

Afu-Ra f/ The Human Orchestra

"Aural Fixation"

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[Intro: Afu-Ra]

Yeah, Afu-Ra, yo

The Human Orchestra

Straight come to a revolution, right here

Uh-huh-huh, uh-uh..

[Chorus: Afu-Ra]

Who got the sound you like, with the sound that's right

Quick to say what, say what you like

That's right, I'm turning around again

Cuz when I stop the flow, yo, you couldn't breathe

[Afu-Ra]

Choose any one of my styles, and my foul supportin'
off of you

I fell ten stories, with the venacular

Life Force, flowin' off the Human Orchestra

My structure, could puncture, lyrical monster

Find that ass layin' in a dumpster

Obi-Wan, he couldn't show me how to master

Mindtricks, I show Kasuki, eatin' sushi

Spittin' loogies, gettin' groovy, watchin' a movie

Spirit choose me, to excersize my exorcist

Spine tinglin', minglin', phantom linguist

Disappear, reappear, I'm smooth as cashmere

In light years, and travel through the stratosphere

So here I go, here I go, equip with the high pro glow

No one knows the sickening flows, for wicked foes

I kicks it yo... from MIDI to SMPTE, I run on, look at your
bloody nose

[Chorus]

[Afu-Ra]

Gettin' you tipsy, like ten shots of whiskey

Rotisserie, three sixty, til you crispy

I toss it flow by flow, just like a frisbee

I'm gettin' busy, you gettin' dizzy

Gillespie, seizure's like epilepsie

Homes, I'm layin' my hat, just like a gipsy

I bless me, let's see, if you can test me

By what speed perky, like itty bitty titty commitee
Honey, no bra's in the vecinity
And I ain't tellin' no fibs, like whatever kid
You see the look in my eyes, you think I did a bid
Me on the track -- is like asexual
Reproduction, something from nothing
Eyes prayin' off like a falcon, boy, yea
Don't make me have to get the scalp and boy
Bring food for the malnourished, ready to publish
Cuz half of the top emcees, is spittin' rubbish

[Chorus 2X]

[Afu-Ra]

I'm on a mission kid, like a 85th track head
Fiended out in a route, that's never talked about
There I go, there I go, hallucinagetic rhyme control
Rock ballads like I was Solid Gold
Who on a roll, gang control
Surfin' the globe, out of control
Ripped her up, until your toes curl
I get down and wordy, you heard thee
You know it's scrapped up, dirty, like she don't use
toilet paper
Small enough to fit through a key hole
And run up on that ass for them rhymes you stole
Slit ya wrist, like a tongue twist
Say no massa kiss, sackin' for hits and percents
The infinite, holdin' your breath, it's tryin' to come
quick
Spinnin' verse, dispersin' rapidly
Half hazardly, ten shots, where all the bastards be
Go get the suburbans and the hurses
Whether I'm here or gone, I travel through these verses

[Chorus 2X]

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