

## Hi-ha Tremblay

### "Magnetizing"

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[Del] \*behind vocals\*

D-E-L he rips microphones

D-E-L he can't leave it alone, can't leave it alone

He can't leave it alone

Ahh, D-E-L on the microphone, strike ya dome wit the  
hype poem

Yeah, it's the type of shit ya like to get, get wit it

Ah, such a beautiful beat I'm 'bout to destroy

For all weak MC's ahh check it check it

Back in your presence it's the pres

Dispensing these rhymes like Pez

Full color, high res

I digest is high biased, alotta MC's ride my privates and  
I don't like it

I'm the master in innovation, that ain't the ?reef?

Well perhaps I'll bring it center stage then so you can  
peep

My rap style fail safe that derail fakes

They just a pale-make of my own chromosomes

I'm a critically-acclaimed maniac that attack tracks

On wax or drum machines, for your underlings

Plus I leave performers wit an ornery, ?quarterly's?

That'll turn your crew into disorderly's

Assorted freestyles I drop at my disposal

Make you move your mojo and bounce like a pogos

In the club, they grub on tortitos from Toyo's

A pitta and soda, and everything that's owed us

Everybody's doughnuts rushin for cash

Bustin ya ass, some losin just as fast

I crash computers wit my viruses, fry your disk drive

Wit wise words, suckas get on my nerves

I'ma make you go "Hmmm", wet you like H2O

My flow refreshes, need lessons

Well we open for business if you dig this

To all the bigwigs and labels sellin you fables

Hey you, you ain't cuttin nothin, touchin my production

Wit that pre-school rap, I say fuck them

[Chorus]

Hypnotizing, magnificent mind set

Whenever I'm next, the shit you haven't tried yet  
Live shit, magnetizing, peep what I'm advertising  
My alliance got your third eye cryin

D-E-L he rips microphones, D-E-L he can't leave it alone  
Can't leave it alone, he can't leave it alone

Del, advancing dancing over beats  
Romancing microphones wit my glorious speech  
No shorts like BVD, I'm next like DVD  
I hit the metropolitan wit music I be modeling  
Showin off, goin off, wiggin  
Biggin up the town where I come up from, my humble  
beginnings  
The neo-narrator, creative care-taker  
I'm from the Five Flavors like Solar Flares on paper  
Don't go fold things, let's go smoke things  
Let dank or chocolate tai so we can all get high  
I touch any beat wit heat I pack  
Nigga, I frequent that  
In my never-ending quest see you scratch  
Speakin facts, we can rap  
Fuck scrappin and tappin, jaws I'm crackin  
Doors, open for brothers comin after me  
Fuck apathy, I ain't got time to blame the world for my  
problems  
I'm a grown fuckin man and I understand  
Plus knowledge being gathered, each day make me  
Speak this way, so get it  
The way that I spit it, critics couldn't never call me half-  
witted  
I'm the Riddick Bowe flowa for those in the know  
My logo represents thought-processing  
To keep em all guessin, wit these lyrical blessings  
Class is in session, class is in session

Chorus

"You can achieve the hypnotic state  
By saying those things in your mind  
To yourself that is said to you on the recording  
And then give yourself thirty suggestions  
That will change your attitude towards crude"

[Del]

Most MC's have much to do wit nothing  
I attack bigger issues, something to take with you  
Time is just a measurement of life  
So why waste time on the false, waste time on the mic  
Waste time on the high personas, we're on the  
Television tryin to get Del to listen

To that garbage and gobbledy-good  
So I read a book, I prefer Manga wit Mega  
My respectable rhyme styles and textures  
Yes you're gettin extra  
Flex your little style, I fluctuate  
Too much to take in one sitting  
And I stun citizens  
Describing shit that we livin in  
That don't make a better sense  
I stick up kids who pick up bids  
And murderers deserving the same thing, I'm sick of  
this  
But meticulous wit metaphoric miracles of mind power  
Praying mantis techniques that wreck beats  
And pesky, prototypes that shouldn't made it off the  
assembly line  
Much less to their distributors they're miniature  
Mind states is immature and primitive  
Talkin 'bout all the crack they cookin up, in the crib  
But you don't shock me, I see these things  
Don't participate wit the heartless, I'm an artist  
Who's bound to be out the roach-infested apartments

Chorus 2x \*replace "Hypnotizing" w/ "Magnetizing"\*

Don't cry, dry ya eyes 4x

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