

Korn F/ Limp Bizkit

"Station Identification"

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What's your station identification
I spark a mental cypher lasting down through
revelations
Take a trip into my mental cypher, I get hyper
Sniping-ass MC's, seem to get me higher
Like the buddah, bless the cess when I'm smoking
Hawaiian when I'm rhymin cuz there ain't no time for
joking
Just lyrical bliss from the depths of the abyss
Rotating lyrical rhythms like the motions of the wrist
On a fag, I rag, wack MC's like Maxi
Pads, you can't see me
Intellectually, you shallow, mentally, you're just
starving
I'm rollin on em like Calvin Butts up in Harlem
Wit metaphors, fuck a nine and clip
I make a rapper trip like white chicks in horror flicks

Identify your station or ?adjustment?
I'm transmitting, I'm giving MC's division, through
diction
Cut em half, check the math, like magician
Conflicting pain on membranes
I'm running shit and killing flows like some wet dreams
I maintain, no static feedback when I attack
Like Shaquille, oh so neal down as I appeal to the
masses
I slash kids to ashes and dust, get strucked
As I construct skills that build, I don't be giving a fuck
Like chastity, my compacity's unlimited
Wit no gimmick, kids can't figure my structure like
pyramids
I'm spirited like psychic and dead men resurrected
My wisdom's like prisms when light gets reflected,
check it
My lyrical missiles, like heat suckers seeking
Never weakening, feeding off wack rhymers give me
strength
Then I lenthen, wit no measure
Cuz I'm the ruler of styles, I rocket, the unidentify
flowing object

Time for a station, identification
Wack rappers, open up your eyes, time for lyrical
elevation
But you can't handle when I channel
Entering through mental panels, melting membranes
like candles
Disintegrating mental matter, into ashes
Steppin up to rappers, just like the Titan Clashes
Bash an eyelash, my lyrical energy travels fastest
When propel by the leaves of Hawaii
Hardcore raps is about skills, so why do gangstas keep
trying
I'm breakin on these muthafuckas like beat, street
I beat other rappers like ?sega beats needs to beat
meets?
Vocal technique like Panasonic
My rhythm moves in motion cuz my skills is like bionic
Identification, station switched wit my lyrical hydraulics
I'm cosmic, the unidentify flowing object
I find that you can't defined this, other rappers are
blind to this
I'm seeing, you're bleeding from your sinuses
Cuz I'm on a higher plane, I'll be frying brains
I crack heads like cocaine addicts, automatic
Dramatic, I break backs, I'm chiropractic
I got mad, drastic tactics and static
Gymnastic styles it seems
Cuz I be flippin and balancing beams
Of radiation, devastation, you're facing, no tracing
You can't sketch a figure, abstract, no bullet gaps
If you're wack, my rhymes are triggered, you're dying
quicker
I jack, cuz I rip a weak-ass rapper, I shatter
Cross em, toss em, the more erratic, flow patterns
them in the war zone
Females, you need brail, you can't see what I'm
speaking
In fact, your delinquency can't see my frequency
I speak to thee in tongues like the exorcist
You can't test this, I resurrect wit correctness
I'm defying like death is

Open up your eyes and, open up your ears and
Check your station, check your station (3x)

Open up your eyes and, open up your ears and
Check your station, identification
Open up your eyes and, open up your ears and
Check your station, yo, it's time to come real, now yo
Open up your eyes and, open up your ears and

Check your station identification, where you at in '94

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