

Haiku D'Etat "Other MC's"

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[Hook: 2X]

We're not like them other MC's
We're not like your everyday average savage MC
We're not like these other rappers claimin' to be
I'm me I'm me (you control you own destiny)

[Verse 1]

Although my plan is close to yours we're galaxies apart
I'm not a mark, I'm not the man who built the ark but
we're related
I'm not the sucker MC that you hated so much
I don't speak Greek, Vietnamese or Dutch when the mic
is in my clutch
I'm not a jock (you a jock?) (nope)
Don't play hockey or soccer (nope)
not a clocker to top it off I'm an excellent mic rocker
(yes)
go north of Crenshaw ? past ? behind the ? park
and you better bring your ? blockers cause I shine when
I get sparked

[Hook: 2X]

[Verse 2]

On them like a staircase
I'm on the elevator to the top of the paper chase
I communicate with base one and mic nine
write rhymes face to face
and I like a white line eight oh eight is my bass
I chop it up with the needle go back and forth with the
scratch
don't need a razor blade to cut dope like that
the studio is my delivery room
my baby is born a new name and a rap tune
it's all logical we're all philosophical
we in to eatin falafels and underground fossils
we sound gospel with a jazz ear
MC's sound like how we sounded last year
but I ain't trippin
I crack a beer I have no fear of biters
my atmosphere is full of survivors

now like a simile and like my energy is like anyone
else's
when Ab's done you can have some I ain't selfish

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Uh, now this is how you supposed to come
my brain is a sponge
regurgitating honestly but I 've been in and been from
this rap game ain't really all of what you call fun
somebody wake you in the morning tell you "you ain't
gotta go away you gotta run"
nigga to nigga, nigga to bitch, nigga to gawk, nigga
made a quick switch to all
God got wily gawked to Earth essence to see ?tulips
and twerps?
Labels and national and worldwide and since birth
and that could be a hella ride for a brother with an ego,
head might burst
but first things knowledge
your listening to an operation of colours who are
polished
concocted within concealed labs
I can cock back with the glock quick
dirt's the work on the block quick so I circle
I roll with ?oxic?, and touch is toxic
nigga's fly heads like a plane nose-dived crashed
cockpit
don't ask to stop shit we just disturbed
I'm not that triple bunk punk I'm fool I'm tough
you wanna touch down from the piznills and iznills
I'm nothin with the double L ?, remember?
I'm not the coolest in the street
programmed in the hole in my ? slumber

[Hook: 2X]

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