

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 urragghaaarrgghhurraa
(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"