

# 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 undescrivable 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  
my 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