

**Tzu****"Axis Tilt"**Visit "[Axis Tilt](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: Joelistics] The city is on acid The city is on...  
fiyaah! The city is on acid... fiyaah! [Joelistics] Paint a  
picture with language and memory Beaten into shape  
with the rhythm and melody My performance more like  
therapy Translate poetry to punishable heresy And so  
you know it, cliché's the enemy Freestyle skill level  
more like telepathy Word play grey matter designed  
for damaging Down for chaos, getting up to anarchy  
And I'm managing, heart beat galloping And I'm  
actually gravity's mannequin And I'm back again, there  
in the front Tryna make sense but sense don't come It  
don't matter, tonight I'm brave My behaviour strange  
and depraved I stay awake for days on end With an  
MPC and a mic and a pen I got a problem with space,  
there's lots of it In the city, I can't get enough of it I like  
the touch of it, infinite rush of it In life, we stand on the  
cusp of it In death, we dress in the best of it That's the  
promise that we keep when we borrow from it It takes a  
body and a heart to stay solid You got a heart, tell me  
what you get from it [Chorus] [Seed MC] City got  
reception, cross interference Speed through tunnels,  
rap feel got the clearance Slack on the beat like smack  
on the dealers Watch the beat drop, street got heat Not  
one of them on me, fear not, I'm fearless You can fake  
fantasy but can't fake the realness Cause the  
dumpsters got the landfill in it And the waste of the  
city, some stealing it And these words are a back alley  
deal and it Ain't that hard for you to tell who's feeling it  
Cause mama got a gun and she's holding it Hip Hop  
interrogator still not solving it Dropout demonstrator,  
finger on the pulse Can't ever take the heart or the soul  
from it Drunk, sober, the night ticks over As the rays of  
the sun draw closer Shed light on the ugliness running  
this In a cipher outside the pub and shit Magic, ignite  
like matchstick Still pumping out smoke with the  
factories Plug into the feed, now fantasy No game, now  
to play all reality No switch for you to go and rerecord it  
Move foreword, the future calls And all four walls are  
like Mediatronic Snow crash the brain, no trees for the  
forest The streets in chaos, are the demons upon us?  
Or are we the beings who be bringing on the ruckus?

[Joelistics] Language is a virus that breeds in the  
silence Feeds on the minds of people who devised it  
Books and the poems and the slang that designed it  
Reality defined by the words we assign it We gave a  
name to the apple and the diamond Dive in the depth in  
the realm of Poseidon Speak with a breath that ring like  
the horizon Meaning has a melody that rings like a  
siren Sings like a siren, spins like a DJ Playing for the  
players in the Arkham Asylum Now hit the replay and  
analyse timing And look what I made harnessing  
lightning To battle the right-wing and travel the day  
See what the night bring, get out of the way

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