

[Starting verse, reverse]

SEI, I SEE with my EI Es some real SLI LIEs  
You don't need a telescope you just need an eye (Ni)  
But you'll need more than just an eye to travel to the future  
As someone with two eyes, an intuitive introvert is your tutor

To behold the 9th IME stronger than any Se user  
Truer than any Ti, realer than any Ne user  
Cus the only real users are those of LSD and ecstasy  
Who made this word salad and unnecessary complexity

[chorus, reverse]

Typology is a scam, it's free range for all the grifters  
Reducing humanity to just mere numbers and letters  
Draining your livings away until you become a debtor  
Just to get typed SLE and win an online dick measure

[verse 1, lil juggernaut]

Your life's a novelty, you glorified astrologists  
Mocking psychology like it's something you guys can't resist  
Can't be this literate, your logic's based on faulty premise  
All your responses makes me believe you're mentally challenged  
Contract amoeba, but that poor fella will die of hunger  
I hope a nuclear bomb gets you like a bucket of water  
You should fall off like the painting of Dorothy Hale  
Or grab a razorblade, slice your wrist in vertical scale

[verse 2, reverse]

Open up PDB, got young and old, all over the world.  
Writing essays typing politicians or their favorite anime girl.  
Social 5 for Elon Musk, self pres 2 for that one yandere.  
Hey why don't you self pres yourself by finally doing some laun-dere.

"Choleric-Phlegmatic sp8"? Stop LARPing you fucking moron.  
Head in the clouds yet so deep underground, wow what an oxymoron.  
You're so melancholic you're literally buried under the earth.  
In your mom's basement cus Naranjo is right, you have no worth.

And psychosophy correlations are just as fucking stupid  
NFs being 3V, STs being 1V or 2V  
You simp for the latter, pretend they're all elevated  
call this a "no-bitches maker" like you're mentally castrated

[chorus, reverse]

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[verse 3, lil juggernaut]

Of all types of conversations  
Typology is the lowest form  
Mental masturbation, man your intellect means nothing more  
I'm Se ego, I'm kicking, hitting, and spitting bars  
These PDBtards, they are at it like it's an addict's arm  
Pass me the tonic, don't school me on socionics  
You losers are E4, always whiny, so cry about it  
Itching like a fiend, hygiene's not for typologists  
Used to the routine 'cuz their hobby's so repetitive  
Monkey SEE, monkey do, like good correlationists  
Glued to the screen, you E5s love to live in it  
Your eye vision's as symbolic as your future  
Ni gotta dip, 'cuz I don't stick with Ne losers

You do it for the money, but the job you got's pathetic  
The only thing we should know is that you're Naranjo's fanatic

[verse 4, reverse]

Think 2s are incompatible? Don't make the same mistake again  
You talk about dating 5s and 7s only cus you'll never date a 10  
Huge ego but micro dong, oh what a phenomenon.  
You're really such an anomaly, call you quadra epsilon.

Correlationists on PDB you need to fucking realize  
That obsessing over these "correlates" to having no life.  
And having no life correlates to being a fucking loser, how ironic  
Hence all you typologists are fucking losers under your logic

You're so far down the rabbit hole you're beyond any attempt to save  
If Jung saw how his typology was bastardized he would be rolling in  
his grave

You might as well crawl next to him, find his body, since you've  
already dug down so far  
And his reanimation will "disintegrate" you into pieces before we're  
even done with this bar

[chorus, reverse]

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