

# Nujabes, Highs 2 Lows

Lyrical Genius - "These lyrics are not 100% accurate; they're free for editing."

Individual stars float in the ocean of God  
Rocking a pinky ring of Saturn while I'm visiting Mars  
Egos bigger than Jupiter are breaking the bars  
Holding me back down to Earth to physical laws  
Touching the moon, grace as I ready resumed  
Comets flying through space bringing possible doom  
Blocking the sun, bring a holocaust to the world  
I'm talking back to Father Time, Mother Earth is my girl  
I got the wings of angels walking down the valley of death  
Watching my step, 'cause The Devil's never one to respect  
Come correct on the studio track, taking it back  
To the pen and pad, I blast the original rap  
Brother on the B-Boy tip, we Krylon spit  
I tag the charts with the graphical hits  
So who you fucking with, arm leg led to arm head  
Snapping your neck back while you spit out a Pez  
I be the original son of a bitch, hurting your wrist  
'Cause you spinning my shit so much the needle skipped  
Flip to the rhythm and reminisce, remember the days of  
'94 (Nine Four) hip-hop was a gift  
Words out of her lips came straight from the heart  
Never prepackaged or bought, over negative thought  
Peddle to consumers, magazines, and rumors  
Commercial spots turn real artists to looters  
Precise rap, rock and roll, nigga lets do this  
I'll float through those break beats with my maneuvers

Yo regardless

While I be moving swiftly through darkness  
Plotting, charting my path, I'm running, cutting my losses  
Stumbling over unknown bumps and complications  
And tribulations of my life of revelations(x2)

Speaking to scorpions making my heart turn to porcelain  
That used to have a steady beat now its easily broken  
My coast and train of thought stopped emotions  
Welling at the core of my being causing commotion  
Need to release, 'cause the stress tearing me to pieces  
My love ceases and my thoughts break into leases  
The height of my life, but the strife making me leave this  
I can't beat this, going to God to defeat this  
Will he help, or do I have to do this myself?  
Alone and confused, the blues burden my health  
My eyes remain closed 'cause my highs are lows  
I'm feeling the blows of rain cause my pain is cold  
Now who am I, a man or a pawn in life?  
Living day to day, I pray am I wrong or right  
Losing my mind so maybe you can help me find  
The way to go so I can be leaving this pain behind  
Trying to sleep, "Sleep is the cousin of death,"  
Said a wise man from Queensbridge, on beats he blessed  
Trying to rest, instead I rest my head  
On a pillow of hardships, misery is the bed  
On my back, I lie, I can see the skies  
Through the glass ceiling, the reason tears drowning my eyes  
And I can't move, grief won't let me think  
My soul is dry; I crawl just to take a drink  
I made you blink, think like a visible man  
With mechanical hands trying to reach out to my fans

Yo regardless

While I be moving swiftly through darkness

Plotting, charting my path, I'm running, cutting my losses  
Stumbling over unknown bumps and complications  
And tribulations of my life of revelations(x2)

Yo viscosity of the hidden meaning between the words  
Thicken the plot, I caught hidden rhythms and verse  
I'm loading the hearse, you biting like a Dracula curse  
I'm bringing the worst of hurt like a sermon in church  
Pertaining to you, hurts just to listen to truth  
So you'd rather listen to lies, so you're living to lose  
I'm beginning to win, young man, master descend  
Battle within, looking at The Devil and grin  
I'm flipping the script, walking on the journey and trip  
On the gurney they missed, and the fact that life is a bitch  
And I'm hating this shit, losing blood, making me cripp  
With stakes aside, bet, and I lost the grip  
Searching for bliss, with the razor over my wrist  
Needing a job but the drug test's checking my piss  
I'm looking through a window, we're singing immaculate concepts reborn  
Peace in my core with seven swords and knight in a war  
Looking to the eyes of the lord, calculating what more  
Seeing the signs of heaven nevermore  
The last matador riding the pale horse, losing my course  
Splitting the hairs, causing divorce  
Marriage unborn, I havoc in song, I stumbled upon  
Lost jewels of thought, thought to be gone  
Lost forever, I sever motherfuckers with letters  
Written in script, forward to the rap that I rip  
From the top of the lip, make a drink, taking a sip  
Then I'm gulping the shit  
Falling deeper in the abyss...