

## Freddy Cole "The High and the Mighty"

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\* originally appeared on the "new york state of rhyme" compilation

[mr. eon]

I encompass, a circumference, 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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