

The Outernet

Atmosphere

For starters, I contemplated on where to split you
Marked a spot with a dotted line, then ripped you
Used careful procedure, if you listen closely
you can hear the ghostly moans of phobes bleeding through the speakers
The voices of various toys who ate the poison
Fucking up the solo juts and the ones that snuck their boys in
Like a free-for-all buffet when my team cultivates a crowd of loose heads
and boosted heads get called and all of them fall this way
Used to be on a mission to destroying emcees' existence
Now I'm tryna build so we can make this shit efficient
Strength is in the mind and strength is in the numbers
Too much sleep, then you slumber so we linked the bees and stung you
I brung you three times as much as your fucking idols brought to you
But since you know me locally, you dismissed me as an obstacle
Fuck it, Rhymesayers already got the twin cities locked
Support's overwhelming, ain't no need for you to give me props

It's time to reach out, grab the nation and the earth
Let's see where your hearts at, let's put the outernet to work

I spent my whole life working to get to the point that I'm at
So now I spend my time tryna reach my destination
I'll be at the end waiting with my crew for the rest of you
to arrive to shed the destitute mind state supplied by life

He said what? He's telling all of his boys that I can't rhyme
Then I guess the shit's a success if I'm even on his mind
He's doing what? Recording a project? Good, he should be
I'm not impressed, it's obvious y'all never understood me
I dwell in a land of ten thousand Hip Hop fans
And every fan thinks he's an emcee, heads are heavy but they're empty
I dwell in a land of twenty thousand emcees
But only half of them are head influenced, tense confusion stems
Damn, no need to worry about what the next man's doing
That's what keeps you from perceiving what I'm pursuing
Here's a clue and kill your demo, I'm tryna make history
on a bus full of empty seats, now who wants to sit with me?
In case you're unaware, we've been doing this forever
and ain't damn thing changed, financial status nor the weather
However, lack of cash reinforces passion
Fuck the rapping, man if I was wack, I'd promote "The Happenings"

The difference between the average head and an emcee is effort
Pick a side, either side, let's begin the network

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As an emcee, I run rhymes to distribute the fun times
As a lyricist, I promise to heat up your brain like sunshine
As an emcee, my goal is to make the whole show dope
As a lyricist, I wanna spit that shit that you can quote
As an emcee, I provoke my producer to stroke your spirit
So as a lyricist, I can't be choking on my lyrics
As an emcee, I know the key is originality

And as a lyricist, I command other emcees to respect me
That's it, respect, that's all, in fact the same respect
that I offer to you and your crew after y'all rip the set
I'm just a man, but I roll with others and we've got this plan
to let the voice expand across the tortured land
Education starts at home, six-one-two
From there we roam through headphones coming soon to your war zone
The aftermath, I'll have to plant some gems into your passive ass
Amped to cut trees and branches so ya'll would have a path
The more you feed it, the more it needs to consume
If you're coming through the region, hit me up, we'll rock a room
Let's network, let's work, let's all get work
So we can build the overall network

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