

## Juvenile F/ Magnolia Shorty, Manny Fresh "Real Circus"

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I bought my ticket ten years ago when in demand  
Was the candy caramel. I submerged like a  
Murk on the mental. But it was hard to tell if  
Nails pitched on my tent on time, with the ringmaster  
- God - had a whip. Hit me on my hip, now I'm on  
A hop, but it don't stop. Now I advise the wise  
Why, why did you let me out the flock? Now I'm  
Flowin pro, flippin flu, germs wit a new perm  
I'm hittin different regions. It's winter season  
Tryin to forget the treason of my twisted sister, so  
I turn my face when Rockin Rollin in myst-ic  
So side show freaks can't peep the mask task-force  
Behind the jacket, so I'm packin not because I'm  
Hard. I'm paranoid, I'm far away from  
God. He can't see me. I ignorantly thought he caught  
me  
Dreamin, in comes the demon tryin to shoot me  
That semen. One way I'm off the brink, the detour  
Was unblocked. I'm strictly on instinct, I'm walkin  
Over barriers. I'm spooked cause I keep hearin  
The word spades. They tryin to pull my card  
They're goin to get it, I won't forget it like an  
Elephant, tiger, lions rely on the funky monkey  
Dyin in the real circus

I'm finally out of my cage, it's been ten swings since  
I quenched the silence. Sure to erupt eyes-lids  
Till they're queasy from the degree of the tilt of  
A trapeze performer that's proven succession in  
The progression of a juggler, vain slitter, my spear  
Shifted. Saafir's gifted like black Santa. I was  
Born a flipper with sticks and balance beams  
I learn to differ swift stimulation of a soul snatcher.  
Oh! Here they come Jay-Z, 15 deep  
In a clown car wit make-up, but I got make-up  
For ya - wake up. I lay material like dogs upside  
Down cakes. I give pounds to fakes so my cleets  
Stake claims, skills have belittled spittle. What's  
Coming from that grill - waffles, ya shit is awful  
Further let's implore for more speech reach back  
For the cage where the elves are plottin schemes

You ask me to explain what I mean, I will in  
The afterlife kill death, I verify the untimid  
Breath, I'm trustworthy to the busting of dirty  
Thirty-thousand year old authentic, I'll win it  
Just as the thought has brought into focus comes  
The real traveling circus.

I'm jumpin through hoops, can you dance like a  
Panther? I can. I pick my prey in shades of  
Grey, but I'm not color blind on the rhyme. The  
Circus is in my scalp. I'm higher than the Alps  
I'll make you break camp. I tame crews like shrews  
I bust nuts without screws. Can you do that - hardly.  
Ya too stiff malarky art kits, give up the drawings  
Ya never saw swings cling when the grip whips  
That makes you feel like the Real Circus.

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