamper with your brain 'til you're a spiritual
fraud
As you focus on these words and enter the mind state
I slow down your pulse then increase the rhyme rate
Fall into deep psychosis, what's the prognosis?
Osmosis: underwater diffusion
Welcome to the realms of liquid illusion
Where stationary things appear to be movin
Look at your speedometer, how fast are you cruisin?
Thoughts race, images flash, you're gonna crash
But maintain your focus and move with agility
Cause Mr. Lif has broken out the heavy artillery

(I got artillery
Keep aware
I got artillery
Lyrics are ammo
You ready?
I'm always prepared for warfare
Bring a bulletproof vest and get ready)

