

Nujabes, F.I.L.O.

Lord if they only knew them nights it took
Burnt candles by the dozen to ignite the soul fire
Sheer energy to release to melt the heart
Mind starved voice craved onto wax (and still get taxed)
Relax, unrest unless undressed to the core
Ever so slowly, wash away old skin like springs of sulfur
So far, so good what's life got to offer?
Youth stare curiously analyze the facts
Who's there to encourage give a pat on their back
How come society wanna grow and ignore
Small dreams, big team now every work is a chore
I adore each step, hop skip a cadence
Travel distant in the age of decadence
Do this in reverence to the older veterans
Stripes on their chest plus a chip on their shoulder
Street soldiers cut without severance,
But keep hustling anyways for the L or the F of it
Effervescent light guide the way,
Fear no evil, once lost now found
Like the last man down in the towering inferno of Babylon
First In Last Out

Thirstin' first drop just wet my appetite
But couldn't satisfy my craving for beats
Wrapped tight like a Christmas gift
'Tis night is an eve for a generation to uplift
Live life like a testimony
Simple rhymes in difficult times help a friend
Through a lonely tunnel at the end, Every maze is a funnel into a wine bottle
And corked inside a message so mind boggling, a puzzle
Amazed at the grace having reached a goal
Knock twice on the gate heaven preach a soul
True knowledge of self shine brighter than all
For one part getting polished you better the whole
The sum of the characters carry over your role
24-karat gold, each day is a jewel
Case closed when the end credits roll
Self-representative and elected, yes I
Give and get give back to the constituents
Sit you in a chair and break down the affairs
There's nuthin fashionable
About arriving late in the game and acting OG
Cuz you can't pay dues with credit or cash
Quicktime soft players streaming all the Flash
So I'm sticking copper pins into media outlets
Then I hop up in the black van and then I'm out
Let's get wit the program, drop the Dow Jonesing down
We keep underground dowsing
Microphones iron casting, everlasting sound
Blasting, no doubt first in last out

F.I.L.O, I'd rather do nuthin else
If I follow my heart to the last pulse
Like the last man down in the towering inferno of Babylon
First In Last Out