

## Absint

### "Lyrictricity"

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Chorus:

Aiyo, we the cats to hold cipher sessions in a power  
plant  
Strike emcees down with the force of ten thousand  
amps  
So anyone in striking range get they brains toasted  
This ain't rhyming this is lyrictricity in a dangerous  
voltage

Verse One: Texture

Aiyo, my closest, similar to power line voltage  
Using shock therapy when I decide to get open  
Touching my mic is like wet hands feeling a light switch  
If I spark for too long I cause an electrical crisis  
In sessions, niggas refuse to give me doubt  
Cause I send shock waves that blaze fuses in their back  
The untouchable, delivery is like that of a thunderbolt  
Cats monitor my moves to forecast under the scope  
Advice in battling, don't seek refuge under trees  
Cuz when I strike niggas leave, with a temp of 400  
degrees  
How I warned you, you ain't hear the sirens going off?  
But you decided to play it cool not really knowing the  
cost, the dominant force  
One of nature biggest threats, my chemical makeup,  
scientists ain't figured yet  
Destinations tall buildings, igloos, and small children  
Burned down a rain forest, unable to be blamed for it  
My rhymes are flame throwers and your whacks is  
gasoline  
Cause enough damage to ambulance on half the scene  
The sad part is that you actually have some dreams  
But I'm electrically charged and these cats is ?

Verse Two: 14KT

Kids, never mix water with electricity, end result an  
instantly exhaust the surgeons  
Towards damage mentally, with verses lightning

submerges  
Through my flow the lyrictricity causing generators and  
fuses to blow  
When I demonstrate, it uses too much energy and  
oxygen  
You hyperventilate, so I gotta keep tabs on my mental  
state  
I innovate rhymes for future purposes  
As long as air, mail, heaven, and earth exist I'm  
merciless  
Enter perfection, my rhymes divide emcees in 32  
sections  
For claiming hard, guarding the one fourth insurrection  
If that's your lethal weapon then come strong or don't  
come at all  
Model is your downfall; I don't got time to rhyme with  
clowns y'all  
Originate lyrics to poetry  
Fitting my victims are forced to listen to the sounds  
I might kick into speaker currents to homes  
In the circuit we don't call whack rappers ho's, we call  
them ohms  
For attempting to resist the selection zone  
I know for a fact emcees can't touch this unless they  
like to smoke  
But y'all skin tone and boiled bones  
With no pitch, volume, or rate to control your slow mix  
This is electric rhyme aerobics, Vital pick up the voltage  
Chorus

### Verse Three: Vital

Charged aggression, I spark sessions that hurts ohms  
Over beats made by Thomas Edison  
Be careful when my voice is a buzzing narrative  
Or if electrolysis is not your medicine  
Is the everocious gripping closes mics makes em  
claustrophobic  
Survivor of low voltage with high explosives you about  
to blow shit  
There's no way  
Even if your distributor was Ted Kaczynski and you was  
produced by Tim McVeigh  
Don't look so shocked, if you in a blaze  
See, low texture where light is, I kinda like violence  
But don't think I'm soft cuz I don't strike when your  
mic's lit  
But hit a light switch, I'll throw you in a tub holding  
electrical devices  
See, I let Don King off easy, so I can travel through  
when a mic hits

In a nightclub, I like bud  
Overdover my head, he said I was a bright child  
Now I strike crowds, run through, jump in and out  
destroying files  
Got your deformed style, so to keep from fucking up  
I semi-conduct connected to wires and suction cups  
Who's bout it, slam dance during a power outage  
I'll black out as soon as your shows are registered  
overcrowded  
Blasted, touch a rubber, glass, or plastic  
They think I'm ineffective, but I'll become cables  
Animate, around your neck and become your  
strangling necklace  
Who wants to be this reckless?

#### Verse Four: One Man Army

Yo, yo, yo  
Check out this high voltage, I got the ACDC  
To shock emcees and leave them whining like CC  
So BB, on the lookout, I'm live wire  
You can't handle me, gzzz gzzz, I start fires  
Crossing my path, don't make me laugh, it ain't worth it  
Caught a nurses on my verses blowing all your circuits  
Peep the current, cause what I bring to the mic, is like  
Benjamin Franklin with a string and a kite  
Electrocute emcees who battle weak- wait awhile  
My flow is like death row- have a seat  
Every sentenced executed every time I said a verse  
My frequencies tipped your measurements, we're in  
megahertz  
Even with rubber gloves you still couldn't touch it  
Make sure you're grounded when I'm, bzzz bzzz,  
buzzing  
Tupac ain't really dead, I took the headphones off my  
ear  
Put them on his chest and told the room to stand clear  
This is how I operate, you don't know the half  
I'm half-freestyle innovator, half power generator  
Got a short fuse when it comes to whack emcees  
I smack the taste out their mouth, like a nine-volt  
battery  
I strike with a thunderbolt's accuracy,  
Zig, zag, zig through the crowd hit the tallest kid in the  
back of me  
Electromagnetic draw the crowd with my polarity  
And lyrical la-zid-zid-zid-zology

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Rhyming at a dangerous voltage- lyrictricity

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