Making a Murderer (feat. Styles P)

Black Thought

Outer space the place that I'm parkin' in
My marketin', when you see the sky darkenin'
Rhyme artisan from the crew that's bipartisan
Hi haters a 5th grader you're not smarter than
Alpha & Omega you betas I march harder than
Batteries, y'all ain't included, you're not a part of it
I just took a flight to France to cop cardigans
At Lanvin
I'm that primetime Buju Banton
And I'm just trying to get it on 'til I die
Am I wrong if I'm living like the laws don't apply?
Making music out of nothing, know that boy's bonafide
It's disturbing when a murderer enjoys homicide
Talented Mr. Trotter squad, beyond qualified
Multiplying the dollar sign, the grind is real it's Palestine
My sidekick came from Columbine
That fly shit came from Saint Laurent
Surprise, bitch! I never lived a false moment in time
Riddle me, what kind of omen am I? You know the slogan is right
I said a weapon should be chosen to fire
Only the ghetto Beethoven replied, the ninth wonder maker
Thunder breaker send these toys to the undertaker
My pen smoking like a rude boy from Jamaica
While I'm erasing every fuckboy from the face of the Earth
What's up, boys? It's time for you to get your weight up
Yo, I probably began in the Rift Valley
In places untraceable by Rand McNally
Took a cobblestone trolley through a Mercer Street alley
The more championship rings than John Salley
Biochemically on par with Salvador Dali
I traveled to Tijuana to smack the federali
Who packing avocado toast like Mario Batali
I'm an ocean without a coast, going back to Cali nigga
Name some other body who equally as ill
Frequently I see the drama call me Cecil B. Demille
Not a chink up in the armor though I'm lethally for real
People been telling me recently, "Tariq, you need to chill!"
Well picture that, the diplomat pistol slap aristocrats
Any rapper coming for me, I'mma send a missile back
Not too many legends got a legacy that's this intact
That equipment I'm grippin kept where the ammunition at
Soul Makossa like I'm Manu Dibango

Wild as the Democratic Republic of the Congo
I'm Hunter S. Thompson doing it gonzo
A rapper winds up as a John Doe, I told niggas
Sixty seconds to shine before I fold niggas
I must be out of my mind with it, gold diggers
Here come the general for the quadricentennial
I'm a non-millenial what I rep is the old niggas
Let's meet at the crossroads of torsos
And learn some things only the Lord knows
Break the law, it's the only law now, no one knows
Got pies in the oven but no DiGiornos
We all got fucked but no pornos
We ain't growing corn but got cornrows
We ain't playing greens but we be spending it
Lifespan is short, try extending it
If you ain't into reading, I'm recommending it
I'm reading Carter G. Woodson when I'm in the woods
When the money's cut off, then we barter goods
A lot of niggas is cowards that ran out of fatherhood
Should we kill them or let 'em live?
I don't fuck with no suckers, I never did
Mi amore, if you a Moor
If I ever go to war it's the kids I do it for
I eat emcees they can send me a few of yours
And by a few I mean way more than two
You can times that by twenty and tell 'em to come through
And watch them get beat like African drums do
Also, I probably gave lessons to Sun Tzu
Lyrically I'm Bruce Lee master of Kung Fu
Rhyming with Black Thought assessing the black thought
I told you that I'm conscious but bitch we'll clap off
I'mma be the one that they hold in a rap off
I ain't wrapped too tight, nigga I snap off
Or maybe I snap on
When I go for the rhyme my nigga the latch on
I'm Hannibal on an elephant, animal but elegant
Given you hell heaven sent
Light a joint, I've been places you've never been
If I close my eyes, I could die then get wise
Read my life like a script, I'm getting it revised
Used to keep the beat joint right up in the Levi's
I'm the tenth wonder I told them to ask 9th
I'm the other Black Thought, the last air bender
Avatar ghost, the one who could bend time
The one who could bend rhymes, the one who could bend flows
Repping for all niggas, little nigga you know
We the ones who made making of a murderer
Fuck around and you could be in making of a murderer
Ghost!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/