

## Grand Malör

### "Beyond"

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[Intro: O.C.]

Yeah...

Yo Jay...

Let's take 'em back on some real deep underground  
shit, black...

[JS1 scratches]

"I'm O.C. baby, what the fuck y'all thought?" -> O.C.

[Verse One: O.C.]

Post-dramatic, thoughts automatic

Breath control is intact even though I'm astmatic

This a brand new era, now I see things clearer

I keen, sin in my life, ignorin so called killers

Mastered the art of war without involvin the broads

Much wiser than your average rhyme sayers (uhh)

I forgot to introduce myself, as if y'all didn't know

O.C. be the name, same shit, different toilet

Last line was like a chorus, I spit thoughts in orbit

Circlin planets, come back and see the man in office

I'm precise like surgeants, when they cuttin through  
anatomy

Description when I'm spittin be intelligent insanity

[???] material, correct

Ever since I came in the door, O.C. was well respected

I'll make a beat of elements formin this from the  
periodical table

I'm beyond the walls of intelligence

[JS1 scratches]

"Beyond the walls of intelligence" -> Nas - N.Y. State Of  
Mind

[Verse Two: O.C.]

I prescribe antidotes with lyrics, similar to a chemist

Nor what to put in out to put, mine it work like an  
octopus

With eight arms, sixteen bars of arm

Make up a hundred-twenty-eight bars of darts (Yeah,  
do the math)

I compose theatrical bloodbaths

It's a rare situation rappers wanna do collabs  
I respect a chosen few, it goes without sayin  
With O, put in my time now my aim is to blow  
Even if I sell passgold this time around I'm like  
a stranger in the town, not many raws, I make it right  
and move on  
("Intelligence") ("Intelligence") ("Who will use wits to be  
a remainder")  
Servin 'em love like tennis, scarred is my witness at this  
very moment  
My poetry crush opponents, aiiyo I fear no omens  
Yeah, I lost love once in my lifetime, to blow off steam I  
write rhymes  
Phenomenal speak jewels to reach some fools  
Learn now and not later from people, it's bad news  
Dog, I fail to prevail, in this game called life  
No such thing as perfection while you live life  
O.C. and JS One, prodigal sons  
On some Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth shit ("ooh yeah")  
Yo check, I'll make a beat of elements formin this from  
the periodical table  
I'm beyond the walls of intelligence...

[JS1 scratches]

"Beyond the walls of intelligence" -> Nas - N.Y. State Of  
Mind

"I get busy" -> O.C.

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