

Louis Logic f/ Apathy, Celph Titled, Maylay Sparks "Paper Maché"

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[Rahsheed/Maylay Sparks] Yeah, everybody get up,
like I said, Rick Smooth [Everybody on the floor get up]
whatup, (Tah Shamel?) Yo, It's Maylay Sparks two-
thousand and one In the silhouette, standing erect
Tower projects, insects cling to the steps Oral sex, my
head blessed Backwards (steamed in conquest?) The
cello rest against my chest Stroking a (sorceress in
unison?) (Yeah, it's our heart?) (Throwing support on
my dolos?) (v cut the bottle?) (???my journal???) Red
and (spoken/smoking?) external Through mass verbal
my herbal habit Magic puff dragon and purple, my
inner circle Violated suckers annihilated Shroom
playing MF Doom Plum skins, I'ma fondle 'em Ten more
stamps, there ain't no problem Laser light, (power?)
sublime Sound leaking through the Terrordome [Big
gold chains and herringbones] Big gold chains and
herringbones from Yellowstone Parties on the rocks in
Arizona to Stonehenge [Rocked ill feasts from London to
Sweden] And London's fans they exed out Long binge,
pour me the next stout Bounced all the wack emcees
out, they can't win [What you say to me is just paper
thin] Niggas soft, can't come off, it's embarrassing
[What you say to me is just paper thin] I said mash out
smash mouth go in they glass chins [What you say to
me is just paper thin] I do this often, Philly to Boston,
Rah' blends In full effect, records get wrecked
Percocet, Hennessy fifth, chase it with Becks Fleeing
suspect: Maylay, controver-sey The Bill of Rights entice
the most forbidden of privileges Rollin dice, I melt ice,
draw/jaw of?? the stars Rinse the earth of negativity,
blew out the torch on lady liberty Quill pens, ink
dispense, confederated to true heads Asian and the
African kids, whites with dreads And fluent/fluid
Orientals love instrumentals and label-lake? slip in a
bis, slip in a dis [Louis Logic] Slip 'em a hit of this
strychnine-laced up ridiculousness And watch em trip
liked they slipped on a slick patch of oil And dispatched
the royal blue boys to chase Cause when the poison
takes effect they'll destroy this place Enjoy the taste of
avoiding space and time with your tongue depressed
Flat on the white acid tab like Hunter S. Then become

depressed cause you wish you're the guy that's
rhyming Nonetheless, it's Louis in the sky with
diamonds [Louis in the sky with diamonds] Going
"Bling Bling," cause if the cops had an inkling Of the
Mickey's I slipped kids I'd be thrown in Sing Sing I'm
talking more Mickey's than a whore's hickey's Or even
worse I've served more Mickey's than Walt Disney [Say
what?] You didn't hear me, my verse is Mickey
vertebrae Curve away from trips like I'm the new Tim
Leary And bounced all the wack emcees out, they can't
win [What you say to me is just paper thin] Niggas soft,
can't come off, it's embarrassing [What you say to me
is just paper thin] I said mash out smash mouth go in
they glass chins [What you say to me is just paper thin]
I do this often, Philly to Boston, Rah' blends [Celph
Titled] I'm envisioned as a microphone Samaritan
Cause niggas say I rhyme nice Challenge you to battle
and take you out like pork fried rice Motherfuckers ain't
ready for the Celph-Titled onslaught Try to embrace
the flow and then (hack, they'll?) rip your arms off My
beats are classic like novels by Charles Dickens Bury
your body in cement blocks and watch the plot thicken
My frame of mind is on exhibit at museums And my
show is in the Guinness book for filling up Coliseums I
play bitches like radio stations and straight eff 'em A
Super Mario nigga that lay pipe without discretion I'm
ill, (all but?) threw your ice up on the grill Make you
relocate to farmlands with cows and windmills [Louis
Logic: Hey yo, Celph, this ain't a battle, I think you're
hallucinating] I see no evil, inflict blindness in the eyes
of Satan Blurry vision but still a marksman who straight
(spray-dars/darts?) The emcee on stage seen in the
eyes of Maylay Sparks [Apathy] (?) breather, rip open
your chest, take a breath Fill the lungs with red sense',
when I get high I smoke death And meet the grim
reaper for reefer, nickel bag full of souls Secrete a
poison toxic chronic, put the beast in a sleeper hold My
hellfire is cold, I be bold, written in my soul I never
sold, I broke the mold like Christ's bread was old
Behold, my coming's foretold, take off your mind
blindfold Cause I'm so fly the fifty-first area stole my
steelo I be low, like Satan's basement Behold the pale
horse, I snuffed the grim reaper So guess who's the
replacement I wait till dark, stalk while you walk
through parks Until the Son of Sam's dog barks at
Maylay Sparks

