

Visionaries

"Come One Come All"

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[Verse One: Zen]

Come one, come all
To the Visionary hall
I would like to
Cordially invite you
The night is young
Might you
Or shall I say, might we
Develop a relationship rightly
Rhettmatic will be our sound provider
Strike a match to burn, we hold the mic tighter
In light of the situation we got five emcees
Of varying degrees and faculties
Bring in the scratch, please

[Turntable solo: DJ Rhettmatic]

[Verse Two: 2Mex]

Just learn from us
A combustible bus of trust
The inner analysis of us
Unearthing palaces of dust
I'm balancing with every gust of air
Customers' Medicare
Medical Musketeer with the musket there
The son with the mussed up hair
Declares that every nowhere
Shall know everywhere
My stocks are like sun colored blocks
Brightest crayon in the box
And the coldest beer in the fridge
The oldest pier in the bridge
I told the dear it was a privilege
Just to be in tune
While the world's throwing darts at balloons
I'm stuck in the dunes
And [scratch] your platoon
You're an asshole
You're a hassle
I'm master, fully astral

[Turntable solo: DJ Rhettmatic]

[Verse Three: Zen]

Hands up
This is a shakedown
To take down
The rest of you non-believing emcees
Envious
Of the way I adjust
With a little bit of rage
And rush to the middle of the stage
And bust like TNT
Must you believe it was started in a mid
When it was being done to the left of the myriad
Eons ago
And beyond the flow
We had continuity
And fluidity
Pure stupidity
Has gotten some born on this coastal region
Believing no ingenuity would be this close to home
The truth'll be told through this microphone
Behold a time when a fellowship of rhymes
In the beginning of the nines
Hit the surface from the underside tidin' the ride

[Verse Four: 2Mex]

Come one, come all
To the Visionary hall
Ray Parker Jr. calls me when he needs a little bit of
Ghostbusting
West Coast hustling
Every letter is a little lighter
Lighting all you bent up biters
Bitter firefighters
Our girls are tighter
My crew is flame retardant
Your game's retarded
My name is guarded and darted at
And I'm a part of that
California carnival
Elephantiasis of the audible
Innervating intervals
My tabernacle
Will tackle your tobacco
Even my echoes are art deco
All of my adlibs
Are louder than the speakers at your crib

[Turntable solo to fade]

