

Off Topic

"Autoautopsy"

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[Off Topic]

Stop the presses

This newsflash photography has captured translations
from my autobiography

January twenty-fourth, nineteen seventy nine

During a snowstorm, avalanche, otherwise nice time

They cut the lifeline

I must not be God's son because I cried

And every time they try to crucify me I survive

And everything I do's infectious

Despite the use of several contraceptives

White blood cell immune systems of humans prove
useless

Slip under microscope detection

And x-ray testing

I am hip-hop, rock, intelligent

Since you like to categorize music

I make a difference while they make lists

Everybody's favorite top one hundred slit wrists

The artists' pick

Classic edition DVD double-disc

My paragraphs surpass cash rap

Beyond white and black

Higher than the sky reaches

Deeper than an acid trip thesis

I'm an egg, hard-boiled

So I don't need my shell

Because it's merely cosmetic

And I'm not show-and-tell

I'm a real-life emcee, nasty as hell

Because I'm not scared to work and I'm not scared to
fail

So spare all the talk about principals

When decibels are raised to raise capital

And few artists are actually factual

I'll tell them straight out, I'm South Jersey

Most of the country can relate to me

Which fills a great vacancy of young Americans that
basically

Have no identities

Because anything less than success by financial

stability

Means you spent your life on someone else's dreams
And everybody knows what that means
Mass suicide of senior citizens
Who want to do it all again and talk about how they'd
do it differently
I'm taking rap to my new place, who's coming with me?

[Chorus: Off Topic]

Off Topic's autoautopsy file
Cause of death classified
Still holding the pill bottle
Chemical levels don't match the lab tests
So I had to grab the scalpel and cut my own chest
Off Topic's autoautopsy file
Cause of death classified
Still holding the pill bottle
I don't know what y'all heard about my death
But I'm holding the hour glass up like, "Who's next?"

[Off Topic]

Yo, I'm two thousand levels above these rap thugs
Who claim they're street tough
But shake they ass like a lightning bug
And blew up
Like a plastic rap explosive
Pick your money up, front
You can't rhyme on my cut
I'm changing rappers' perspectives
With E-D-Kollective
And a crew of emcees that rhyme better than ya
I've had enough negative flows that everybody knows
Every word but they're written by a three-year-old
I Bic 'em with a pen, not a razor
'Cause I'd rather deface paper
Than face allegations and surrender
But my rights are under attack from The Right
Who think they're right, so I gotta watch what I write
Yeah right, I'm taking life
'Til there's only one left
Catch my breathe, it infects the immune
Coming soon to a town near you
I peak the interest of a special interest group
They talk so holy, but all they want is recruits
It's so phony, like the fancy suits
I see through the polyester image and expose the
Swastika tattoos
And constitutional re-writes that we fight and lose
That's why I do what I do
I can expose the truth and mass-broadcast my views to
the youth

I'm Off Topic 'cause I'm steadily fresh
I'm a blade of grass, watch me get cut at the chest
And grow back smarter than the key to the test
Stronger than emotions clouding me and got me
depressed

[Chorus]

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