Buckshot Lefonque, Weary With Toil

Even if it's jazz in the quiet storm Bebop converted in a hip hop form

(Repeat)

Visions of a musical plateau

Thoughts fill my mind

So I draw back and take aim

Lyrical shots blast through the darkness

When I spark this

I leave an undescribable blood stain

Hold fast, no need to panic

There's no slipping or sliding to the other side

I know who I am

You know who you are

Leave it at that

As we go on a historical joy ride

No need for brakes

No need for gas

For now we're living in a brand-new era

As long as you're doin' it the way that you wanna

Just forget about those threats of terror

They're irrelevant

My element of rap goes back-to-back

With anyone who has doubts

That my rhyme skill

Helps minds build

While lines fill

and that's what it's all about

Well I'll be

Can you see what I see

Someone took it to a whole new level

and as I think

My mind's on the brink

Some consider me as a rebel

A rap devil

Controlled by society

The variety wants to see what I'll do to react

So, I ease the pain

Third eye lets it rain from the brain all over the track

So my cause is to find flaws and correct them

Dissect them

Fill me a note that I wrote

That clears and clean the throat

Final antidote

Reachin' in my bags of tricks

I need to fix

Gettin' ready for Armageddon

There's a villian in my adrenaline dressed in blood

And you never wanna let 'em see you sweating

What's you bettin'

'Cause the race is beginning to set

Gunshots let you know when to ride

Yippe kay yeah

Hopin' I say something that's wack

But I got just more than my pride

So, as I release

The mark of the beast is erased from the back of

mv head

Can't bear the fact

Wanna come attack a man that's black

But I'm leaving all the negative fed

It's dead