

# Always Shine

Robert Gasper

Your inner heart, your inner my mind  
You're the star that will always shine  
Forever you'll be with me

Uh, it go like  
You ever see the inner depths of a man's soul?  
Or ninja turtles pouring out of manholes?  
This is balance  
Between a comic and a conscious, that's the challenge  
Between the solitary and the conference that I examines  
That I imagine was a figure  
Would be the start of world peace and the transformation of niggas  
Like the transubstantiation of liquor  
But that's just turnin' them into blood  
And we'll be right back where we was  
Not a peace-sign, but a fascination with scissors  
So I can cut  
Myself off from the calculations of empress, empires, and the sinners  
For advancement of human suffering  
And other things trying to impede my publishing and editorials  
That's gon' bring it back to us again  
A boomerang minus Halle Barry and Eddie and everybody fucking and huh'

Shotgun  
Even though independent cars ain't got one  
I got some and more to spare  
No more despair  
My motor-ware don't match my motivate to mate  
Also I drive to stay alive and ride this over there  
My momma so mad, so no alcohol in here  
I'm Aries Spears on my Jay-Z shit  
Affion on the Drake skit  
Now how many more can I make with just one voice  
They might call it fake shit  
This some deep shit  
It's my me impersonatin' we shit  
Vicariously in every rap I speak with  
I hope you're speakin' for me, if I'm ever speechless  
Cause I'mma be you  
Even though you're not here to be with  
I hope I see these gangsters actin' like teachers  
Wake up out they sleep, dare to dream  
In a world so Martin Luther King-less

And to my hero Heron, Gil Scott  
In a discourse with Baldwin  
On a jet plane with no fear for fallin'  
But wishin' it never lands  
Reminiscent of the dream time  
Presently en route to the rise of the machine time  
Magazine times  
With coffee more sugar and milk than coffee  
Aborted rhymes, rotten beats, and failed hooks  
Roads as bumpy as braille books  
Fail cools, bad French, and mad push at the door  
Gourmet food at the starving soiree  
A choice of one easy woman at a time

I'll take three the hard way  
Trying to be as abstract as possible  
And vulgar, the more shocking the more profitable  
A baby fed molten gold  
And sat upon a pedestal promote getting called 24 carot souls  
How to describe this  
Insightful remarks such as the best thing I've ever heard is silence  
Some more technically impressive  
In a faux Spanish romantic hues of a Marxist dialectic  
Pleasing to the critics, but pointless is the common passerby  
Might as well not even exist, not even a bit  
In the event of my demise give everything I prize to the poor  
And to the oppressors, I leave a war  
And so on and so forth