

## The Coral

### "Make Your Mind Up"

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[A-Plus]

Hieroglyphics is  
Gonna twist a kid's cerebellum  
If he lives, then I tell 'im  
I'll leave his head swellin'  
When tellin' fellas about the 5-6  
Live it's me investigatin' fly chick's privates  
I got a plan, I got a plan, a strategy  
Adam be mad a G mad at me cause I got a fatter  
salary  
Actually, you will be cookin' like bottom ramen  
Never top, cuz you'll never stop the atom bombin  
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, don't copy  
The manuscript - man, you slipped, you're sloppy  
Joe Schmo, never no more, I'm clever and you're  
never gonna score cause I'm sure I'm better and pure  
Like cannibus, and if it's possible I'll drop a new  
Line with the lyrics, live with the spirit  
And soul, I got plenty in me, eeny-meeny-miny-mo  
Slo-Mo, approach with yo ho, yup  
Cuz I'm the man and you can read it in Genesis  
A-D-A-M, the A-P-L-U-S  
One and the same, runnin the game on fly chicks  
Real tight, so they feel right with the 5-6  
And it's like that, and that's how it is, G  
The skins I cross get tossed like a frisbee  
Search and find lines of life in my scripture  
Screens make me seen so the keen get the picture

[Opio]

Eruptions, and rustin'  
When I'm thrustin'  
Cuts men  
Into microscopic particles  
Molecules, atoms  
Attack 'em, hack 'em  
Never slow, never slack  
I'm invincible, \_\_\_\_\_ flow is intense at fools  
Who know not, flow not like this wizard  
Ya play with it, riddle  
Widdle a hole in ya dome

And pull out ya gizzard  
Trachiotomy  
I slaughtta the  
Watery-weak  
Ya slips, there's a slobbly geek  
Niggaz tweek  
When I speak  
They retreat,  
Rethink what was spoken and then repeat  
My feat  
Of inhuman capabilities  
Rape and pillage emcees  
Then I kill emcees  
Who have no style  
I file niggaz down to the cuticle  
Who can feel my foot prints  
Soot gets kicked in your eye, beautiful  
Blinding, Winding  
Up and change-ups  
Rearrange punks  
When I drops, kerplunk!  
Rip chunks  
Out the mic  
And then digest  
Why test?  
I'm cavin' in your chest when I express  
Myself  
Extreme confusion  
You think you're losin' your mind  
Cuz my rhyme cuts holes like a nine

[Tajai]  
Tajai, two syllables - easy!  
With ease, we, seize thee, butt emcees be  
Cause they come wacker than batman sound effects  
I ground your text, but vertebrae wack I pound your  
necks  
Sally bone, I be prone to rip shit, likely  
Believe it or not, believe it I got the cock-D  
Cacophony  
I cap the phonies, so there is no needs for me  
Your attempts deceive us  
And pimps know I be  
Excel irate  
And on that scale  
That's fail  
The countenances  
Of countless knit-wits  
Who wish this  
With mis hits  
But this shit is equipped with

Homin' devices that are precise as they get, kids  
Target's stuck to foes who pose muchly  
Fronts be phucked and  
Punk nuts, why gets amongst thee  
Punks, we often cross  
When soft men  
Is the image portrayed to them  
Spinach is no saviour when  
I +Popeye's+, all of the guys feel my brutish  
Strength, and +Wimpy's+ see haggard futures  
Don't tempt me, shrimps we skewered on the barbie  
My foot has found wit in ya  
Is there any dilemma?  
Yo- hardly

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