

# Blackalicious, Swan Lake

[Verse One: Gift of Gab]

Sittin on top of the bay, watchin the tide  
It's time to break the tension away, come take a ride  
As you enter the dimension of the crew SoleSides  
It ain't nuttin goin on but a party  
Now brothers wanna flex but I'm over they heads  
I got the funky type of style to rip your vocals to shreds  
I'm never runnin from the Feds wearin red Pro Keds  
Cause -- I ain't did nuttin to no-BODY!  
I dedicate that line to Shack from South Central  
Not sayin I'm the baddest but I know I got potential  
For every black man hung lyrically I lynch you  
Your style is kinda dry hope my melody can quench you  
My soul is one with all although my ego is against you  
See rap is a raw meat, so now I got to mince you  
I'm playin rappers out like an old pair of gym shoes  
I can do anything, I can do anything  
Crusin down the street in my six-four Impala  
Is what I'd like to be doin if only I had the dollars  
A baller ain't a baller if he ain't got balls  
A scholar ain't a scholar if he ain't got scho-lastic  
Education, and if not that, then learn from life  
Beyond all of the material crap  
A human ain't a human if he doesn't make mistakes  
And the name of this song is Swan Lake

[Verse Two:]

A planet ain't a planet if it don't have wars  
A battle ain't a battle if you don't catch scars  
A mind that ain't inquisitive really doesn't got  
Shit to live for if you can't explore the  
Realms of thought you ought not test lest  
You be chomped up, like a pop rock, stopped for a  
Bead from the weed lady, thought it was the bomb  
Really wasn't nuttin but a bag of strong palms  
Lost twenty dollars, didn't get high  
Maybe next time I use my finances right  
Live another day, learn another lesson  
Ain't no need to get my mental status cold stressin  
That it's so ill that it's fo'-real that it's  
No skill displayed, de shades gone now  
So it's time to build my own umbrella  
Tell it tell her hella mellow fellows loungin  
Better bread I never fled a header of the sounds and  
All I wanna do is run my own universe  
Grab the mic and let my spirit just FLOCK when I croon a verse  
Mind over matter, spirit over mind  
A doobie and a skin funky breakbeats and rhymes  
A true blue homey to the end reminiscin with your  
Sister in the living room gin  
A life with a plan nine acres on a land  
Building self by yourself helpin out a fellow man  
Prepare for the essence when your inner soul's free  
Before the departure plantin of the right seed  
I think what everybody's strivin for is peace of mind  
I'm thinkin the world is full of inner places that are out there to find  
Manipulated minds need to make an escape  
And the name of this song is Swan Lake  
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