

## Non-Prophets

### "Tolerance Level"

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(Intro)

To the best of my knowledge  
I guess that I'm blessed and I'm holy (yo, hold up, hold up)  
Yo Joe Beats, what's the purpose of you stoppin' me?  
(I don't know man I want you to kick the raps  
you were kickin' a long time ago, not this emo shit)  
Aight, aight

(Verse 1)

I was getting props when I first started to flow  
Makin' this music wrecking shop like a retarded vocational student  
Didn't know it at the time, that the shit made me look stupid  
Rockin' pro-black rhymes, over the devil made me do it  
I never gave two shits bout rockin new kicks  
I ain't the type to wear something just cause the shoe fits  
I make moves quick, till you head feet first  
I dig women who got more to get offa their chests than wet T-shirts  
Rent the east herb, permit the west side  
I'd rather eat dirt than ingest pride, my sixth sense shines  
Less wack than Mos Def's pitiful incense vibe  
You couldn't ghostwrite if your invisible ink pen died!  
Now kick fresh rhymes, and think next time  
Before you're paid to react and as an emcee I'm a character assassin  
Paid to kill off all your made-for-TV rappin'  
When the shit hits the fan, I'ma blame it on GG Allin

(Chorus)

My tolerance level has peaked, and it's time for heads to get thrown  
Just because I speak peace doesn't mean I can't throw no jaws (I don't know.)

(Verse 2)

Now I stopped to build a bridge during my Agnostic

pilgrimage  
Lost my will to live so I shot and killed some kids  
I'm just kiddin', no I'm not  
And to oral bestiality I'm just blowin' spots  
And I got more back than acne, underside happy-go-lucky types  
Monday Night Football fanatics, asscrack addicts with thunder bites  
Got more bodies on my mic than my pistol  
I ain't got a pistol but there's bodies on my mic (bullshit, you)  
(It's true!) And Joe will kill you with the bullet blows  
Throw a book of sample laws towards us, get left with loopholes  
Take my advice: take an 8-mile hike  
I'm down by law, like the back of the jacket on Cool as Ice  
Who is nice? Why'd you ask me?  
For the last time, I'm nasty - like Nas was at halftime  
You fuckin know it like I know that's a rental car  
Hey sucka poet, whoever ya are

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3)

MC, uh-uh, people don't call you  
Playin' catch-up with every rerelease of Audio Two  
Lots of emcees got bitten, I'm not kiddin'  
What more can I say? (Bob Dylan)  
You played the side of the stage like a broken mic stand  
You ain't enough of an emcee to be Jarobi's hype man!  
You yelled in double negatives, and couldn't make NO NOISE!  
Why is that? Ask yourself, homeboy  
Wanna battle me while same writtens, it ain't sane  
Better off playing games of chicken with freight trains  
I'm stickin to the weight gain, while Dr. Atkins  
Sticks his dietary coffin to lots of my fat friends  
Now download my manhood! Memorize it's measurements  
And lip sync the circumference if the head doesn't fit  
You can use your Vulcan grip, on my huge bolstered dick  
It's the ultimate, ultimate, ultimate, ultimate, UH

(Chorus 2x)

