

## Anti-Pop Consortium

### "Mega"

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[M. Sayyid]

made out of everything  
steady I'm ready  
petty rappers  
frontin gun clappers  
a&r sellin you cars  
sellin you stars  
round trip ticket to mars  
so I picked it apart  
spit it, hit it, get it  
pivot, swivel and dribble  
twist with the sparks  
touch this  
rush off with crutches  
churches and hushes  
while I'm rollin dutches  
past the ruckers  
make a flow in my head  
push the clutch

(yo, yo, easy, easy)

(yo, he didn't even use his blinker. what the fuck,  
man?)

weavin bobbin noddin  
I'm keepin features swollen  
highten pressure on the hemoglobin  
(swallow the nitrate)

[High Priest]

you want your playlist to pop?  
put apc at the top  
? choppin the pavement, it's toxic  
I only spit pure hot, it's the brolic  
so what if it's popular  
I got to infect you in order to affect you  
and I don't expect you go get it at first  
my brains burst  
sprayin pure freon on celine dion  
scream on cats like sam kinison  
innocent bystanders swarmin

my thoughts formin  
and dormant mcs want to live again

(yo, talk to your man, your man is wild)

ease back, he's that character  
with disparaging patterns  
that manage to damage, I'm famished

mega

[M. Sayyid]  
cats trot up with the hate  
but I crack back and inflate  
smack tracks hack you in eighths  
while safari straight primate  
when I spit the tape, spit at the fakes  
spit it to pivot from snakes

[High Priest]  
geeze, for cripe's sake, please give it a break  
gotta chop two eights into four bar spaces  
my innovation's open faces over the duration  
footing the dance with the artform  
I put cats in backbraces

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