

2Pac F/ Dead Prez

"Hazardous Material"

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Mega blast like an asteroid
Burning through your block with mad noise
The mic's like a mac truck
Your mind is a crash toy
Water in a cup on the counter is vibrating
When I'm coming every four seconds the floor starts
shaking
Peel off the roof so the walls start to cave in
Controlling satellites, manipulating constellations
When I'm concentrating, compasses stop operating
You lose direction and lessen your chances of
escaping
Cyclones collide with world winds in my circumference
Words spin through time warps and worlds begin
Can't touch the style I scrape off skin with sharp senses
Don't underestimate the apprentice
I got skills for days make a timeless portrait
Applying the force spit your scientist forfeits
Carry out the counterfit recordings with forklifts
Right before my show look at the stage and a hawk sits
My acoustics hit the planets like a poolstick
I bruze ships and cruize lands used by Stan Kubrick
It's all science Ignorant minds form an alliance
Hit 'em with my appliance all around fall giants
Causing earthquakes to split California into an island
When mountains flip over scattered explosions and
sirens
In wreck mode my flows violent and opens assylums
The code of silence is broken
Soul chips hit orion
Causing light to shift on rhyme hieroglyphs from the
Myas
Hazardous Material will set the stage on fire

I'm sharp like a dagger
Fake underground rats scatter
Suckas hit the wall fast and fall like Niagra
Mash up the area by using raw data
An author with plasma thats hot an melting rock into
magma
Black skin caused wars and massacres

I ressurect the truth like like lazerous with rhyme
sources classic as Gradius
My music magical forces flatters a sorcerist
Who hypnotised the five major lables to shut all of thier
offices
Ball my fist into a sword to cut your choruses
When I record to disk corporate losses are enormous
I tap the fader to activate an assassinator
To stack papers I smack fakers with a tractor trailer
I'm clever and never lacked the flavor sweeps through
street blocks
Colin Powell calls the president when the beat drops
(Equanox) My speech speeds up clocks for three blocks
Ears pop, scared cops wipe tear drops
'Cause in my radius the ignorance is exposed
Rhymes is a prism of gold in it's an innocent soul
Thinking below ground, I steam through man holes
Explode, I stand where the cameras pan slow
Glance and pose as my hand glows the grand canyon
grows
Frozen fans stand on their toes
While I bubble through the manifold I turn sand to gold
With more mysterious secrets than the Titanic holds
Now if you pray that I fall off your asking for a miracle
'Cause NASAs steering through Hazardous Material

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