

# The Mayor

## Hieroglyphics

I'm a hard line flow pressure, professor  
I ain't in it for the fame but I wanna live forever  
I'm so mega with the mo' better  
Capital letter, if you don't get it  
Go get a Rosetta Stone  
Either way you translate it  
You better just let it be known that daddy's home  
I'm taking off my belt  
I was staring in the eyes of my enemy and saw myself  
Then the law got dealt  
To the peasants in my presence  
I'm the best in it even if I didn't have a bread cent  
The resident resident Buddha blessed in it  
Represented if not a record then by a record spinning  
Comes well recommended  
You gon' see me test my limit before my second wind hit  
Pancake batter, grey matter, grab a dame by her mane  
Have her love the way I came at her  
When we step into your city  
Keep it grimy and gritty, the Hiero committee  
Run shit like the mayor  
Party over here, what? Y'all over there  
When we stomp into your area  
Everywhere you are  
No one can better, nah  
We run shit like the governor  
But we gon' let it do what it did, what it does, huh  
We run shit like the mayor  
No matter the subject matter  
The rigors with which I subject matter  
With my inter-dimensional spits unparalleled  
Did you all mitt, the progenitor click  
Invented the shit in your well-spun fairy tale  
Why give specks respects due  
The truth will protect you  
When next to you'll see growths essential  
Measurement ain't even relevant or evident  
In the shadow of a mountain  
Shouting how big your pebbles is  
Well rocko I'm such a generous gentleman  
Who when times is reticent to denigrate degenerates  
It's mean, I'd rather disseminate the medicine

I mean all smart soldiers imitate the veterans  
Congressional medalists from umpteen tours  
Really here for one thing: your progression and betterment  
Shoop heard veterans bailing in the desert winds  
Spreading this gospel to any hostile settlement I'm one of them dudes  
You won't catch me hanging out with none of them dudes  
None of them fools, 'less I'm trying to run up bamboos  
For a hundred grand  
The shoes, the tie, the hat, the crew's dip  
Plus the new shit that would arrive and tighten up loose lips  
Blue ships, the top pick  
The crew sick, and you pick the topic  
The crew spit hot shit  
Subdue the subconscious cause I'm just lyrically obnoxious but conscious  
You niggas better feel me or chill, B  
Don't ice grill me just blow nice  
But really, I only smoke spliffs  
Kush like Nubia  
Kushite to harm your king  
The swing's off ya, steel shine  
No prime flow when it's time for the rhyme flow

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>