Nigga, you betta drink half a gallon of shaolin Before you pluck the strings of my violin My life is orchestrated Like london symphony, concentrated Niggas waited and waited I'm birthday wishes belated Blow out the candles I wait in the darkness, like a vandal The silhouette of set in the mirror on the mantle Fire place is in the heart Water places the art 'Round the islands of desiring wheremost primitives stalk Sacrificing their daughters But these primordial waters Carry a feminine agenda that no man ever taught us True, they captured and caught us Transported, sold us, and bought us Constituted and lawed us Distorted truths that they taught us We rebelled, then they fought us We conformed, then they formed us Now your niggas rhyme about material possessions My Adidas are three years old, like my daughter Niggas rhyme 'bout alizé and need to rhyme about water But out of chaos comes order Fake niggas run for the border Lalalala Lalalala

Lalalala Lalalala

In a past life I was a woodcarver's knife The sharpened blade of a woodcutter The eldest son of the chief's brother: A maker of drums We scraped the insides of goat hides To seek the hollows where sound resides Offering the parts we did not use To invoke the muse Music of the ghettos, the cosmos The negroes, the necros: Overcomers of death, disciples of breath Dissection of drumbeats like Osiris by Seth Breakbeats into fourteen pieces Dissembled chaos, organized noise A patchwork of heartbeats to resurrect true b-boys Be men Let's mend the broken heart of Isis Age of Aquarius, mother nature is furious While you rhyme about being hardcore

Be heartcore
What is it that we do art for?
Metaphor, meta sin
It's an age of healing
Why not rhyme about what you're feeling?
Or not be felt
Deal with the cards you're dealt
Calling all tarot readers and sparrow feeders (Lalalala)
To cancel the apocalypse
Metaphorically speaking (Lalalala)
Metaphorically speaking