

Procrastinator

I'm a procrastinator, planning to act later
A chronic nap-taker and chronicle narrator
A fact-stator chasing some honest rap pay-dirt
I'm a foundation shaker, a sonic blast maker
Creating a half-acre-wide impact crater
I'm a rhyme saturator, a mad saber-rattler
Afraid of his shadow, a unilateral hate-battler
A snake-handler, an original gate-straddler
Balancing eight platters of words on a straight ladder
Plus, to make matters worse, surrounded by fake flatterers
Any mistakes happen just call me a plate-shatterer
I'm an information-gathering station conductor
Shaken up worse than World Trade Center structures
Reluctant to say that I've just been taken upwards
By alien abductors, my face covered for days
With suction-cup clusters; there ain't enough words
To explain the pain I've suffered; my brain is ruptured
I need to be chained up and fed some plain custard
If that doesn't work, and I remain flustered
And labeled insane, then take me to shock therapy
And tell the doctors there to be careful and not bury me
And when it stops, carry me to the lobotomy chair
And keep me there until I'm cheerful as a cocky parakeet
Polly wanna shot of narcotics for thought-clarity?
My popularity drops – it's probably a conspiracy
Apparently when I talk someone at the top's scared of me
I'm not paranoid; don't offer me charity
I don't want steroids; my body is very weak
I only shave my hairy cheeks once every week
And I can barely speak, my throat is so dry
It's no surprise though; I've been high my whole life
I go try to flow nice at shows and it's no dice
So most nights I ghost-write lyrics to cold light
And grow spiteful of my previous oversights
As greedy as cobras' bites when I hold this mic
Obese, dressed in vertical-striped Obelix tights
Beats like these might backfire like motorbikes
And catch fire, shoulder spikes and fat tires
I'm a bad liar, a critic satisfier
Turning higher learning into passionate desire
So hook this black wire to amplifier
And get blasted by a verbal crack supplier
To the buyer: I never criticize a rap addict's cries
I give 'em safe injection sites to protect their rights

But I'll make 'em sweat tonight, and exercise
To inject some excitement into stressed-out lives
It's like all depression gets left outside
As I bless the mic and leave the rest how it lies

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