

A Reindeer Lyrics by Irish Rovers

"Sinister"

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[Sample from "Snatch"]

"Do you know what 'nemesis' means?
A righteous infliction of retribution
Manifested by an appropriate agent....
Personified in this case by me"

[Aesop Rock]

We're all in the same gang, bread and butter
Just a couple subdivisions who naturally hate each
other
Influences shark biting the fuck outta your brother
Friendship is Professor Plum ratting on Colonel Mustard
You are now witnessing the world's most craft version
Of a barnstormer, reveal time with a jagged edge
Arm mortars and ?free minds? for a bastard sledge
On the style diamond cutter
Swung before that magnificent havok sketch
You fidget like a nervous culprit gulping
Sweat a bullet, dead a bullshit sequence reactor
Speaking disaster
Who leaped off the canvas to provoke a ?style miner?
Fake as the grass with a sturdy belly and his work to
sell me
I got my word to tell you
I got absurd magic
For the forks like pistons pumping through the realm
my family habits
(?Madder or Rabbit Hat? combination)
Nah, more like I'm spitting pixleak dust
Till the mixed vapor community combusts

[Yeshua Da Poed]

I hold words for ransom
Demand some attention pays
Not to mention praise for their release on a page
It might amaze the light of day
I never said I, gave, them all, the fight to be brave
More insight to behave
Raw like them others
Whose ads have been paid for by some brothers
While some of us lie in the eyes of others

I discovered another way to stay undercover
Kill everyone involved, Unsolve
Mysteries, this to me is how to leave matters resolved
Out of this all, you should take a break, ask the fake
Get snatched out your habitat and left on the side of
alake
I try to debate
Whether a clean getaway is harder to make
Than a call to the cleaners
Dropped off a seamless bag
Zipped it up with enough cash to pay the cat
With the aqua demeanor

[Vast Aire]
God is a name I call myself
I don't like Ugly, Original, Synthetic
I breathe rusty air logic
It becomes the lung, the mind is a closet
That is if it's a walk-in, cuz I'm open
You fell from the clips of weakness, I scoped it
I'll ball your rhyme up and stuff it inside my mouth
As if this was the first grade...(C'mon man)
And you'll just stand there
Your eyes'll water up
And your teeth'll grind cuz you rhyme first grade
Seeing me is like time, I'm a caged poet
But I think life is more than a jail sentence
That's why I, took my time
Doing calisthenics which euphemisms to hand out a life
sentence
When I rhyme, I put my ass crack in it
And you in a glass bottom boat with a crack in it
So fuck your attitude
My poetry's position is the sole definition of latitude

"Sinister" *repeated*

"You tell the angels in heaven you've never seen
An evil so singular personified as you being hit
In the face by the man who killed you"

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