

# Optimus Rhyme, Reel Estate

There's 7 beer bottles in the back of my brain  
I see clearly there be nothing but pain  
Upon this path  
There's blackberry hedges and crap  
Hornet's nests, spider webs and well-hidden bear traps  
And damn dude, there's rattlesnake traces and moose tracks  
Turn around, plants grow so fast, can't turn back  
And if I can't turn around,  
And I can't keep going,  
And I can't stay put,  
and I can't get below it,  
And I can't get above it,  
And I can't knock it down,  
Urgh, man, open up my mouth and make a sound,  
Like urragghaaarrgghhhurraa  
(La la la la la la la la la)  
Uragurharruuuugghhhhhh  
(La la la la la la la la la)

Yo, there's nothing to lose,  
there's no life after death,  
Believe in the here and the now  
And there's nothing left  
Conceive with my mind  
It's the power of human breath  
Achieve the sublime at the moment when I confess

As I drop these rhymes with Optimus  
My opticals are telling me secrets  
Exposing MCs' weaknesses  
Peep this, I'm making miracles like Jesus  
The book of Genesis is an outline of what my thesis is

I can't sing, I can't even rap  
So for now I'll throw some punchlines all over this track  
And ask where's the heat in Seattle underground?  
Made a pact with autobeads and we took on the town  
Now I got a gang of chinese on their feet  
Telling me that I'm the shit while they bootleg my beats  
Saw my first mix tape for sale on the street  
Next to a fubu t-shirt and some broccoli beef  
Suddenly I'm the one committing crimes  
Like selling mix tapes that happen to be mine  
But that's fine  
At least my job is getting done  
Expansion of the English language phase one

"Chorus:"  
(I'm taking up space on this Earth ...)  
The population rises  
There's no surprises  
So what's it worth?

Hey yo, I'm grounded, more solid than the earth that be under you  
I can corner the market on mic chords  
And these music awards and dope tours  
But I wouldn't give one to you  
In fact I heard smoking crack was quite fun to ya.  
Your flows be so dumb it's like you're rapping by numbers  
And if you wanna hang among us, bot I'll have something done to you.  
Here's a first class ticket on space shuttle Columbia  
Up next it's your solar plexus over Texas

Ya be the broken one

As guilty as a smoking gun  
Lyrics weighing a tonne  
Starting pandemonium  
I used to flow for fun  
Now it's paying bills  
Still tripping off these ill MCs and purple pills  
Will they stop testing me?  
Hell no, because my lyrics be  
Making critics drop like leprosy  
Peak game from the notorious Optimus team  
About to make you stage dive into the northwest scene

Hey yo, I wake up, I eat, I excrete  
I take up space on the street then go to sleep  
What's different? I think  
Y'all floatin' but I sink.  
It's kinda dirty down here  
But I dig it and don't drink.  
Cos I'm all alone  
I'm never letting anybody in  
I'm never going through that kind of torment again  
Forget it, consider that just water underneath the bridge  
Deal with that, cope with that, and we'll see how you live

I know I never talk to you about my life, it's my pride I guess  
My best friend has got me stressed, it's a real mess  
I've got a complex, but maybe it's just too complex  
The reason why English is feeling all these ill effects  
My girl suspects, but she don't know the half of it  
I've already quit on living life, yo I'm through with it  
Always asking what's up, why I'm so depressed  
Try to tell her what's going on, but it's useless

"Chorus"