

I WALK TO MY SINGLE ROOM, SINGLE TRACK ROAD,
MY FLOW 4 THE PLURAL, JUST TO MAKE 1 IN SINGULAR,
AMPLIFY THE TRACK IN MY MIND JAZZY LIKE THE SAMPLER,
I SIMULATE, I REGULATE THE COLD WEATHER OF MY NATURE,
I FEEL LIKE WALKIN IN THE STREETS AS A DAY STORY TELLER,
SILENCER IN THE ACT NO FEAR LIKE MY LENS AH,
MY DREAM IS THE CREAM TO GET THE MINDS ROBBED AND SEEN,
ABOVE THE FAKE TIME ROBBERING THE TIRED MINDS TO SIN,
WICKED KICK AND SNARES TO DESCRIBE SHOTS,
ANOTHER SOUL OF MINE RETIRED FROM THE BLIND SHOT,
MY SAXOPHONE LETS U KNOW I REVIVE DEADLY HOMES,
LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVING U HOPE TO REFINDE THE NORTH ON TONE,
MY JAZZY WIND IS MY STREET LIMB TO LEAD MY CRAZY CREW,
JAZZY UNDERGROUNDABLE MAKIN MY GHETTO BALANCE-ABLE,
I TWO IS THE MAN BANTU,
ASK ETERNALEKWALITY TO DRESS MY FELLER TUNE N ORIGINAL

REF: BROTHAZ WANNA FEEL THE LIGHTING
 MAKE ONE MUZIK
 BROTHERZ HAVE TO MAKE IT RIGHT
 MY SISTERZ, DON'T CRY BUT STAND TO FLY

SLOWLY BUT SURELY ONE DAY WE WILL ACHIEVE BRO,
I ADDRESS LIKE OXYGEN TO MY GENE-N-NATION,
MY PASSAGE, TURNS ANOTHER PAGE TO MY DICTATIONS,
AM NOT SITTIN THERE IN MY CORNER SUCKIN MY THUMB,
JUST LIKE THAT LITTLE CHILD ASS IN THE DIRT CRAP FROM HIS TRUNK,
A FLY PASSIN BY THE MAMA WHO CRY THE SAD MELODY,
WAAAH, SHIT SOUNDS LIKE AN AFTER WAR,
1-2-3 TO GET MY BAND STEADY AND READY,
MY SAXOPHONE MOANS THE DUST YO ON MY DREADY MAN,
FOLLOW MY LEAD AS I LEAN ON MY FOOT DOE,
RECOGNIZE THE STYLE THAT COMES STRAIGHT FROM THE BUSH YO,
I SWING IN THE SCIENCE LIKE GRAND PA SPLIFFIN HIS LEAF,
MATURITY IN THE GAME LICKIN THE MIND MAKIN IT STRAIGHT,
MY GOLD MIND PLAYS A GLOW DICE THROWN ONCE, HEMOGLOBINE,
ROLL TO ONE ACT AND MAKE THE SHOW SHINE,
I REFUZE TO PLAY MY ATTITUDE WITH THOSE FAKE MINDS WITH TORN ONES,
ATTITUDE BROKEN TILL M SITTIN DOWN ON THE GROUND FUCKIN MY SOUND,
"SIIIGHS" JUST A WALK IN MY TOWN /...

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