

## Heiruspecs

### "Marching Orders"

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I march with my headphones on  
and keep a smile on my face like the first emotion while  
you're mowing  
your lawn  
I'm flippin' poems that keep de la's eyes  
blood shot and wide open til the break a dawn (a 1 2)  
sometimes I've got to wonder if this body is mine  
all I do is write songs, stay on the grind  
when I was young I thought that I would be an astronaut  
but now I speak in riddles and the people clap a lot  
the rabid fox of rapping is back  
while your stuck like a fly on flypaper, can you handle  
that?  
I know you need to get your crew laced  
but step to me or Muad'dib and we will squeeze you  
like some toothpaste.  
You squeeze me like a teddy bear thanks for the hug  
Don't sound hardcore saying gimme the love  
You're pulling me out to the very end of my wits  
but I keep on holding tight like a vice grips, like this

See, we march to the beats of a different funky  
drummer 'cuz nobody  
else can match the dance steps  
When the parade hits your face from the stage, quit  
your talking like  
you sat and drank a six pack of canned strep  
Let the learning curve mimic the surface pf the earth so  
you never  
really know until you're under it  
Time's over, pencil down, this ain't no make-up exam  
Grab my trusty red pen and get to plundering,  
hungering  
Succinct with instincts extinct to your upbringing  
Stinging tongue slinging's fucked up like upchuck  
flinging  
Dispatch potatomato molasses hash at averageness  
Stand rigid with frigid digits to cast kelvin degree scale  
damages  
Damn vicious, isn't it  
Creeps into your bones, it's so cold

Come stand with it  
Man, misses, or young scamp in tan britches  
To dance with this is to plant a madman's frantic,  
frivolous,  
expanding, random, dancing images into your visual  
cortex for  
enhancement and ammunition  
Peak preternatural precision  
Known to throw colorful globes that explode like  
Fantavision

You should do your homework, You need to learn a  
lesson  
Just look inside my eyes and see what you can find  
I can help you find your worth, no need for second  
guessin'  
Just look inside my eyes and see what you can find  
Your moving too fast kid, you're losing your control  
Just look inside my eyes and see what you can find  
If you want to do it right, you have to bear your soul  
Just look inside my eyes and see what you can find

We march like the intro to your pep rally  
bring in the band,  
watch 'em stand up scream and clap hands  
Our crowd stays up, it don't need a kick stand  
you couldn't fill the void if you was the gap band  
sound like crap man, so I'll chill and wait a second  
No, I'll wait a first. Seconds yours its worse  
curse me if you hate me but embrace me when I get  
down  
Your style is thrown together like a shantytown  
how does that sound? like garbage  
the newscast will tell the viewers just to turn away  
rather than face  
the carnage.  
back to garbage if you talk trash here's the end result  
make like orange juice, you get beaten to a pulp.  
I wonder if you can stomach this, lets get it cleared up  
I'll admit you've got a look but its a fuckin' weird touch  
You should take up drinking cause your whole career  
sucks  
Winnie the Poo and Tigger both had beer guts. Guess  
what?

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