

THE(E)— Sex, Ganja, and Metaphysics
(A Rap)

It's been war for centuries
Cuz no one listened to Nietzsche
Lettin' reality get all sketchy
Y'all misread the Bible
So you're definitely in trouble
But I been Boss Resistance
For more than a little while
Like Neo in the Matrix
Red pill poppin' style
I blasted the ego Mr. Gold
Point blank through the dome
So if this seems absurd
Then you oughta be concerned
I was born May 7 in the year of 88
But never was tied to that singular fate
Cuz this is string theory
I'm in eleven dimensions clearly
Freely fightin' alongside Peleus' son
Thugga like oopin' Bron
Then I was Myrmidon with a fancy fountain pen
Downin' beers with the one and only Billy Shakespeare
You can call me the Buddha
Cuz I rebirthed to Juda
Where my Tribe's haze
Is like the county, so much greenah!
These rhymes are showin' signs
That I'ma go Dark Side
When I return as a Jedi
Cuz my words slice cleaner
Than Maul's double-bladed saber
Recognize that all time

Can fit onto a single dime
I'm releasing unprecedented
Truthful energy as my
Genius mc²s to hot white E
I put on for histories
Not individual cities
The middle linebacker for verity
Tryin' to prove absolutely
That everybody is every-body
You could unplug me like MTV
Stripped down, still sicker than anybody
Cuz I don't speak soft
But my stick so big
Fill you up just right
We in for a long night
Be rollin' around like dice
And after round three
Third time Hunny screamin' Yahtzee!!
Then collapse together
And begin to simultaneously dream
The reverie got the King and Queen
Seein' two little tikes
Continuin' the royal family tree
Youngn forever like Jay and B
We wake to realized fantasy
Cuz all dreams are are just
Parallel realities.