

Gorillaz, Clint Eastwood (Phi Life Cypher Version)

"Yo. Yo. Yo."

'Cause I'm this,
Gorillaz from the mist lyracist and my thoughts be twisted. I
spit the wickedest rhymes from a time that's never existed. My
futuristic linguistics turn fools into statistics. I'm a
lyrical misfit with the sadistic characteristics. I
perform murderous acts on my tracks with a single breath and if a
boy wanna test, then I be stampin' upon his chest. Done makin' a
mess. Not a man could conceive the weed I'm consumin' and I
transform from my cartoon pseudonym, turn to a human. I
spit words from my mouth that be turnin' you inside out and I
tie knots in intestines just like I'm a boy scout that's workin' 'em
out. Now rearrangin' your whole skeletal structure then I
find some nine inch nails to perform some accupuncture. When I
punch ya, I rupture one of your rib cage in a rage and I
turn you into a cartoon too and erase the page. I
take you back to the stone age with Barney and Fred Flinstone.
Got Dino to take a machinos and then forage in a live home.

I'ma take off like a jet pack with the get back, rather step back. I'ma
make the crowd react and nod they heads until they kneck snap. Life con-
flict rap while riding a skateboard and doin' a tic-tac and
leave your head in a spin like servin' on turn table skid mats. I'm a
concrete lion, big cat. These are real talk, not big-chat. Did ya
get that 'cause I ain't no small timer. I rhyme on big tracks. Now
fell the vise I create. This heavyweight, I'm a rap to detanate and
demonstrate how I generate lyrics that supernaturally levitate to the
top. My lyrics are skeletons. Accelerate and leave you panicin'. Take the
ground from beneath your feet, leave you Skywalker-in' like Anakin. I'm
sharper than the tips of Zulu spears and Olympic javelins. My
style is totally buckwild and most definately happenin'. To your
brains I be tappin' in, to computers I be hackin' in. To
me, I be out of this world like aliens who were time travelin'. I'm
babblin' in the Fists of Fury technique when I speak. Forget
Karate Kid and these wooden blocks, I chop from concrete.
Concrete, concrete, concrete!
Wha-wha-wha-wha-wha-wha!

I've been stoned; ever since the days of creation, I've been red. I'm a
mad dred, causin' so much havoc in Russel's head. My
lyracism is just like an aneurysm inside his brain. He
plays the beat in a trance and he's never feeling no pain. I could
never be a racist because I posess so many faces. I'm
one of those beat-up bad wit' bags and a pair of braces with
lines longer than laces. I'm gracin' you with my presence. The
lyrics went flippin', makin' ya bubble like effervescence. I
pulverize and bamboozle, shake numb skulls like a boodle. I
smashed the top of your head with a guitar I borrowed from Noodle. I'm as
animated as Japanese animes causin' calamities. Some
serious savory from my roarious rhymes of reality. At the
speed of sound, I'm wanderin' around. The clown done tried to defeat us without
tenacities or audacity. Don't you ever thought you could beat us.
Beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,
beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us,
beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us, beat us...