

## **Eyedeas & Abilities**

### **"Blindly Firing"**

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What's your definition of dope?

'Cause I think our opinions differ

'Till your own skills develop, be wise and shut the hell  
up

I told you man, I'll fold your plans

You know you can't be colder than me

With a microphone in hand I'll show your fans I own this  
land

My flow's intangible

Expanding growth that stands and holds hip-hop on a  
cross

Lickin' shots for the lost vision

Listen: It's imbedded in my genetic code to push the  
evolution

Clean up the pollution and let the rhetoric grow

So your records get sold and with each blow

You give, adds tad more gold to eat whole out of your  
cracked peach bowl

As we go without rules, the freedom of independence  
we breed

So we'll eat 'till we're full, keep control and bleed at  
slow-mo speed, you know?

I weave and sew my way through this imaginary land of  
fairies and trolls

Tryin' to bury the scroll

I carry a load that weighs way more than my area code

Vocabulary unfolds so that you cherish the very story  
of merit you're told

Your character's bold, but build a barrier

Spare your words before you perish

Don't be careless, apparently to share a paragraph  
tears your nerves

Heard you grew some nuts

Now you think your crew don't suck?

Stupid fucks

In a battle you'll still lose to us

[Chorus]

This one's for all the people in the world that think they  
can get with this

Eyedeas and Abilities, you know we be the sickest

MCs under my feet with they names on my shit list

This one's for you, this one's for you

This one's for all my people lovin' hip-hop that are truly  
gifted

Eyedeas and Abilities, we only came to rip shit

DJs with no cuts outside their self-inflicted wrist slits

This one's for you, this one's for you

What's your definition of dope?

'Cause I think our opinions differ

I guess I don't know what's dope from the viewpoint of  
a listener

So how's it sound?

My new joints prove points

Arousing styles of new nose for a thousand miles in  
any direction you point

If I was your pal, I'd respect all criticism that was honest

But I'm not 'cause you're probably an MC in the closet

Subconsciously copyin' everything from the sentences  
to the penmanship

Mad 'cause I invented what you can't even pretend to  
intend to accomplish

Promise an end to this infinitely childish game

Refrain from grabbing the mic and spare yourself  
some shame

No, I don't sound the same

And yes, I'm a little deranged

But it ain't no thang 'cause lyrically, nobody can hang

There's always room for admiring a pro

But get off the jock

Can't you see the tire swing is full?

Oh, now you wanna call me out for offending your  
ears?

Just chill, there's a billion other better ways to end your  
career, for real

I can't even hear you skill-less motor mouths with total  
clout

Adding up to less than zero, I'm your hero

Don't go that route, I'll show you out now

Peace to all the real MCs

But first, I'ma show you show why my DJ's name is  
Abilities

[Chorus]

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