

Mad Style Disease

Don't take me for nothin' but a punch-line jester
Inside my chest I let the rhymes fester
'Til I'm feelin' like a woman in her third trimester
Then I just deliver – wait, scratch that
I mean I digest the liver of anyone try to test
When I flexin' rhymes tight enough to twist in a rizla
And when you're smokin' it, any type of narcotic is
An appropriate analogue, 'cause what I'm writin' astonishes
This is Planet Rock crossed with the tightest mic product since
The writer of sonnets and Titus Andronicus
My life is synonymous with hip-hop fa sho'
You could try to fight if you wanna, but one monkey don't stop
The show, as Dustin Hoffman knows
And when this Outbreak clogs your throat, no anesthetic is
Gonna stop the spread of this global pandemic
Rap fans get infected the minute a jam's ended
God dammit...

I've got mad style disease
Infectin' a thousand MCs like spirochetes
I've got a sonically transmitted
Disorder of rhyme all of the time

Tanglin' terrific talk the tongue-tweaker
I walk on your flows like Jesus on water with one speaker
And a dodgy mic and a five string guitar
This troglodyte might bring the stars
Back down to the underground, so all the alley rats can see
Like me, galactically, and break out of the battery
Factory farm, I'm actually not particularly hip-hop
I haven't got the right swagger or stroll
I don't battle or ball, but I am known
To bop around the world like a Bedoin tribe
Writin' down poetry, wearin' amphetamine eyes
Settlin' never, wrestlin' idiocy to be unfetterin'
Heads that are chained deep in the brain of the beast
My terrain is ceaselessly unfolding
It ain't just what I say; I'll strip and preach naked
To the subway commuters, 'cause as humans
Suits could never suit us, we're unique from the day
That we take shape in the uterus, and the future is
Looking dim; I stand in the blistering sun
Watching the trees withering one by one
Feeling the spread of a sickness up in my head I predict this

Is the day my illness infects the hit list
Bear witness...

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How am I tryin' to be rockin' a tune if I'm not a musician?
I listened to two million different hits and caught a few sicknesses
But I'm still livin', 'cause now I've got a new mission
It's never to let a rapper get in my auto-immune system

So we seep in your blood quicker than syphilis
In fertility clinics, leavin' a hideous boil dribblin'
I am the sickest citizen leavin' impotent fuckers to think again
Givin' em stinky ends with my written blend

If I fit the description, then there's been a distortion
This isn't just a little itch like when your genitals' scorchin'
It's iller than any medical professional's ever recorded
In their official report, a swarm of epidemic proportion

Now I'm a witch doctor operating with minimum ignorance
Making incisions in your cynicism with my limericks
I fiddle with your spleen like swizzle stick
My verses turn an idiot to a misfit for the frig of it

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