Blackalicious, Release Part 1,2 & 3

(Release)

(Release)

(Release)

"[Gift of Gab]"

Prevalent melanin elephant bailin

And carrying sedatives that'll give average lettermen callouses

Wrecking with savageness, catalyst

battling rappers'll stagger right after the dagger is left in it

Cherish ? (Release) Attica

Shatter your algebra with calculus (give it up)
Damage your pattern I'm pounding you so fabulous (give it up)

Enough is enough is enough and I'm busting up outta this shell

In eruption and rupture your structure the f**k with you (Release)

Up in you and cut you a costumer

Huffing and puffing, discussing absolutely nothing, disgusting

Plus I'm feeling me rushing up in your country percussion

No woman gets struck in the boundaries

Wake up if your lunging, I'm something, you're nothing (Release)

Now come see grunting, I'm hunting

For one emcees running

I'm stomping my foot through your army

They couldn't have stopped me with shoties

Oddity, why did he, why do these entire societies inside of societies
And survivors still remain alive (Release) emcees

Thriving to flow, opting to go

five hundred and fifty-five syllables to go
Split em' with subliminal intentional dentinal pro

Unlimited flow unriveted, inhibited, vindited

Now you can't get rid of it like (Release) business

Magnificent, intimate, in it with, in a minute, gonna be in a nicks

In it with a gig, big fat heads like eggs Benedict

Pigs lick shit, rip with words in a bismol energy

It's time I society beats release

"[Saul Williams]"

Inner breathlessness, outer restlessness

By the time I caught up to freedom I was out of breath

Grandma asked me what I'm running for

I guess I'm out for the same thing the sun is sunning for

What mothers birth their youngens for

And some say Jesus coming for

For all I know the earth is spinning slow

Suns at half mast 'cause masses ain't aglow

On bended knee, prostrate before an altered tree

I've made the forest suit me

Tables and chairs

Papers and prayers

Matter versus spirit

A metal ladder
A wooden cross

A plastic bottle of water

A mandala encased in glass

A spirit encased in flesh

Sound from shaped hollows

The thickest of mucus released from heightened passion

A man that cries in his sleep

A truth that has gone out of fashion
A mode of expression

A paint splattered wall

A carton of cigarettes

A bouquet of corpses

A dying forest

A nurtured garden

A privatized prison

A candle with a broken wick

A puddle that reflects the sun

A piece of paper with my name on it

I'm surrounded

I surrender

All

All that I am I have been

All I have been has been a long time coming

I am becoming all that I am

The spittle that surrounds the mouth-piece of the flute

Unheard, yet felt

A gathered wetness

A quiet moisture

Sound trapped in a bubble

Released into wind

Wind fellows and land merchants

We are history's detergent

Water soluble, light particles, articles of cleansing breath

Articles amending death

These words are not tools of communication

They are shards of metal

Dropped from eight story windows

They are waterfalls and gas leaks

Aged thoughts rolled in tobacco leaf

The tools of a trade

Barbers barred, barred of barters

Catch phrases and misunderstandings

But they are not what I feel when I am alone

Surrounded by everything and nothing
And there isn't a word or phrase to be caught

A verse to be recited

A man to de-fill my being in those moments

I am blankness, the contained center of an "O"

The pyramidic containment of an "A"

I stand in the middle of all that I have learned

All that I have memorized

All that I've known by heart

Unable to reach any of it

There is no sadness

There is no bliss

It is a forgotten memory

A memorable escape route that only is found by not looking

There, in the spine of the dictionary the words are worthless

They are a mere weight pressing against my thoughtlessness

But then, who else can speak of thoughtlessness with such confidence

Who else has learned to sling these ancient ideas

like dead rats held by their tails

so as not to infect this newly oiled skin

I can think of nothing heavier than an airplane
I can think of no greater conglomerate of steel and metal

I can think of nothing less likely to fly

There are no wings more weighted

I too have felt a heaviness

The stare of man guessing at my being

Yes I am homeless

A homeless man making offerings to the after-future

Sculpting rubber tree forests out of worn tires and shoe soles

A nation unified in exhale

A cloud of smoke

A native pipe ceremony

All the gathered cigarette butts piled in heaps

Snow covered mountains
Lipsticks smeared and shriveled

Offerings to an afterworld

Tattoo guns and plastic wrappers

Broken zippers and dead eyed dolls

It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me

I have seeded a forest of myself

Little books from tall trees

It matters not what this paper be made of
Give me notebooks made of human flesh

Dried on steel hooks and nooses

Make uses of use, uses of us

It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me

I have seeded a forest of myself

Little books from tall trees

On bended knee

Prostrate before an altered tree
I've made the forest suit me

Tables and chairs

Papers and prayers

Matter vs. spirit, through meditation

I program my heart to beat breakbeats and hum basslines on exhalation

(Release) "[x3]"

"[Lyrics Born]"

The heaven-sent benevolent medicine man reverend

Peddling deliverance that resemble amphetamines to

the residents in the meadow of pestilence

Who developed a chemical dependence on pessimism, now

Is he is, or is he ain't

The most distinctive speaker seeping through your sleepy speakers

Yes he is, oh, yes indeed

So distinguished, so close some people think half (?)

Ain't no secret, people, trust me

It's mostly hustling

Moves me up strait

But just focus on the gun scene

Boasting and fussing

They both so unproductive

Suppose it go in my blood stream

Let me post this question

Ask anybody, just anybody

They'll tell you that the antibody to the petty

Potty mouth gots to be

Success at something
To be the best of something

And not to stress the dumb shit

Cause you ain't missing nothing

You got to

"[Gift of Gab]"

Motivate, accelerate, never wait, know your weight, throw away hate

Grow and make weight of your older dates

Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and orchestrate fate

Just motivate, accelerate, never wait, show the way, no escape

Take hold and shift shape, live a longer day

Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and orchestrate fate

Astrologist, colleges follow this through the metropolis

The dominant brown bomber, I'm in it, being prominent

Walking it, mean walking it, clean the scene, stalking it

Volcanic, got ya'll panicking, false canyon

And, awe wait, all day

Outlandish bandits be slandering what we mastering cause they can't catch us

They all pray for our downfall
Maybe one day, sike

You never get no balance if you're crooked so play right, snake
I'm mongoosing on you, stormtrooping through your form

Oncoming, enslaught, on one

Chopping you, I'll tomahawk, trauma hawk

On running (?), rocking shit 'till I was born

You're a Tom Thumb and I'm King Kong Bundy
Strong thunder, all summer long, keep on coming

Dawn, dusk, night, morning

I'll bust tight poems

Raw, just might (?) ya'll

With the white motive, motivation

Motivate, accelerate, never wait, know your weight, throw away hate

Grow and make weight of your older gates

Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and orchestrate faith

Just motivate, accelerate, never wait, show the way, no escape

Take hold and shift shape, live a longer day

Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and orchestrate faith