

Eligh, Thought Process

(Eligh)

Process of thought comes heavily to minds
That rotate in a fashion like machinery
We're finding all the questions and mishaps that pop up on a daily
Asking questions of my limelight
"Please God, don't fail me"
As I wander through the hallways of memories and equations, centuries with patience
Glide into the black holes and side up with silence
Vocal in this music; made a promise to speak to the loved ones I keep
With twenty million thoughts runnin' my dome like a track meet
Cancelin' each other out, hackin' till I can't sleep
Ponderin' the days where I coulda took other roads
Thinkin' of "whats," "ifs," and "whys," from "goodbyes,"
Just a mellow man ace breakin' the mold of a human
Lookin' to be bold and thoughtful
To the thoughts that take stands in my process at hand
The process at hand, all the thoughts of a man...just the thoughts of a man

(Murs)

What if my fans don't even really think I'm that tight?
And they don't boo me off a stage cause they tryin to be polite?
What if I could fuck every girl I've ever fucked twice
Would that one-night stand scar the rest of my life? It just might
That's why I'm tweekin' every weekend
Sittin' back and deep thinkin', sinkin' deeper in a hole
Wonderin' when the Grim Reaper will be coming for my soul
We all stand bold in the face of certain death
I could leave here tomorrow so I'm burnin' cigarette
While I ponder my proposal to the wife I haven't met
Placin' names to my children that haven't quite yet
Been summoned to this plane, runnin' through my brain
A million different thangs, I think I might go insane
But that's just another thought
Like you cheatin' on your girlfriend and not getting caught
They're both quite possible
(Keep your thoughts on track) Cuz reality's the obstacle

(Eligh and Murs alternating lines)

What if I put down the mic and got a job at the Gap?
What if I sit and lost my voice and could never bust a rap?
What if I left the civilized world and disappeared off the map?
What if my girl doesn't love me and I'm caught up in the trap?
What if you switched lanes with me and life still stayed the same?
What if you blew up overnight and changed the whole rap game?
What if you moved out the country; changed your address and name?
What if you stopped making records cause you can't handle fame?
What if I dismantled the frame and painted a picture of my own?
What if I die too soon and my songs ain't known?
What if I fixed the ozone by smokin' home grown?
What if I get a brain tumor from using my cell phone?
What if we took over the planet with our crew: 3MG?
What if we never met in school and it never came to be?
What if we kept the same style and change the way we see?
Then we would have never learned from the mistakes we made in L-O-G.
What if we all went by heartbeat and not by the brain;
Let emotion be our guide as we wander on this plane?
I said: what if we all went by heartbeat and not by the brain;
Let emotion be our guide as we wander on this plane