

## Afu-Ra "Aural Fixation"

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(feat. Kenny Muhammed)

[Intro: Afu-Ra]

Yeah, Afu-Ra, yo

The Human Orchestra

Straight come to a revolution, right here

Uh-huh-huh, uh-uh..

[Chorus: Afu-Ra]

Who got the sound you like, with the sound that's right

Quick to say what, say what you like

That's right, I'm turning around again

Cuz when I stop the flow, yo, you couldn't breathe

[Afu-Ra]

Choose any one of my styles, and my foul supportin'  
off of you

I fell ten stories, with the venacular

Life Force, flowin' off the Human Orchestra

My structure, could puncture, lyrical monster

Find that ass layin' in a dumpster

Obi-Wan, he couldn't show me how to master

Mindtricks, I show Kasuki, eatin' sushi

Spittin' loogies, gettin' groovy, watchin' a movie

Spirit choose me, to excersize my exorcist

Spine tinglin', minglin', phantom linguist

Disappear, reappear, I'm smooth as cashmere

In light years, and travel through the stratosphere

So here I go, here I go, equip with the high pro glow

No one knows the sickening flows, for wicked foes

I kicks it yo... from MIDI to SMPTE, I run on, look at your  
bloody nose

[Chorus]

[Afu-Ra]

Gettin' you tipsy, like ten shots of whiskey

Rotisserie, three sixty, til you crispy

I toss it flow by flow, just like a frisbee

I'm gettin' busy, you gettin' dizzy

Gillespie, seizure's like epilepsie

Homes, I'm layin' my hat, just like a gipsy

I bless me, let's see, if you can test me  
By what speed perky, like itty bitty titty commitee  
Honey, no bra's in the vecinity  
And I ain't tellin' no fibs, like whatever kid  
You see the look in my eyes, you think I did a bid  
Me on the track - is like asexual  
Reproduction, something from nothing  
Eyes prayin' off like a falcon, boy, yea  
Don't make me have to get the scalp and boy  
Bring food for the malnorished, ready to publish  
Cuz half of the top emcees, is spittin' rubbish

[Chorus x2]

[Afu-Ra]

I'm on a mission kid, like a 85th track head  
Fiended out in a route, that's never talked about  
There I go, there I go, hallucinagetic rhyme control  
Rock ballads like I was Solid Gold  
Who on a roll, gang control  
Surfin' the globe, out of control  
Ripped her up, until your toes curl  
I get down and wordy, you heard thee  
You know it's scrapped up, dirty, like she don't use  
toilet paper  
Small enough to fit through a key hole  
And run up on that ass for them rhymes you stole  
Slit ya wrist, like a tongue twist  
Say no massa kiss, sackin' for hits and percents  
The infinite, holdin' your breath, it's tryin' to come  
quick  
Spinnin' verse, dispersin' rapidly  
Half hazardly, ten shots, where all the bastards be  
Go get the suburbans and the hurses  
Whether I'm here or gone, I travel through these verses

[Chorus x2]

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