

Grits, Life After Mental

[Bonafide]

I keep comin' at you
Lyrical raptures capture you
Only if your soul is ready
I comin' after you
Bodysnatchin' you and dismantlin' your crew
It's Tennesseans wit nouns and verbs agreein'
Wit higher being
Sendin' messages
Spreadin' through your chest it's just
Blessings from conception rearrangin' your perception
This planetary lyricist
At least that's what the Source quotes
Resurrectin' hip-hop on a higher plateau
We crept low
Movin' slow with intention to blow
Carry loads of flows for those who doubt and didn't know
And circumstances deep in crime intense seat back in the
Center of my body structure
Ready to rupture
At times I sat back to think again and again
How I broke the golden rule by doing business with friends
My mind traveled paths on a search to be free
Suspicion felt corruption had a piece of Gotee
Success had me stressed like the G-Mo-B
Cee-Lo's verse on "Thought Process" was the description of me
But then again I caught the vision that was given within
As a child rockin' mirrors wishin' I was Rakim
On stage
Engagin' state to state
Rampages, airplay, videos, and stretch black limos
The dream that seemed impossible
But now I'm doin' show for thousands
Savin' souls through least
Lacin' spirits concrete
And the belief that I inject on beats
Deplete
God's word that is instilled in me
To the masses 'til I feel my mission here is complete
And it's essential
That this is my life after mental

[Chorus x2]

Mental's over
It's the dawn of a new day
Out with the old
Different messages to relay
Mental's gone
It's time to do it up again
The past is behind
Life after will begin

[Coffee]

Now let's talk
Gather to see who can talk the most noise on an album
You the listeners decide the outcome
How come
It's our second record without Mental... gettin' the recognition it deserved
This Christian industry is gettin' on my nerve
Serves us right for thinkin' they would believe our vision
Give us proper support
But when it got hectic
Mission abort
Poor sports is what they called us

Now that's crazy
All cause we wanted to be pushed
Not ambushed and pulled
Off the shelves for being ourselves
Unlike no one else
But still they made comparisons
How Un-American
Strivin' in the midst of warzones and red tape
They try to hold us back
But it's the black in me that makes me create
Colorful collages hang on the walls of garages
No mirages
What you see is what you get
Ah, that's that hit
Ah shoots you know I'm in cohoots
With the higher power
Sprinkle me with spirital showers
Drinks anyone
Pourin' glasses of Tang
If you're drinkin' from me, the flavor's lemon meringue
I'ma be me despite the shackles of the industry
Bump they last chances
God engineers my circumstances
And hey
I think I like that
He's the one I confine in
Never dealin' shady and lettin' the enemy slide in
This rap game is all I got to maintain
It keeps me sane in my life
After mental

[Chorus x2]