I’ll Keep It Exclusive – by Agent Psyte / C. Shelton

If you don’t bother to grasp, connect, I resurrect, breathing in the dirt, digging where it hurts

Family fall in, dissected, illness befallen, but I’m all in or get out, I try not to shout

I’m all about getting it off my chest, rock it the best, 110%

I always shoot first, ask questions last, it’s all with the past, I’ve brought just the meat of the issue back

No more fat, I’m solo, the one and only Agent (emcee) Psyte

How many years have I waited for a sign, constructed a design, had opened arms up in mind?

Put my nose down to the stone to grind, rapped rebellious, released and retried?

I guess I had to die, to awaken really fresh, memory intact, I’ll do my best

I know my past and there’s still no regrets, I’m just gonna stay exclusive

I’ll keep my style intrusive, and do what I want – you call me the robber the lyrical chopper

Whatever son.

CHORUS: Exclusive, that’s how I do it, you gotta wait in line if you wanna spit to it, that’s how I do it, exclusive, it’s Agent Psyte (from the Temple of Sonic Light) (END CH)

I’m ultra-authoritarian, I run a dictatorship, stand tall or you bound to slip

Now fuck it, not many emcees are real soldiers, not many can handle it (I told ya!)(We bust)

And follow orders around here, focus the mind to achieve a greater communication, hence

A greater mass appeal, rock every show with mad zeal

And like you’d demand from the audience, when you bust, it’s a relationship of trust

That’s lost with us, got no more crew, one eMCee is not too few, just look what I can do!

I built the ship, paid the costs, command the crew, pick the missions and the weapons to use –

It’s project X, reflex, whose subjects? Corporate consumers and baby boomers? Nah!

Weak emcees? Nah! Rappers meet your doom, here’s what we do, we keep it the way I want

From me to you, look at my eyes of blue, you see the wisdom and the truth, yeah, eyes will tell…

Whose, here to stay, and who’s, here to play. (modified CHORUS to END)