

Afrob

"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 lyricricity 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

We're the cats, holding the 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

Rhyming at a dangerous voltage- lyrictricity

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