

# Hieroglyphics, At The Helm

Here we go

Chorus:

Life is a blast when you know what you're doin  
Best to know what you're doin 'fore your life get ruined  
Life is a thrill when your skill is developed  
If you ain't got a skill or trade, then shut the hell up

Verse One:

My rhymes is like droppin your head on cement  
Crackin it open hopin to make a dent; I'm hell-bent on  
resurrection, per-fec-tion

Lesson #1: rekindle the essence

Rap ain't about bustin caps and fucking bitches

It's about fluency with rhymin ingenuity

All of this is new to me, see I peep rhymes  
with scrutiny, under a microscope I walk a tightrope

A thin line between insanity and sanity  
mixed with a little vanity, boostin the morality

with Hiero hospitality, soon to strike it: rich  
like calories, salaries, ahh sounds like a plan

And, I will expand hip-hop as well

Might even kick a little impromptu, to stomp you  
weaklings, speaking things foreign to the human ear  
that you will fear now, whether you like it or not

Blood clots on you little life on the situation  
and on the stipulations... the shit you wastin

time on you pawns, it was planned like that

But we can fight back, like David Horowitz

and say we want no more of this

and put it in a cryogenic status

Replace it with the latest in technology

Hip-Hop policies that demolish ya folliw

Olly olly oxen free, get off of me

You can't see this, your defeatist attitude'll

get you nowhere fast, I tend to my task cause

Chorus: 2X

Verse Two:

Don't even start on the next man, let's scan

your situation, you still have no patience

Flip on niggaz, rob niggaz, even family

All the way up to your moms - you can't stand to be

in the house, but when you kicked out you beggin

to come back in then the same old skit happens

You say you rappin but you don't know the essence

Just hoe slap and bustin caps is your message

Plus every time I put some scrill down, you steal it

If that's your way of teachin me a lesson I don't feel it

Your raps reflect your life and that's a shame

cause the way you're soundin, you must think that it's a game

I can see if you came from the ghetto, but you came

from the Meadow - you really need to let that go

You got no respect for hip-hop, and you tryin to rhyme

Biding your time and I find it a crime

I even tried to bury the hatchet man

Cause we all African, you wanna be a rapper

start practicin, you can't even flow right

Spend most of your time fuckin hoes, gettin in fights

Hangin out, with no mission in life

And you're missing your life, and you'll be missing out on life

I won't sweat you for that G you stole

cause if you're still alive, I'll be there to see you fold

Told ya!

Chorus: 2X

Verse Three:

You could be a rapper an acto a gun clapper  
A comedian providing laughter as a bachelor  
A pastor of a chapter, a doctor, a lawyer  
A fireman, a hired hand, whether boy or girl  
it's your world your future you control it  
Whatever you do, early on, is how you mold it,  
I record it, sold it, told it to you  
Mr. Del wouldn't tell you nothin that ain't true, because

Chorus

Think you're able to label the Hiero sound?  
You still haven't found a comparable variable  
You think you're able to label the Hiero sound?  
You still haven't found a comparable variable  
All you marks... YAH!

This the freshest shit and you know it