

## DJ Vadim "Combustible"

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f/ Gift of Gab (Blackalicious)

\* send corrections to the typist

No more chains holding me

Say I'm free, free, I'm free

My occupation MC, Rapper, Rhymer

Whatever you call it

Hitting you like splat like slimer and that's my  
prerogative

And when I'm done

You'll say the job I did made your metropolis

I'm more enhanced, and more co-operative, communal  
spawn ta live

I shot the gift provocatively

Held it down like shocking it

Puffed any green seteva I can hit and dough the  
chocolate

Sat with wise mentor sit and talk a bit of the apocalypse

And how to make this world that's about to end a bit  
more positive

The first, his voice was rough and needed some throat  
lozenges

He offered his opinion, youthful with expression,  
talkative

The second one had more method with; he moved and  
plodded with

He said the world has cheated karma and must be now audited

The third one seemed a bit more centred as he led us on a ship

He said something's just can't be and found we exist as onuses

The moments all we got

So live it now

Don't trip on politics

We all return to the same passage

Broke or if your wallets thick

Now I'll inflict my Monumental, all essential, scholarship

That's dominant so on a pencil I'm a grip so come on in

I kinda went oh, how the wind go

Continental, prominent

This rhyming is pro

Kinda get your mind a bit smoked

What a hit (repeated)

Get back on (sung)

My occupation MC, Rapper, Rhymer

However you see it

Infinite with rap designer

And that's how I'm freaking it

Linking you

List the thoughts that move like currents of electric watch

Whose brains invade like plants and fields that flourish

Co connect the dots  
Of ET, D&A, Galactic Raps  
That's G and A and After that  
A B and hey I master tactics  
We obey our fashion sense  
Auf Wiedersehen, ariverderche, Adios, Aloha  
Make alligator bags from scratch  
I'll slaughter bullets and cobras  
Pythons and icons  
Fight wrongs recite songs  
All night long, with the lights on  
Ultra proton neutron  
Glue blacks till they too strong  
Luke warm, flukes gone, nuclear true balm prince  
move on  
It's venom moving eons  
Beyond beyond  
Lose star  
Lightness of a lightning  
Riding bikes through Jerusalem  
Liking your awareness and imperative  
Like a loose nut  
Till you grasp often at the chance  
My styles an alien immigrant  
That'll will the crowd with the pitter-patter as the  
children chin out

Who rocks (repeated)

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