

The Cure

"The Half"

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* originally appeared on the "New York State of Rhyme" compilation

[Mr. Eon]

I encompass, a circumfrence, of your compass
Smokey the Bear's opponent, face atonement
The kama sutra tutor, the Mets rooter
Shorties like my slick finger like ?Bruce Sooter?
You caught in this web of the spider
The High and the Mighty, might be, slightly, violent
It's High-ly the one to leave the sun rayless
Now your style's cheaply made like a pair of Payless
Pick apart your secondary, like Jim Plunkett
Who woulda thunk it? Titanic-ally, I fuckin sunk it
Hope to have a spot like George and Wheezy
Chocolate peanut butter shit, like Reese's and feces
We sees, the observable, absurdable
My elements enough to make a kid take a pull
No preservatives, but I'm still edible
I need my shit green to remain incredible

Chorus: Mr. Eon (repeat 2X)

You don't know the half
Half of me want it all, the other half-assed
I'm halfway there
I be, death-defyin, within def rhymin
Periphery, I can see the whole vicinity

[Mr. Eon]

I be a misfit of science, like Andre the Giant
You need to SHUT UP, givin divine solids
Amongst two million, I still be the ill one
Multiply two zillion, I'ma still come
with stupidity, turnin Santa to Satan
Rantin and ravin, while you cave in
See I love the sugar walls, get with my hand though
And waxin off will be the death of me like Rambo
Calisthetics, on any premise, yo well it's
the Gleam Hornet, Eon, uncommon
like Brian Piccolo's piccolo

Mr. Verbal still remain, like Vinny DelNegro
I shine golden when you see me, like C-3-P-O
I'm PO'd, by a microphone B-O
But me though, need the weed green like ?Grit-o?
Keep that shit tight like Grandpa's Speedos

Chorus

[Mr. Eon]
Your pitiful spittle, pales to the hale
In full scale, you're straight monorail
My impact is Amtrak, you toy Lionel
You're Slinkies and Weebles fail to prevail
You couldn't even fuck with my echo
You better let go, desperad', face the barrage
You can't mess with Eric the Derelict
Cherish it, while we smoke on this green relish it
cause I, huff on Dutches, Felipe couldn't spark
Step into a spot, thinkin I'm a NARC
It's pathetic, my lifestyle is energetic
When I wreck the set, even Leon couldn't Lett it happen
The High induce the hand-clappin
Hallucinations, that you seen from the rappin
My hands stink, from the snatch I be slappin
Step into the Coliseum, what the fuck happened?

Chorus

{"You don't even know the half.." -> cut by Mighty Mi}

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