

# Labtekwon, Wasteland

It's just another day in this Wasteland  
We've got to change our game plan  
Or else we'll die by the same hand

Just another day in the Wasteland

My realm is ruled properly  
Pharaoh (of) the frontier, I overwhelm Pythagoras and Socrates  
One spear, force exerted from the ?Dawntien?  
An archer practicing the art of Zen  
Leaving marks on men even in the season when darkness blends  
From black, purple, to crimson  
An exact circle matches my dimension  
Give my regards to Osiris in your trip to the land of the dead  
God sun fire dismisses eclipses, lifts myths from your head  
Purge, submerge, reemerge shining nerve endings in the spine  
Curve on my staff, similar to vines  
Remember the time I entered the mind on impulse  
Cause halt  
Similar to shock  
Take up thoughts  
More than intricate plots  
Plus lock logic and simplicity  
Hot intensity  
Mentioned previously  
Back issues, my black tissue  
Bathes my essence in sinew  
Relinquish all belts and championship titles  
Proper and broken English recitals  
Panic when the black lion wants to fight you  
Get aggressive, you'll get beat to your recessive genetics  
Not Yacoo, but my word's law when I drop jewels  
I prefer waves that ooze at the apex  
Spraying kisses, left vacant  
From my amazing smooth cadence  
You's a fool, I'm just a tool used by the ancients to change this

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It's nothing pleasant  
I'm coming clandestine  
Marbles boiled in oil until they crack  
Packed in bottles, and set ( ???? ) molotovs  
Relax long enough to swallow, I light the cloth and toss  
Impossible mission  
Unprofitable position  
I seem to come to the utmost diabolical decision  
The king's drum, I cut throats with large incisions  
Killer bees buzz and hum, I unleash a gullible roar in the system  
In water, I'm ?broadest?  
Amphibious, this man's a swift crocodile  
Coptic star child  
In the skies, I am a sun  
My world is a desert of flames, there is no escape  
Baked hotter than pottery courtesy of Antares  
Unworthy wishy-washy men repeat weak  
Corny stories of ghetto glory  
Surely my stiletto be soiled from each that brought me turmoil  
Thoughts uncoil  
I spring into action

Bringing frankincense and jasmine  
Potpourri of poetry  
Slowly she goes into spasms  
Behold the holiest of all interactions  
Uncontrollable passion  
She makes my resurrection session such a blessing  
Our connection  
Wise is time spent to repent for transgression  
What could I say for a queen to look this way  
Sometimes I want to cry, but still I travel the countryside  
Searching for the perfect flower  
Tears running from my eyes, each drop more sour than the last  
Staring into the future, devouring my past

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Rage gauged in terms of pain  
Staring into her eyes, realizing it's in vain  
Simple vanity  
Mental profanity  
Curse this God-forsaken rock  
Marked by my dark side, divide vibes  
Apartheid streams from Soato, Watts, to blocks oppressed and in bond  
Advanced thought, lessons I'm on  
Seven storms born in my cauldron of eight  
Trigrams, monkeys cooked to purification  
Filterization, water treatment  
Exercise, training, black rhino mats  
Mind blow, illustrious  
Somewhat succulent  
The divine diaries plugged in through auxiliaries  
Begin to pop  
Bounce, rock to my talk  
Thrill-kill a boredom heartbroken soldier  
Start smokin' jokers  
Wild cards, odds drop, passes in the cassock  
At the light  
I like to check my averages  
All sorts of various types of freaky-deak tactics  
Mr. Mass is fantastic  
Create nouveau classics  
Who's Joe with the plastic?  
It doesn't matter, this shit's about to last, kid

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