

# Braintax, Escuchame

(Chorus)  
Escuchame...

It's like a long walk to China trying to reach these heads  
See, the world around your body makes your brain stay dead  
Stand around in thick traffic just inhaling some lead  
I'm in the phone box breathing off some stranger's breath  
No change left, I fed my last gold Queen's head  
"Busy now" is all the message said, let me leave you  
Let your brain cook, mobile you're agile  
Still hearing cancer rays until you're off-the-hook  
My mindset stays steady, taking shelter in a hut  
On a mountainside, ready for the wind and the ruck  
I see a storm blow past with economic avalanche  
Because the rich, fat nations try to cling to every branch  
Me, I'm playing mind chess then Monopoly with stress  
Flipping cards by the log fire with thoughts of death  
Got a year's supply of Bics, hiding out in Deep Six  
I'll emerge in twenty years when there's no cash left  
But for now I'm back to basics, spilling out raps  
Freestyling in the snow while I'm laying squirrel traps  
It's survival; really none of us can pull it off  
Just filling up the silence with my fresh air cough  
See, I got theory off but now I'm losing my mind  
The poisons in my blood are trying to make it to the outside  
Outside money and cars and more waste, detox  
I'm displaced, fighting craving for that city taste

(Chorus)  
Escuchame... "Survival got me bugging" Inspectah Deck (x4)

And like I said I'm all in it like on live through life  
Paranoia strikes, creeping out the forest at night  
I like to sit back holed up, sharpen my knife  
Learning all about myself but I'm missing the hype  
It's survival; the helicopter left me with a rifle  
But it rusted up so I'm onto snow and berry trifles  
I sing aloud in my hideout cause no one can hear me  
And nature's looking bigger and it doesn't fear me  
Or any of my city ways, haven't said a word for one month  
Hear my snow boots crunch through the wasteland  
This could be a parallel to cityscapes  
Where tree towers overpower and isolate many souls  
Nature's like a friend until she turns cold  
Those icy looks are icebergs on my tent pole  
The IMAX is now live from the arctic  
You can call me Braintax, now my verbal film's starting:  
Reindeer, a target on the hill by the tree line  
I move quick, this reminds me of the free line  
Live simple, hunt-and-gather rules still apply  
But we never turn to greed and death's a catalyst to life  
CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

"Survival got me bugging" Inspectah Deck

(Chorus)  
Escuchame...

"Survival got me bugging" Inspectah Deck (x4)

Escuchame... (x5)