

# 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 concieve 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 Skywalk-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 possess 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' callamities. 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...