

## Alice

### "My Mind Spray"

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\*Premier cuts and scratches Jeru saying "My Mind Spray" for four bars\*

I annihilate, as I articulate  
Words of power, your rhymes are unconfounding so  
death's your fate  
Ostentatious genius, of rappin  
Is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's  
happenin  
Proficiency and ingenuity  
Plus more styles, than a Shaolin mon-es-tary  
In poetry my formula's deadly  
Bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty  
Slow like demise I crept on those that slept  
Droppin my rhyme science like I'm Imhotep  
Application of mind over matter  
Made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter  
Your girl bend over and over and over  
MC's try to touch the Damaja but you just can't win  
Excellent with the word play, you lay  
Face down, when my, mind spray

\*Premier does his thing again like only Primo can\*

Thunder on your Dome with no help from Mad Max  
Lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks  
We booby-traps, all our inventions  
We know the intentions of MC kleptomaniacs  
Rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack  
When it comes to rhyming I slam harder than Shaq  
Accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an  
almanac  
Keep you up like an afrodesiac  
Idealist not an opportunist  
Don't molest no shorty still in all, I'm dangerous  
Mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me  
You're not equipped  
From, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock  
Do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox  
Jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker  
If your honey's a Queen I'll sex her

More important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes  
a priest by May  
You reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

\*Primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry\*

J-E, Rrrah-U it's a horror to you  
Lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu  
Dirty, down low profile  
Shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles  
Style's ridiculous, techniques infamous  
Take more heads than Santa Claus at Christmas  
Science misfits, meet the rath of my wit  
Immediately following, they go into a conniption fit  
Reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an  
arsonist  
Blow up like a terrorist  
I'm not a sexist dont have the power to be a racist  
I'm a scientist, and an activist  
Complex yeah simple like Mixelplics  
Unlike the silly devil, I don't come with tricks/Trix  
So out there to all you MC's return to the righteous way  
Or meet death face to face when my, mind spray

\*Primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision\*

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