

Emanon, The Words

Call me the rascalion
A rogue rhyme sayer single-handed battalion
Thoroughbred pedigree like a black stallion
The pale horse couldn't come close to pose a challenge
And rappers pale in comparison to my styling
I'm dropping knowledge while they narrow minds popping violence
I listen for truth, all I hear is a calm silence
I'm looking for proof all I see is my mom's smiling
Beaming proud 'cause I stopped buggin and wilding,
Everyman is an island --
--I stand alone like the cheese
Everyman is connected separated by six degrees
Walk the path of enlightenment down the road on we ease
By inches the gaps squeeze approaching our destinies
Breathe out in a cycle that we share with the trees
And sway aimless like a branch catch the rhythm of breeze
Always going but never knowing where fate may lead
Listen to my elders remember to take they head
Even when you smile meanwhile somebody else bleeds
And rose gardens get infected by weeds.
Never admire desires over necessities
I take time to balance out all of my wants and needs
Keeping time, I tap my left hand on my knee
And with my right I write a style that's free.

Running away from yesterday
Time is passing and I can not stay
Bless the children is what I say
I write the words and I give them away

I was born educated, I escalated to a
Style that's elevated- - above the average
Suckas who never made it - still trying to show out
But I never paraded, it's kind of faded
The way they stay jaded - from really knowing what's going on
It's like they stuck upon the same song
I aim strong, above my goals because I know
That gravity is pulling me back down to the floor
So I prepare my presentation just before I deliver
Pull another verbal arrow up out of my quiver
Yo, I'm a precious piece of history
People are still trying to figure out the mystery
Ancient like the streets of Sicily
I got the itch to be a high speed pitch fastball swing and a miss
Blacker than the abyss, and good for ya like a fat bowl of grits
I commandeer the mic and I spits
Shooting verbal knowledge at little kids
I use my voice box instead of boxing with fists
But square up on a square when I'm pissed - So where's the list
The class is in session but weak niggaz is dismissed
Go on back to the lab and practice

Counting my blessing on the lessons that I've been stressing
Lounging with essence guessing I've chosen the right profession
Get up and motivate to the spot and I'm rolling late
But anyway that's how we play out in the golden state
Big up my man he shakes my hand I pat him on the back
The salutations met with traditional wise crack
After the laughs we get to business for the afternoon
Reach in my bag and grab the CD packed full of tunes
Turn up the bass boost so we could feel the subs boom
Walls shaking feel like the earth quaking in the room
Make a selection choose the dopest of the dopest
For the rhyme session beats got to keep lyrics in focus

And vice versa, creating aural inertia
Moving forces with a purpose like fluid sounds to immerse ya