

## Riff Knives "Masterous Theory"

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Verse 1 (Hempzee #93)

In all I do I put a beauty to  
By my obligation for creation for my crew  
Whether it's writing, rappin, or as a guitarist  
In the cage, the basket court, wherever I'm an artist

Ridin in my car these wheels they have gone far cuz  
Listening to the greats of psychedelic stars it's  
My passion, cashing in as flashes clashing  
Bashing, fusing in a ground breaking fashion

(Gato #92)

It's funny how money makes a product to sell  
In another way the dark side of the moon is lit as hell  
Genius-ness of the prism of Pink Floyd  
Mentioned should also be the light grenades of  
Brandon Boyd

The idea is a weapon that can never be destroyed  
Confidently stepping as if though it was employed  
Breaking the fight of night and enlightening with  
insight  
Igniting daylight two wrongs don't make a right

Chorus

Nobody dare interfere me, as I see it clearly, hear the  
masterous theory  
We got it as a gift you see, the Hip Hop epiphany, Riff  
Knife Infantry  
Bound breakers of the new rule, the musical new  
school, naturally cool  
Amazingly lacing the beats with the phrasings;  
That's our theory of creation

Verse 2 (Hempzee #93)

White fluffy clouds I think therefore I am  
Sometimes clouding the sounds that ought to be fillin  
my head  
The sharpest minds are occasionally left behind  
Cuz the best fail the test of the rests' design

Ain't saying it's mine, I mean from time to time

Yes I do actually manage to line another rhyme  
But to go back to initial meaning of this verse  
Did not turn out the way I planned but I guess it could  
be worse

(Gato #92)

I meant to rhyme with Amsterdam  
But started thinkin' of Space Jam  
A little colorful alien stealin powers from a man  
God Damn! I feel like playin some ball y'all  
Right now I think I'll fly like a little action doll towards  
the

Opposite hoop, a whim says make a loop  
Before scoring big time on the ground stuck group  
The crowd goes insane as the end of the game  
Is caused by a flying purple monster that can't be  
tamed

Chorus

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masterous theory  
We got it as a gift you see, the Hip Hop epiphany, Riff  
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(Interlude)

Verse 3 (Gato #92)

The course of a creation can be kinda complex  
Empty as the whiskey that belongs to Gangsta 2 da  
Max  
You sit with nada to spit other than hoes n forty-foes  
(So what to rhyme with next?) I guess the hoes have no  
clothes?  
Bros with doughs and hoes no clothes that's is fuckin  
chizzle!  
Shooting whiteys eating crikeys being a real bad nizzle  
To be so superficial is easy like a whistle  
T know it's much cooler to form words like a missile!

1984 is stepping right through the door  
Big brother wants more so let us start a fucking war!  
Controlling every word that's heard with their machines  
A listening of suspicion ammunition for the scenes  
By all means nobody want no trouble  
There's gonna be a rubble to break the giant bubble  
That's what they want to prevent with the smallest scent

Invent with the intent of blocking the people's vent

Chorus

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masterous theory

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Bridge (Gato #92)

That's what can happen one day, have a burnin' ache  
Something you feel the need to spread like foxy  
women's legs

These stuffs are popping out ya mouth like when you  
know it by heart

1, 2, Bam! Don't have to wait for the start!

Shot out the blocks before the time of reaction

Race already over in a second's fraction

Relaxing over the line enjoying relative time

Going slower and slower, the faster you go!

(Hempzee #93)

That's what the stone-head said in his masterous  
theory

The speed of light with a flight? nowhere near it

Although with light grenades you leave no shades

You can feel simulated time travel passing dates

But it can only be reached for great artists of  
brightness

Other ones who don't have what it takes should be  
frightened

What they will see is ain't white

The stuff coming out their mouth might not be this tight

Chorus x2

Nobody dare interfere me, as I see it clearly, hear the  
masterous theory

We got it as a gift you see, the Hip Hop epiphany, Riff  
Knife Infantry

Bound breakers of the new rule, the musical new  
school, naturally cool

Amazingly lacing the beats with the phrasings;  
That's our theory of creation

- Is that really what he said?

- Yeah Einstein!

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