

Exhibit C

Jay Electronica

It's coming
Ladies and gentlemen, this time around the revolution will not be televised
As we proceed, to give you what you need
'09 muthafucka, get live muthafucka
Ladies and gentlemen of the court
In the hearing against The State of Hip-Hop Vs. Jay Electronica
I present: Exhibit C
When I was sleepin' on the train, sleepin' on Meserole
Ave out in the rain without even a single slice of pizza to my name
Too proud to beg for change, mastering the pain
When New York niggas was calling southern rappers lame
But then jacking our slang
I used to get dizzy spells, and hear a little ring
The voice of an angel telling me my name
Telling me that one day I'mma be a great mane
Transforming with the Megatron Don spittin' out flames
Eatin' wack rappers alive, shittin' out chains
I ain't believe it then; nigga, I was homeless
Fightin', shootin' dice, smokin' weed on the corners
Tryna find the meaning of life in a corona
Till the 5 percenters rolled up on a nigga and informed him:
"You either build or destroy. Where you come from?"
- "The Magnolia projects in the 3rd ward slum"
"Hmmm... its quite amazing that you rhyme how you do
And that you shine like you grew up in a shrine in Peru."
Question fourteen, Muslim Lesson two: dip diver, civilize a 85er
I make the devil hit his knees and say the "Our Father"
Abracadabra! - You rockin with the true and living
Shout out to Lights Out, Joseph I, Chewy Bivens
Shout out to Baltimore, Baton Rouge, my crew in Richmond
While y'all debated who the truth was like Jews and Christians
I was on Cecil B, Broad Street, Master, North Philly, South Philly, 23rd
Tasker, Six Mile, Seven Mile, Hartwell, Gratiot
Where niggas really would pack a U-haul truck up
Put the high beams on
Drive up on the curb at a barbecue and hop out the back like "what's up?!"
Kill a nigga, rob a nigga, take a nigga, bust up
That's why when you talk the tough talk I never feel ya
You sound real good and you play the part well
But the energy you givin' off is so unfamiliar;
I don't feel ya
We need somethin' realer!
Nas hit me up on the phone, said "What you waitin' on?"
Tip hit me up with a tweet, said "What you waitin' on?"

Diddy send a text every hour on the dot sayin':
"When you gon drop that verse nigga you taking long"
So now I'm back spittin' that "he could pass a polygraph"
That Reverend Run rockin' Adidas out on Hollis Ave
That FOI, Marcus Garvey, Niki Tesla
I shock you like an eel, electric feel, Jay ElectraOh my God!
Keep going!
They call me Jay Electronica - fuck that
Call me Jay ElecHanukkah, Jay ElecYarmulke
Jay ElectRamadaan, Muhammad A'salaamaleikum
RasoulAllah Subhanahu wa ta'ala through your monitor
My Uzi still weighs a ton; check the barometer
I'm hotter than the muthafuckin' sun; check the thermometer
I'm bringing ancient mathematics back to modern man
My momma told me "never throw the stone and hide your hand"
I got a lot of family, you got a lot of fans
That's why the people got my back like the Verizon man
I play the back and fade to black and then devise a plan
Out in London, smoking, vibin' while I ride the tram
Givin' out that raw food to lions disguised as lambs
And, by the time they get they seats hot
And deploy all they henchmen to come at me from the treetops
I'm chillin' out at Tweetstock, building by the millions
My light is brilliantI rest my case
'09, Act 3
First chapter of the end
The last chapter of a new beginning
If it's so? The things we doin' we not even tryin'
We better than a lot of y'all records, do you, man
More than after, world premier;
Me?
For real though -
I ain't even gonna say nothing
Matter of fact, I don't even why I'm saying this
Jay you should get Puff to do this over
We movin' out, onto the next record
And um, I'mma let this just ride, ride ride ride haha

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