

Fluent

"Jack in a Bottle"

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Right now your arteries are pulsing with all me
From ya heart to ya kidneys till ya kid's seed
You look pitiful when I stomp compound flows to
minerals
Instantaneous integral criminal interloper
In the evening I be deceiving my parents
To get out get some air and pussy liquor and Parage
My shit so hot it'll leave you arid
So ground breaking words push around thoughts like
they were in a carriage
I track with masked men
Verbal assassins
Murderous factions who are involved in all actions
Grab you by ya boots till ya legs become obtuse and
break loose
I'm the cryogenic clone of Zeus
Now you wanna call a truce
After the fact your rap was fluke
Cause when I came back your drawers were filled with
juice
When I see muscles contracting
Your reacting to anxiety
And ya whole body is spazzing
Scared of what's happening
Aware and acting like it don't phase you till ya back
starts cracking
These emcees don't offend me
Its tempting to start sending hate emails to they're web
rings
But what would I be if I did that
All talk
All I need is one mic all I need is one fight
You wanna see my hands we gone do it tonight
This is that real shit that you fuckin wish that you write

(Hook - 4X)

Love to caress lust to molest manifest like cancerous
Mansonists

Got caught and stolen apparel with two smoking
barrels

Marijuana serums of delirious gas was in the air so
Spotted from the aerial police planes with radars
Flyin over my home and charge into my backyard
I ran far hurdled over a fence with broke wood
Followed my footprints and my bud scent through a
thorn bush
Then they all rushed so I bounced out like amorphous
With more torque thrust than a motherfuckin Ford truck
So I dipped to an abandon club
The rug was still there
Saw mud on the mats and fingerprints on the rail a
good trail
Lost the tail but know they know my identity
They move readily steady but no faster than a
centipede
Menacing forced into extremities by loud punks
When the crowd shrunk he was found left under a tree
stump
Who did this the 5 o' clock news was baffled
Real frustrated like who should we go after?
Lots of laughter my mom asked who I was talking to
Like she's like what's wrong with you?
So I responded in a haiku
I'm a sinner
Holy but really morose
But gotten to most
Awkward prose
Petroleum slick
Smithsonian working motives
With Saucony kicks
Stolen in the face
Like Korean fists
In the land of Vietnam
Or on Napoleon trips
Disown me arrest
Performin the test

(Hook - 4X)

I got that son-of-a-bitch illegitimate orphanage shit
That many others try but can't spit
They can't hit high notes so they ain't felt
Which means they easily get delt
Names on tombstones spelt
I taught gangsters how to think
Well they taught me to gain respect
But I learned respect is earned not achieved by theft
So next time you think your respected, but your feared
Know that fear only lasts for so long for only so many
years
No room for life in this dead world

Unfurl your ego leave your fuckin pride at the door
Wipe your feet on a mat made of your soul
Admit that your corrupted and that your courage is not whole
Kiss the serpent he's ten feet long and he's head strong
Rightfully so he's been around for so long
Danger on the edge of town so if you standin around at sundown
You fall before crowds
Ride the snake to the lake don't wait
Take a journey like Hermes trilogies made
Street credibility means I keep artillery
Drillin me attempted for killing means I wipe out ya villagery
Some pimp hard others pimp harder
Some of us live long some of us live larger
Some of us do care I just don't
Never have will or wanted to or did so I won't

(Hook - 4X)

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