

Gibbons Carroll

"Do the Math"

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[Iriscience]

One two, comin together, connected
It was BOUND to happen
Uh-huh, Myke Miers, yo, aiyyo it's Rakaa Iriscience
Uhh, expansion, movin, beyond the lines yo

[Mykill Miers]

It's the M-I-K-E on the M-I-C
There ain't an MC out there dog that's messin with me
Lyrically it may seem that I'm mentally disturbed
But I'm the illest brother comin out the suburbs
Everybody say that I rhyme like a glock
cause I bust on the spot and put a hole in your knot
Semi-automatic thoughts is loaded to talk
Whatever I talk leave MC's outlined in chalk
You can't walk the walk? Then get to steppin
Cause whatever's in my reach is a weapon
You messin with a homicidical analytical criminal
I'm clear when recorded to digital, thirty-two track
I murdered you black, I heard that you cats
wanted to test me, so I left 'em, bloody and messy
You don't impress me Myke and Iriscience, are deadly
The next chapter cats gettin together on the medley

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

{*scratches*} "Michael Myers" -> Redman, "Rakaa
Iriscience" -> Iri

"You don't know enough math to count the mics that
I've ripped" -> Jeru

[Mykill] Sucker MC's who try to do the math
Iriscience and Myke Miers bustin ya shaft

[Iriscience]

Yo.. uh-huh, yo, yo, yo
Yo when the pen's Cali cats come together like pliers
Rakaa Iriscience a-fire with Myke Miers
We see through the job of backbiters and liars
Electrifyin, a couple of live wires
Shockin, natural solid gold when I rock
Take it back to sucker MC why you holdin my jock?
We watchin, the same federales that's clockin

Tellin me keep talkin and you a dead man walkin
Visions appear, I'm relentless and clear
Wreckin Guinness world records like I'm crackin a beer
Suckers are finished, bear witness to fear
Cause they scared of my drillin y'all, the dentist is here
Next chapter, when seas become freeze
Words are like windsong to blow in the breeze
From me the weed-grow oh I mean the wise-growin
Triclops known to keep the foglight glowin

[Chorus]

[Mykill Miers]

I get real sleepy cause you wack MC's are beneath me
The only way to beat me, is to cheat me
Deceive me, I saw you try to bribe the judge
But my rhymes are slugs, that'll fly in your mug
It's time for a grudge match, yo when I bust raps
Similar to Chow Yun Fat, when he bust gats
What's that? You slept on a Decepticon
My raps transform into a gat, like Megatron
It's Myke Miers, the human form of Lebanon
A black man, my uniform is meli-nan
MC's rap all day, just like telethons
Steal my rhymes, and then they go tell it wrong
You backstabbers, wack rappers I hate 'em all
I let 'em get on they high horse and make 'em fall
But yo, I got y'all scared like stigmata
Ready for combat and whoop ass like Gymkata

[Chorus] - 1.5X

[Chorus]

{*scratches*} "Michael Myers" -> Redman, "Rakaa
Iriscience" -> Iri
"Combine creative minds, shit is real in L.A." ->
Iriscience

[Mykill] Sucker MC's who try to do the math
Iriscience and Myke Miers bustin ya shaft

{*ad libbed scratches to end*}

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