

Eligh, Makeshift Message

(Verse 1)

Messages patters of words
Exposed to you
Massaging brains puting across
A point of you
Let me explain the words of a master
Messenger misaha no more marsupials
They could be also mammals
Enamels peeling
Of the ceiling
Need new paints to show
The many experience
Of one individual person
To explain a message
Fore mannered
To fit a whole nation
should we disopation
Wating for reasonable explanations
The government will torment
Thier own fucking environment
Why lie and hide behind such
Trickie metaphors
I've decide to open mind
Is better for your peers
And their pores
Keep the clear
And informed when you perform
One receives an obligation
Sort of a weight on their shoulders
To speak messages
Truthful in a positive order
Not all eyes but some eyes
Just a handful eyes
And ears are on me
Internet access
Press the words on me
A little further than i would get
On my own two feet
So whose to speak the bullshit
Over these makeshift tracks
Not I called out danned off
With a staff full of lightning
Still exciting writing scriptures
For the grand children
I stand a building
A skyscraper
Take the lives
For the wide and made
Come later
Make my songs of lesser greater
Than contestants pagers
On MTV killing the mockingbird
Still talking words with no message

(chorus)

The movement of mouth
Motion makeshift
Find something to talk about
Mental weight lift
Message find constant
Message don't rhyme nonsense
The essence of learning
Turn your tape into a project 2x

(Verse 2)

Some folks just spit it out
Really don't give a fuck
Just because it takes me a week
For a tapes creation
Doesn't mean it lacks sincerity
Or innovation
I guess it do sound different
Than the last and that's the point
Time to blast off this earth
Give birth to abstractions of a man
Dwelling in this hellified junkyard
Leaving you punks
Scared and banned
& From this underground tape lash
Take my hand
Talking about a wack fucker raps
Is far from this land
I spanned my laps
To a grandfather of time
As far as I can
But time waits for no man
Nothings gonna change
If me and you don't change
Somebody's gonna have to move up
Step up to the game
The fiddler's being played
By the pigs
and the wolf is hungry
Bacon's fried
Puling the wolves over your eye
So we should reach
Deep
Deep
Deep down
Extract all the weeds
Don't be clowns
We can make fullusively beats now

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3)

My final verse is this
To the crews out there
Who really speak
Don't dwell all the time
All weak emcees
Find a time to speak
And realitively leave
Information to the hip-hop nation
Be patient
Our time is now
Along with style
Were the gracious host
Of the new mellenium
These tasteless jokes
About big dicks and condiminiums
Wont amount to shit except
Maybe comfortable living
But path living is fast
Taking in these fast times
Fast rhymes Making dollars
With no messages of sour great
Stepped on by us
Inelectually Stimulated folk

With no jokes

(Chorus 4x)