

# Heart

## Atmosphere

(You see, what you mistake for madness is just over acuteness of the senses. Now what came to my ears, a low dull sound such as a watch makes when wrapped in cotton. I knew that sound too, it was the beating of the old man's heart.)

(Man I'm tellin you, some mother fuckers just have no kind of heart man. Serious man mother fuckers man, these mother fuckers have no self respect and shit man, wanna pay no dues but wanna drop like a fucking LP tomorrow. And then to top it off these mother fuckers, they don't have no heart into their music you know what I mean? Like fuck sound like girls and shit.)

(6x)

If you respect yourself

Do you?

Now it started off rather basic

Just some small scale dabbling confined to the basement

Never knew I'd grow into this full time user

Never figured that I was a winner or a loser

Only did the due to have fun

And only got with the crew because it seemed natural to have one

Captured the life in the form of a gripper around the mic

Hold it right, like a love, hold it tight the plight

Fortifies my existence

Reinforces my position

In this course that I'm stickin to my path

Now I can see it all laid out in my past

While trying to catch what's it's about

And my last breath pulled the toxins in

And I bet debt's about to box me in

But before this bitch comes to get some

I'ma do my job on this M.I.C. and feed you a thick one.

(3x)

You can have all the heart in the world

Doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya

I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

Let her, piss rapper step ta

this cap to get up off your head kid

I'll bitch smack you, have this?

Now, I'm about to put a Slug in show business

And if everything goes right I'm leaving no witness

I hold this inside the chest so big it hardly fits

It trips between the truth and the party shits

Quick, to lace a track with substance

All the young guns that's really listening at the functions

See, you can love it or leave it,

Fuck it or keep it,

Either way I'll be here

Trudging through the deep shit

I've done well over one-hundred cuts

And gotten the feed back of love

From some of the ones I've touched and thus

I'm not quitin, never stop rippin,

You gatta be kiddin,

Shit we's on a mission,  
Is it possible, the mics got my soul?  
I'll make em all say hoe  
And Rhymesayers rock show, let em know  
That it's more than a career goal,  
Cut that zero and let the hero in your ear hole, yo.

(3x)

You can have all the heart in the world  
Doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya  
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

Let her, piss rapper step ta  
this cap to get up off your head kid  
I'll bitch smack you, half these MCs

Please, excuse the Q's and P's  
But I grew up on the B.D.P.E.P.M.D. Run DMC's  
I don't believe you should hold the mic,  
And I rolled up with a bus full of friends that think alike,  
I'm havin a hard time trying to keep it simple,  
Just for the fuckers that don't seem to read between the ripples  
It's all nipples and clits in this rap shit,  
Catch you lickin if you lay back passive bastard,  
It's like that ya'll, it's like that ya'll  
Art imitates life and most of it is whack ya'll,  
You gotta learn how to read the info the individual provides,  
They probably won't dig me till I've died.

Die (6x)

Dead

Hehehe