

Cluckin sad raps for your new tissue (Dedicated to **The Grouch & PSC**)

Cluckin my saddest raps for a new tissue.
Taking it down to the essence of a few.
Feel the wipe out through the pipe. How we mix it huge.
Essentially taking a hit from these harmful means. Not too important issue?

First appeared as a sad Tommy gun from the Who.
Short cut on the stepping stone. „Never look back“, nobody is gonna miss you.
That is for real like who last called you my nizzle?
A roll call for all my homies. Memories run up like a loose pistol.

Pete originated in Salt Lake City.
In front of the tabernacle. I cross over behind my back.
Is what you think you see because i'm always looking for some one else to drag, quite sleazy.
Now Mormons turn on me like they went to Dover and i was their ferry man cause the weather has no mercy.

Jerry Sloan was in the Playoffs since i was born, he told me not to be greedy or stick to the frown.
Teaching me that Jazz beats the Heat. Before balling i smash pentatonics on the electone
so lazy lay ups swishin' easy. I move frequently, hang time is my new home.
Important issues stick to your ego like these cheesy chips.

that reps to nitty-gritties. It's your substitute for beedies.
Cluckin sad raps for poor people in the train they watch and listen
like i did a very sexy verbal striptease while front row claiming themselves outside this povering rain.
See these? No Vaseline.. No Grease.. „

I dont beg for the money nor the girlfriend in your mension. My rap is a metaphor for your need to pay attention.
Originated in the membrane's tissue of your brain. Some mention the fact that
we gon' have more when it gains into the same. A flying pidgeon.
Rapping in schemes, A to the B. I'm getting richer when it rains is my relegion.

Laughing in sad peoples faces makes them switch in one of other lanes.
After quitting the train passengers dont mind leaving hidden mental stains.
Poorer people leak even more blood
when wathcing through the window after i violated in the vehicle.

Just passing by. Bloody messages speak to you.
Your donation was passed to the mobile blood bank of the rollin' robbin' yo hood crew.
Currency is weak, less flow in your vanes
is taking away everything. It even lames your time to speak to

us. When handing out what we want from you.
All you feel is suggestion and this is how we do. We got that access. „Thanks“
You were grounded on my hexagon , then falling apart from the hypnosis.
You call my rap a lie? God damn, victim of the gnosis.

Got pulled into the lime light, your not that shy. Green power is coming stronger.
Money runs some „Forces of Nature“, we are forcing one of them to fligh into the hunger.
You don't care why parts of your thinking are suicidal self-muted.
Then your inner voice is totally prepared to die is what i call beeing truly rooted.

Feeling it? Mixing up me, my self and i. You think i battle-rap?
I counciously rap in peace. So in the first case you got battled from above the sky.
Clucking even everything for your luck, it's our stupid emotional hand cuf.
Weakening fears are good things to come. I'm sweeping tears from your red eyes like a double drough.

Sad raps are ment to cheer up sad men. Hello Barney, my name is Duff.
You get naturally high because i never get too rough.
Mad men wearing make up on the track, i cause and effect it.
Watch me help to dry while i drain. Please, enough of that!! And then you instantly neglect it.

One major antonym of „my rap“ is „constructed“.
I don't mind what i say. Madlib on the MPC when he struck it.
Therefor my thoughts aren't free because they were conducted.
All i feel is the beat, logic took over and at the same time i mocked it.