

MC Paul Barman

"Excuse You"

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I make def tunes, take from MF Doom and Jeff Koons
No one left for the restrooms when I got on stage
I can rock the mic to silence by John Cage
With the arty flavor, I shoot the gift like a party favor
Flip the script and make it do cartwheels
Feel smart, steal hearts and start meals with
chocolates
I drop gems like I got holes in my pockets
Why talk, heck, oh fuck
I catch wreck like a tow truck, silly kid
I'm iller than the Iliad and flow more than Shoah
While you're so corny you've gotta SOH CAH TOA
PEMDAS EFX the number one skirmisher
I'm in the house like furniture, pessimist
I'll push the envelope off a precipice
I push the envelope so hard, it says 'excuse you'
Take two and pass, make you spin on your ass
Like a green paint sprinkler on white grass
I'm rapping, son (you're not my dad)
If you think you think outside the box, you're trapped in
one
I'm advancing the art form, depantsing a fat storm
Some people don't like thinking, I guess it's too hard
for 'em
My dope duds don't touch soap suds
I keep it realer than a rotoscope does
I keep it more Gully than Jonathan Livingston
Brag rhymes have no lag times, acrostics, narratives
Fibonacci challenge poems, declarative palendromes
Manifestoes, my five fans can attest, yo
Coming soon, Morse code
Kiragami, Krikigami, Kirigami, Origami
Bombard you with retard-uous wordplay
Rhymes come so easy I issue harsher restraints
And if I had any rhythm, maybe you'd finally faint
The way I communicate can make a freakin' eunuch
mate
I write first person, light verse in a white hearse
And I'm the Ne plus ultra of B plus culture
My goal is to make you go Holy frijoles
Jesus H. Christ, where H stands for Holy crap

To boldly rap into the outer reaches, this doubter
teachers
Defining God as aligning a divining rod with your
reclining bod
Cause life is fickle, hellish, anemic, sickle cellish
Dude, you'll get chopped up like pickle relish
And when we perish, we're, what's the term dude,
worm food
Worm food, friends' memories fade, you're
remembered by what you've made
So I intertwine my mind and my rhymes in a braid
I bunjie jump into my grungy dump
And come up with a trust fundy, dust bunny, spongey
clump
I got a very goth towel, a Terry Clark cowel
And when I wear it, I'm a hairy moth owl

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