

Cadence Weapon, Holy Smoke

i think I'm ready to quit
commercials sets the precedent
the truth is ruthless with the smoothest of pestilence
i tried to finger point what ashes to anoint
till i found allow that couldn't strip joint at the hip
selling point was demographics
the younger the better, your brother would sell' er some antics
antics, zany is the brain you get de-fried
but the companies are hungry for this distant design
or the youth culture supulca, two users
and doomed futures, an industry for the heartless business man
business plans are in-demand but this man be drastic
cause they're nothing more American
than smoking someone's bones from out the closet
they probably just have decapitated names
cold-gated scums with that home on the range
pages of scripture about pain and evictions
with a field of caskets, a modern Damascus

into my abode humble
stumbling over opposing numbers
crumbled pillars under which a mother wouldn't know comfort
but let me get this straight, you seem to avoid the subject
of leaving zig-zag's in my room, how fitting, now getting upset
with the blue smoke floating in my attic
the window might be open but the epilogue is tragic
see, I'm not your average kid, ma
deader scene crowds slangin
dang it, my basement was a green house
hanging at my work bench, playing games, lighting matches
and sir, you don't have a job so your lighting the assets
I'm grinding my aspects i except this from your contest
the last cat in your line left my mother snowblinded
but coke floats...when your dealing with a dreamer
that man took her for a ride and left her at the cleaners
bad blood cousin, this is the last place i have left
and when i die i don't wanna choke on my last breath

New Jerusalem, i pass an alley with an only daughter
and a suit to use and hands to dip a jay in holy water
rolled with care, coin-instruction manual wrapping
for the blunt butts to come in this actual happening
she's lesser for knowing more
he just turns and says "probably";
drinks at elevation than what preserves dead bodies
and that's what she was doin, eyes that hope to learn
that the smoke had a voice, that burning bush that spoke to her
the door next to her was church for misdirected people
the ministers were on a chase that was less than steeple
evil pains, lastic gain, act so strange
that bearded old man seemed his being was inside stained glass
i look away hear doctors asks infected patients
for cash to scratch like they were passing collecting plates
my boy "Chuckles"; quietly claim me "it's only dope
it doesn't make frankincense
it's holy smoke";