Long-A-Growing

Steeleye Span

Every little step we take breaks the dreams Of a warm pig itching to re-stitch the seams Every little step we take breaks the dreams Of a warm pig itching to re-stitch the seams Every little step we take breaks the dreams Of a warm pig itching to re-stitch the seams Namsayin', when I walk, I wanna break concrete

Ox'll spit some shit that'll reflect off the mirror My light beams are mad bright, they stay clever Yo challenge an Ox member, get a vow severed Found your body in the desert (Scavenger's dessert)

Yeah, yea, I rap tight like Saran Plus enter battles talkin' shit like, "Look mom, no hands" I'm tired of cats tryin' to sum me You can't add that far yet, that counting is far fetched

I treat MC like canines Throwin' words at they face To see if they bite when they catch

I told you my poetry sponsors Gillette Now you standing there Wit' razors in your head like baretts

Man, if the mic had ass cheeks The sticker in my hand would say priority seating And man, I dunno if it was me or you But your girl was on my dick like she was teethen

You play the role, I'll play the poppy seed on top of you The godspeed is actual, that doesn't mean I act usual One of the first MC's to give the crowd full attention 'Cuz you need love and affection

If we could absorb every star in the sky We noticed some shine brighter than others You wonder why

It's the simple things in life That turn the peasants into leaders And we know the differences Between the walkers and the sleepers

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I boogie with picket-a-vision, carbon based stickler City piss aroma, therapy coma, clone sitter Itching to pigeon hole villain soul magnet Feelings activate

Passionate the germ and the book met the worm I hold a book of matches captive to flashin' For some need flatline

Be a thick fatigue episode, brewed in batches Flirted curse at perked nurse, broken skeleton patches One muddy veteran collapsed The untapped resource center

Housing style pageants My little limbs lassoed catered to wings While mankind's babysteps break dirt and demon I know a crossbreed strung well in the key of Mass times weight times tame semantics

Encompassing that which splits lips But never supply and demand it To hell wit plastic, ooh yeah it's splendid Tap it on the shoulder, grab it, tag it, apprehend it

Lend it to the devil of a friend it Wrench it back, mend it again It still never renders suspended But finicky picket fences

Now every toy dreams to manufacture hearts Start with the diving parts and the blueprints You follow the precedence set by war pigs Of a yester year, let the tears pray

Skip a stone over the reservoir To shake the whole sharade Hmm gun play the Tumors platoon, I couldn't see

I fell asleep holding an Appleseed Woke up holding a tree The only bridge I ever burned Along this legacy at dance Was the one that linked The cities of Prosperity and Chance

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