

Aceyalone, I Think

I think

My name's the reverend deacon minister maximillion speaking to you
About the laws of the land and flaws of man
See the walls can't stand higher than we can put 'em now can they
Anybody need to be saved today
Got a 2 for 1 special w/a shave today
Now how 'bout I wave the tray and I pave the way
To the front of the church I don't really wanna hurt ya

But what I really wanted to say was that uh
There's something special inside of my mental cargo vessel
And it runs on lethal ethyl methane profane
Kinda like a flux capacitor
But it ain't no passengers
It's more like a capsule that snaps so quick
Or the rap's so sick or the absolutely
Put together each and every link and get me cosmically in sync
I think