

Eyedeade, Pushing Buttons

(Abilities)

To everyone out there...

(Eyedeade)

Speaking of out there

SPEAKING of out there

Where's he from?

He's from some other planet, I heard

He traveled...

(Abilities)

I think that's a myth

I heard about that kid

That one from St. Paul

(Eyedeade)

No... heh... no

He ain't from St. Paul

(Abilities)

Well, he says he's from St. Paul

But no, I think you're right

(Eyedeade)

Yeah, he says he's from St. Paul

Cause it's, it's more marketable when you talk about you're from Earth

But check it out

It goes a little something like this...

He dug deep in his system to find nutrition for others

Lost sleep, tossed and turned, only to learn love is expensive

Talk was cheap, till my thoughts grew feet

Now I take them on walks with me

But don't let them off the leash

Cause they might cross the street and get hit

Listen a second, I pretended to need a friendship

With many forms of energy till everyone repented

Now I'm end this with a sentence(?) and a sentence become a way of life

To stay the night with my notebook, then wake up the next day to write

Again, and again, and again and again and again and again

Until my pen is inevitably inseparable from my finger skin

Lingering in the depths of this pool of resentential

Fighting a million and ten inner battles that'll sprain my neck into dudes(?)

Bobbing my head to keep cool, true, stays on the down low

Meaning proof for the bleeding, is it useful in the council

Meaning it cheaper what you believe to be the dopest at the moment

Yeah, he's exceeding the quotient and feeding me tokens

But the machine must be broken

(Chorus)

Cause he'd rather give him an uppercut than give him a hook

So he steady throwin jabs just to get him to look

Man, every thought he ever had quietly sits in his book

For anyone that's afraid to jump, let me give him a push

Rather give him an uppercut than give him a hook

So I'm steady throwin jabs just to get him to look

Every thought I ever had quietly sits in his book

For anyone that's afraid to jump, let me give him a push

(Eyedeade)

From the north side to the southside, to the wild side to the pesticide

To the genocide to the homicide, you decide to set aside

Well, pick a side, any side, are you along just for the ride?

Oh me oh me oh my, I wish you would just die

Cause kid, you're the reason for my sore throat
Petty more dope(?), the war won't stop till you hop in a porthole
And sort those problems out, child, it ain't all about your style
Cause you could break your back to state the facts and make them smile
While the pain in my religion, paintin by the pigeons
Strainin while you're listenin to this brain on tire ribbons
Givin a splittin headache with energetic delivery
Livin as a poetic shredded by the edge of misery
Vividly describin the pain inside of this entity
Physically and mentally, we all pretend to need sympathy
Interesting enough, you say you don't give a (fuck)
But there's much I grew to like through this mic that I clutch
So keep your hands down, and put your attention span up
Understand now, man, sound is a dimension you can't touch
Plants crush, when the vocals of that local named Eyedea hit your ear
So c'mon, get your chair and stand up

(Chorus)

Because I'd rather give him a uppercut than give him a hook
So I'm steady throwin jabs just to get him to look
Every thought I ever had quietly sits in his book
For anyone that's afraid to jump, let me give him a push
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(Eyedea)

Every mama I am(?) with a friendship bracelet and a tin can
Get your business down and dig me up outta the ground when you get rich, man
I'll take a round of applause, but won't take no kids hand
Cause the challenge tonight is to balance my bike without a kickstand
Now a spoon full of sugar makes the medicine go down
In a room full of (hookers), well my head isn't in town
I consume what you, shoulda, and assume that the lookers
See the moon and the fact they pushing you to do more than push a broom to cushion
Tune rolls to your head, and enables you to see
There really is more to life than bustin (guns) and smokin (weed)
But we proceed to say it ain't fair until we got gray hair
But next time I ask you to think, please don't give me a blank stare

(Chorus)

Yo, cause I'd rather give him a uppercut than give him a hook
So I'm steady throwin jabs just to get him to look
Every thought I ever had quietly sits in his book
For anyone that's afraid to jump, let me give you a...

(Eyedea)

Give you a, push it up now, push it up
Push it up now! Push it up
Lemme see them hands, people (Push em up now!)

(Abilities) (overlapping Eyedea)

Push it up now!
Push it up now!
Push it up, push it up now!

(Eyedea)

What planet is he from?
What planet is he from?
He goes, he goes, one, two
Up in silicone and ice cream maintain glish mill (!)
(some jibberish) ...better play with my wood, E-Y-E
D-E-A, bombard bitchy wits of par-tea bags, diplomatic to the hip

Hop around, hip hop around, said hip hop around now, now, now
Just grab your partnee and dozie-dough
And just listen to the RC kids can flow, whoa, whoa, whoa
laughs and catches breath