

King Konga

"Key-Bored"

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MC's approach me hungry, I proceed to feed em anal
snacks
Walkin around town with a sign that says 'The Brain is
back'
My brain is packed with frames of accurate detail
I'd rather hug a tree than fuck around with an e-mail
I don't need a computer monitor
I'd rather walk a few kilometers
And conjure a plan to confuse astronomers
Losin the logical, brusin the gossiper, foolin
philosophers
Cooler than icicles, usin a bicycle for daily transport
Dictionary all up in the Jansport
Rhymes I write fly in the night sky usin a hand torch
Walk up in a ciph with a knife, spoon and fork
Read depictions, receive evictions from the landlord
(I) stand (for) hip(-hop's) progress
Yes is the answer, the question is a dancer
The mind is linoleum, I structure choreography
My aural compositions win awards for cinematography
Steven Spielberg clapped, I even peeled herb's caps
with waterguns
They haven't found the planet that the author's from
Dwarfin em at orpheums and vexin em with requiems
Ace em in gymnasiums, stadiums and palladiums

Yeah, this one goes out to MC Faggot, DJ Nazi Caligula
Black Sabbath and everybody that drinks soy milk
across the country
Y'all know the time and Edan is the fuck up outta here

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