

Sean Na'auao "Sumthin to Prove"

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[GODZILLA]

"It's Rodan

The attack started at 11 o'clock

And now he has destroyed everything in the city.

Leaders have called out their defenses.

There's no doubt...this is the same Rodan who comes
from Monster Island."

'WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH HIM?'

[RODAN]

Fuck the intro

Yo keep crowds hailing me like a taxi

Learned that it's more to life

Than bustin gats B

How the fuck you gonna blast

You's a laugh like Andy Kaufman

Reading from the Great Gatsby relax G

Get gassed up let your lungs collapse B

Collect my whole gross income

Cuz my galactic rap status is tax-free

Wiley coyote rhymers cop your wack raps from the
factory at acme

Just the facts B

Urban dragnet supreme architects

Servin Dialect

Bell curve side effect

Caucus asian latter years

Coconut almond spiced bacardi dark

No taste for flatter beers

Frontin with your mouth open

Let me empty out my bladder here

Blowin like John Faddis

Atomic air traffic blackin out your stratosphere

Off the top of the locker

Cleats on the mic, kickin flows, ballin like soccer

Slow niggas ramblin on and on incoherently like

Chewbacca

Used to be on the block corner snow rock betty crocker

Chrome showin dome glowin blowin

Jewels growin out the side of my crown chakra

U a killa gorilla or a babbling baboon?

Part time wack rhyming no bottom line circus rappin
buffoon
on some pop shit like a balloon
Carrots paper quest to stay fresh
Stuck in the gay lifestyle switchin like mae west
Wise winds from the East squeezing at the beast and
stray wests
Gods locked down do the science and let the day bless
In jail ain't nothing to do but
Work out, jerk off, go to war, play chess
What's your degree?
Cop a plea, change your story like the weatherman?
Whatever man, you ain't fly like Rodan,
U fly like peter pan
Then never, never land
Move mountains in telekinetic mode
Skate the straight and narrow
Floating over your pathetic road
Rhymes written in genetic codes
Flightpope Ro perched atop
Five pillars of Hip Hop
Aesthetic soul
C'mon

[JAMES BROWN]

"That's Bad Man, that is bad, bad, bad. He ain't never
done, that been never
done on a record before. That's bad brother, that is
bad...let me...believe me!"

[RODAN]

Yo Peace
While I rest in this pigeon whose back I'm diggin
Til judgment day I be my own Lord
Self-Preservation be my religion
Fly in the fastest lane chosen
Wings protected like safe sex in a latex Trojan
Skiing uptown'll leave your brain frozen
Gat explosion leave warm blood flowin
Internal organs exposing
Correlation to the cosmos
Urban legends up the block
Street theologians
Headline a bill throw a jewel at your grill
Black steel bring the heat like military fire drills
Drop a bombshell for real
Units move half a mil
With or without a record deal
Still give these crab industry en vogue muthafuckas
Something they could feel
Aviator wristwear elevator textiles

Imported Timberlands from Switzerland
Scuffing up your reptiles
Niggas ain't my Sun, Gods treat you like a stepchild
Take your booty wack sex style flush it in the cess pile
Marathon lyrics corny critics can't run the next mile
Abandoned outcasts and exile
Never seen again, tossed or lost into the X-Files
Sold luther that 9 milli luger attack the mic
Like a cougar geeked up
Got phony thugs scared to speak up
Make a niggas balls freeze up
Lay parallel to concrete sprayin caps
Tearing your knees up
2000 years we reappear
Change the earthly worldly ways
Ancient of days
Come to show the blind god
In the form of a man
That is worthy of praise
Investigate doctrines
High awareness through my lifetime
Social issues that incite crimes
Make a generation of scholars live
Existence between the white lines
No more sniffin sayin fuck a 9 to 5
Now all I do is fuck and write rhymes
DJs scratch the wax like shaved balls
Rabblerrouse the pop dog like rebel slave calls
Navigate the southern state like maze halls
Chain shinin medallion swingin like stalactites on cave
walls
Bounce the rhythm like a tambourine
Step up on the scene with a monster theme and a third
world dream
Impale bubblegum rap stars on microphones infected
with gangrene
Deconstruct contemporary pop culture to reinvent my
own mainstream
C'mon

[JAMES BROWN]

"Yeah, brotha, I tell you brothaman. What you got
there, you know what? We got a
thing...u know what?"

[RODAN]

Yo my name was Rodan before the wack Godzilla
blockbuster
My name was Rodan before stellar dust collected into
the first star cluster
Set up shop at the pearly gates

Move a ounce while defending 'em
Cherubim on the Mic
Lyrically descended from Big Daddy Kane and Rakim &
'em
Golden age legacy platinum writer
A new era second millennium
Triple CD blazin up like three flavas of tropical weeds
When you blendin 'em
Connect ghetto slums to heavens
Turn opposites to synonyms
Bend grammar like anti-matter
Distort the space-time rhyme continuum
5% rhetorical
Prophecies like a oracle
Bad luck to MCs like a kennedy
Reach across infinity
Reestablish my divinity
Between me and the eternally great enmity
Imagine a natural born enemy befriending me?
Offendin me with what you pretend to be
How the fuck you a killa with blatant homosexual
tendencies?

[JAMES BROWN]

"That is unbelievable. That is unbelievable man. That's
bad there!
That's sho nuff bad there bro, you off into that one bro.
I went through the
zone man, that's it, that's all I done. Now that's what's
happening! That's
gonna be the bad one...>"

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