|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy*  *There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti, he's nervous,*  *but on the surface he looks calm and ready to drop bombs,*  *But he keeps on forgetting what he wrote down,*  *The whole crowd goes so loud He opens his mouth,*  *but the words won't come out He's choking how,*  *everybody's joking now The clock's run out,*  *time's up, over, bloah!*  *Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity*  *Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked He's so mad,*  *but he won't give up that Easy, no He won't have it,*  *he knows his whole back's to these ropes It don't matter, he's dope*  *He knows that but he's broke He's so stagnant, he knows*  *When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's*  *Back to the lab again, yo This whole rhapsody*  *He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him* | *If I was frozen inside of a moment*  *If I could capture time inside a capsule*  *An hourglass full of sand in the palm of my hand, it passes through it*  *If I can grasp it, and just control what happens to it*  *Then I can trap it, so no more time elapses through it*  *If raps could do it, maybe I could tap into it*  *Then I could try to channel it through Cadillacs and Buicks*  *To transmit through 'em, to make you put your ass into it*  *And that's when you hit the roof because you can't sit through it*  *Your passions too much for you to not be dancing to it*  *And as you do it, your movements become fast and fluent*  *You're mashin' to it, moshing until you're black and bluish*  *You're acting foolish, this music it has influenced you*  *to be rowdy but in an orderly fashion*  *True it's chaotic, but it's got your body moving as a unit*  *Uniting together tonight, so make it last and you better just* |