

Kaywhy "The Science Of It"

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[Kaywhy:]

Stop-stop- Stop! ya mind is a knot
Untangle it before u try to vibe on my hop
So hip with it- sick with it -you're a dim witted bitch
Get with it, you ain't 'bill' gates, we build defenses
We build empires - you flip scrolls for wheels and tires
I'm Macguyver, give me fuel you'll feel the fire
Shooting higher than assassins in DC
I flip it nicer boy, you hafta grasp the CD

[Scatterboxx:]

You see me?
I'm border-lining mortifying.
Now breathe deep.
I leave you tucked against corner crying.
Panic... it's shades of grey.
A canvas is painted grey
In anthems... amazing grace
Is chanted, ablaze we lace the track.
Get wasted & blackout like nights with jaegger.
Face the facts-
You're just one more lifeless figure.
Polyphonic sonic concoctions
And toxic songs corrode your mind like acid dropping.

[Hook: Scatterboxx]

And every time you hear it,
It's the spirit's presence
It's the lyric's essence,
It's the music that I'm in love with.
It's the truest connection.
The fuse lit, don't question
The lessons learned from the science of it.

[Scatterboxx:]

I'm scientific & savage.
All mathematics equate to me.
The smarter t.l.
Call me t.l. eighty-three.
I see you fucks waving fake bills,
You're bound to slip.
I know,

Your bling ain't the only thing that's counterfeit.
Chatterbox steps on the stage like blao!
Equipped with the sound that makes the cripples get
down.
My flow's tighter
And my rhymes glow brighter.
Don't believe me?
Motherfucker I was shakespeare's ghostwriter.

[Kaywhy:]
So best believe in S.O.G.
The best OG's with the recipe
For rescuing the best old thing
We get inside ya head and fuck it up like
amphetamines
So- oh, ya love it, the power got you bumpin'
This the first taste of some positive corruption
So follow our instructions
STOP with the dumb shit
With shades of grey it's all in the bag like some fun
dip!

[Hook: Scatterboxx]
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[Kaywhy:]
And I had a dream, like martin luther king
To start a movement, put back the art in this music
thing
Improving thing moving things forward
Newer things, cooler things
First let's start with those stupid things
Get em out of my house like a tag sale
That shits gayer than some pastels, mad stale
THROW EM OUT! THROW EM OUT! THROW EM OUT!
Kayweasel on the beat, chatterbox close em out!

[Scatterboxx:]
... walk with an ever-growing clout
Of egotism.
When I speak you people listen.
Kill the beat to weak submission.
You're... forever searching science.
And seeking wisdom
Through my realness, sex appeal &

Reasoned rhythms
Shh. hush now.
... it creeps through my written scripts:
Evilness, wickedness.
Boy genius is giving it
Everything he's got.
A race of the mind.
A penny for your thoughts...
... bill gate's savings for mine.

[Hook: Scatterboxx]
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