

## Control Machete

### "Clint Eastwood"

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[Si Phili]

"Yo. Yo. Yo."

'Cause I'm this, Gorillaz from the mist lyracist and my thoughts be twisted  
I spit the wickedest rhymes from a time that's never existed  
My futuristic linguistics turn fools into statistics  
I'm a lyrical misfit with the sadistic characteristics  
I perform murderous acts on my tracks with a single breath  
and if a boy wanna test, then I be stampin' upon his chest  
Done makin' a mess - Not a man could concieve the weed I'm consumin'  
and I transform from my cartoon pseudonym, turn to a human  
I spit words from my mouth that be turnin' you inside out  
and I tie knots in intestines just like I'm a boy scout that's workin' 'em out - Now rearrangin' your whole skeletal structure  
then I find some nine inch nails to perform some acupuncture  
When I punch ya, I rupture one of your rib cage in a rage  
and I turn you into a cartoon toon and erase the page  
I take you back to the stone age with Barney and Fred Flinstone  
Got Dino to take a machinos and then forage in a live home

[Life]

I'ma take off like a jet pack with the get back, rather step back  
I'ma make the crowd react and nod they heads until they kneck snap  
Life conflict rap while riding a skateboard and doin' a tic-tac  
and leave your head in a spin like servin' on turn table skid mats

I'm a concrete lion, big cat - These are real talk, not  
big-chat  
Did ya get that 'cause I ain't no small timer - I rhyme on  
big tracks  
Now fell the vise I create - This heavyweight, I'm a rap  
to detanate  
and demonstrate how I generate lyrics that  
supernaturally levitate  
to the top - My lyrics are skeletons - Accelerate and  
leave you panicin'  
Take the ground from beneath your feet, leave you  
Skywalk-in' like Anakin  
I'm sharper than the tips of Zulu spears and Olympic  
javelins  
My style is totally buckwild and most definately  
happenin'  
To your brains I be tappin' in, to computers I be hackin'  
in  
To me, I be out of this world like aliens who were time  
travelin'  
I'm babblin' in the Fists of Fury technique when I speak  
Forget Karate Kid and these wooden blocks, I chop  
from concrete  
Concrete, concrete, concrete!  
Wha-wha-wha-wha-wha-wha!

[Si Phili]

I've been stoned; ever since the days of creation, I've  
been red  
I'm a mad dred, causin' so much havoc in Russel's  
head  
My lyracism is just like an aneurysm inside his brain  
He plays the beat in a trance and he's never feeling no  
pain  
I could never be a racist because I possess so many  
faces  
I'm one of those beat-up bad wit' bags and a pair of  
braces  
with lines longer than laces - I'm gracin' you with my  
presence  
The lyrics went flippin', makin' ya bubble like  
effervescence  
I pulverize and bamboozle, shake numb skulls like a  
boodle  
I smashed the top of your head with a guitar I borrowed  
from Noodle  
I'm as animated as Japanese animes causin'  
callamities  
Some serious savory from my roarous rhymes of  
reality  
At the speed of sound, I'm wanderin' around - The

clown done tried to defeat us  
without tenacities or audacity - Don't you ever thought  
you could beat us  
Beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,  
beat us, beat us,  
beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,  
beat us, beat us,  
beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,  
beat us, beat us...

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