

Tobymac, III-M-I

III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I and you
Illuminati comin' thru
III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I, III-M-I and you
Illuminati comin' thru

Flow like the Cassius, swing like the Clay
One day, I'm'a make the whole world pay
With k.o.'s and okay we bash clots-n-dot-dash
You got that right, I'm'a rock the Morse code tonight
Transmit 'n throwin' fits 'n paparazzi like zits
Get flipped out and squeezed fresh like juicy sun kissed
And if I miss with my missles you're still gonna sizzle
'Cause I frizzle fry radiation style worldwide

You got your pipeline clogged man get that puppy routed
You got the style down and since you don't know about it
Who's the loser (I am) because we come in numb love
And choicer and did I mention looser (no you didn't)
Then I do sir, producer, hit me with the juice
Much obliged got the head of a moose
So mount me on the wall of your livin' room
Sure to bring the boom
Speakin' like a zoom deep into your tomb

And if you feel the vibe glide true it's on you
And if you need to drive right through it's on you
And if your screamin' "moi non plus" it's like
What you tryin' to do when you can't fade the true one

Eruption type volcanics I got the vocal spurtmatic
Suction cup hands upside the slammin' daily planet
I do windows (on school days) spill Jim Jones (type kool-aid)
All these primrose (style bouquets) I clip those (for doomsday)
Got succulent flavor, the uprisen Savior
Manifestin' thru these mics, blastin' out your graveyard
Savor every bite that TOBYMAC gave ya
Turn and tell your neighbor this ball-o-dirt is goin' into labor