

Off Topic

"Formative"

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[Off Topic]

On the keyboard
I programmed this
With a mouse click
Now I'm gonna flip this shit
Hear new sounds in the old sounds I pick
When a record spins 'round
Slows down
Rearrange it
Get on the mic and spit
Craziness
Get a good mix
And hand out the disc
Do a couple shows
Get a press kit
Guest spots with the underground stars of the minute
Til A&R's come with it
First class plane tickets
And a cash advance
Tell the boss to call of vacation plans
Made it to the big dance
Big chance
Gonna tour with a punk band
Get new fans
T-shirts by the grand
Rhyme Network, man
Hoodies and wristbands
They can relate 'cause my rhymes hold weight
And my drums resonate
With the bass
People are hungry, they like the taste
And I've got more to chew than will fit in a face
So consume til you clean off the plate
Inside you, blood contaminate
Vampire cult gonna stay out late
Gonna recruit troops in 50 states
And attack
We know how to act
Disciplined like Trojans
Soldiers, focused
Never the heat of the moment

Patient
World-wide global domination
Every religion
Every nation
Signs up for the organization
Traditional tactics are useless
Who you gonna sanction?
Our money keeps their banks active
Blood money...

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If you ain't figure it yet
I'm here to bomb the set
And I don't need a warhead or a fighter jet
I got a mind and a mic and an EPS
They memorize every rhyme and they don't forget
'Cause I'm
Off Topic, I started this
The biggest threat to the West since Communists
We walked into D.C. with a shopping list
They can't intimidate me with a lobbyist
I ain't running for shit
This is a coup d'etat
And I'm a rule by force in this Shangri-La
Better call back up when they see the mob
Like a South Philly cop during Mardi Gras
We got numbers multiplied
And we feel no trust where there's only lies
So watch us
Y'all better recognize
We blend in
See-through to the naked eye witness
Empire evangelist
A little more reckless than an activist
Need lots more help than a therapist
Control myself when the panic hits
Like this
Code Poet number one
Got a flow so hot it could be the sun
And I know y'all rock the designer shades
But they can't blind you to my verbal rays
There's no safe place for my crazy ways
So I wander the streets like a rat in a maze
I know I'm trapped and it drives me insane
So fuck the charade
I'm on to the game
It's an afterthought
I've got a war within
Gotta master a few more disciplines
Just to keep my brain waves interesting
Self-taught

I write the curriculum
And speak up 'cause I know they're listening
Motherfuckers, this is your day of reckoning

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