

Xero, Reading My Eyes

The Microphone Molesta'
Machete undresser
Stupid dope fresh tight sh*t resurrector
Top gun yeah mon best of the besta'
The living MC peace and resta'
Successa, the flexa gunna'
The make funna the adversary make runna'
Make summa cold with rhymes that spit
Kickin' gifted, lifted, delinquent 'wit
I be the prophet, my hand
Top it, stop it, felt like rockin when I rock it
Locked it down with this perverse verse
Every f*ckin' curse I burst to hurt
Move crowds physical fitness rhymes
Coke heads couldn't do my lines
Decorated like Christmas pines, my battalion rocks
Emcees become silhouettes of shock

Reading my eyes will say it in many ways
Losing my pride will save it in many days

Hit the dirt
Because the words I spit will do more than just rip your shirt
I'll b*tch slap your soul
Get back the track control
You coming at me?
You can't hack it though
So ridiculous
Watching my crew get sick with this
Wickedness
Pitchin' this
Lyrical viciousness
To crews and cliques
Maiden, men, and mistresses
This is my life
The twilight, the fight night
And trying to see nothing but the highlights
When I write
These eyes on horizons
Die for my son, cry wrongs and Krylon
Fire on, rude men telekinetically
Esoterically beats become a clarity
Feel verities, heroism, and heresy
And sever every Emcee I see with severity

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Why not...
What I keep...
Why not...
What I keep...
Why not...
What I keep...

Why not give me what I came to deserve
Why not give me what I came to believe
Why not give me what I came to deserve
Why not give me what I came to believe

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