

King Konga

"Humble Magnificent"

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I roll my rhymes well so that your brains burn slow
Dominant delivery like James Earl Jones
It's bad enough that lyricists today sound wack
It's even worse when imbeciles provide soundtrack
I excavate the avenues of sound of pasttime
Terrorize the music with the gun that blast rhyme
A lot of veterans are makin music past prime
The body will decay but spirits never flatline
My mission (?) was to aid evolution
Tackle every obstacle with brave resolution
Lots of people deviate from prosperous behavior
I simply did my homework and taught the teacher
flavor
Simplify the wordplay and structure steady action
Broke the braggadocious brother down to petty
fractions
You're not Freddie Jackson but that's alright
You can still come to me and say (rock me tonight)

(There's no joke and only time to get fanatical)
You got these people with no skill, they're makin a lot of
money
(More than just a ordinary style cold flippin)
Originality, that is the name of the game
it's been that way since day one
(Those who attempt to dis or try to take this)
Ah - they're probably smokin rocks, shootin smack, I
don't know
(So listen up and pay attention to)
(The E)
(Check it out)
(Party people)

I gave the people two first joints to say: E
Seventeen groups done rocked the same beat
Loop "Impeach the President", chop some Roy Ayers
Avoid (?) because the boy cares
Cold gettin dumb in the name of Sir Vicious
Paraphrase, marinate crates and served dishes
Fork, knife and bib in a fortnight descript that
(?) illuminates my entrance like a porch light

Foresight allows me to ignore fights and scorch mics
Will power kills sour grapes with a skill shower
Pair of Nikes will clarify and verify you're terrified
Hazardously slash an MC laced up in a clash against
maskin faces
Passed the basic test and then got laid to rest
Derelicts prepare a skit that's softer than a pair of tits
Various hilarious embarrassing comparisons
Mandatorily splatter stories, I'm in no category

(There's no joke and only time to get fanatical)
There's little kids on the street
they're rappin about gettin money, gettin drunk
(More than just a ordinary style cold flippin)
I - I love hip-hop so much, I don't even know what to do
with myself
(Those who attempt to dis or try to take this)
Your parents probably did something wrong along the
line
(So listen up and pay attention to)
The Humble Magnificent Edan in the place to be

Poetical genesis, theoretical etiquette, magical
adjectives
Acrobatical activist, adventurous advocate
Of profound pronouns that throw down slow clowns
I know how to grab a mic and use it effectively
You know what?
Yo, that's all I gotta say, alright?
Givin a fat shout out to everybody that could not
live without this music that we're doin, alright?
Yo, stop the beat, man
Yeah, I'ma go make some more jams

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