

1987

Infinite Quazar

Acid-wash Guess with the leather patches
Sportin' the white Diadoras with the hoodie that matches
I'm wearing two Swatches and a small Gucci pouch
I could have worn the Lugi but I left it in the houseNow, my niggas, Duce and Wayne got gold plates with their names
With the skyline on it, with the box link chain
I'm wearing my frames, they match my gear with their tint
And you know Lagerfields is the scentNow, my nigga Rafael just got his jeep out the shop
Mint green sidekick, custom-made rag top
'Strictly Business' is the album that we play
'You're A Customer', the pick of the dayNow there's a nigga on the block, never seen him before
Selling incense and oil, my man thinks that he's the law
But why on earth would this be on their agenda?
As he slowly approaches the window"Uh, uh, I've seen you before, I've been you and more
I was the one bearing the pitcher of water
I rent the large upper room, furnished with tidings of your doom
Or pleasure, whichever feathers decrease"Yo Ralph, is he talking to me?
"No I'm talking to the sea son's resurrected
I'm the solstice of the day
I bring news from the blues of the Caspian"My man laughs, he's one them crazy motherfuckers
Turn the music back up 'cause I'm the E-Double
"Wait, but, but, but, but I know the volume of the sea
And sound waves as I willWill you allow me to be at your service?"
My man Ralph is nervous, he believes
That this strange tongue deceives
And maybe he's been informed thatHe's pushing gats hidden in the back, beneath the floor mats
Come on Jack, we don't have time for your bullshit or playin'
A'salaam a something' or another
"Wait isn't Juanita your mother?""I told you I know you, now grant me a moment"
At the gates of Atlantis we stand
Ours is the blood that flowed from the palms of his hands
On the plow till earth till I'm nowMoon cycles revisited, womb fruit of the sun
Full moon of occasions wave the wolves where they run
And we run towards the light casting love on the winds
As is the science of the aroma of sleeping womenLost in his eyes they soon reflect my friend's are grinning
But I'm a pupil of his sight, the wheels are spinning
Yo, I'll see ya'll later on tonightIn the beginning her tears where the long awaited rains
Of a parched Somali village
Red dusted children danced shadows

In the newfound mound of mascara that eclipsed her face
Reflected in the smogged glass of Carlos, east street
bodega

Learning to love, she had forgotten to cry

Seldom hearing the distant thunder in her lovers ambivalent sighs

He was not honest, she was not sure
A great grandmother had sacrificed

The family's clarity for God in the late 1800's

Nonetheless she had allowed him to mispronounce her name

Which had eventually led to her misinterpreting her own dreams
And later doubting them but the night was
young

She the firstborn daughter of water faced darkness and smiled

Took mystery as her lover and raised light as her child
Man, that shit was wild, you should have seen how they
ran

She woke up in a alley with a gun in her hand

Tupac in lotus form minutes, blood on his hands

She woke up on a vessel, the land behind her
The sun within her, water beneath her
Mashed corn for dinner or was it breakfast

Her stomach turned as if a compass

She prayed the east and lay there breathless
They threw her overboard for dead
She swam silently and fled into the blue sea

La soh fa mi, re do, si

The seventh octave, I don't mean to confuse you
Many of us have been taught to sing
And so we practice scales

Many of us were born singing

And thus were born with scales
Mermaids, cooks and field hands
Sang a nightsong by the forest

And the ocean was the chorus

In Atlantis where they sang
Those thrown overboard had overheard
The mystery of the undertow
And understood that down below

There would be no more chains
They surrendered breath and name
And survived countless as rain

I'm the weather man

The clouds say storm is coming
A white buffalo was born, already running
And if you listen very close, you'll hear a humming
Beneath the surface of our purpose lies

Rumors of ancient man, dressed in cloud face
minstrels in the sky
The moon's my mammy, the storm holds my
eye

Dressed in westerlies

Robed by robes ol' man river knows my name

And the reason you were born is the reason that I came
Then she looks me in the face
And her eyes get weak

Pulse rate descends, hearts rate increase

Emcees look me in the face and their eyes get weak
Pulse rates descends, hearts rate increase
Emcees look me in the face and their eyes get weak
Pulse rates descends, hearts rate increase

It's like "beam me up, Scottie", I control your bodyI'm as deadly as AIDS when it's time to rock a party
We all rocked fades, fresh faded in ladidadi
And when we rock the mic, we rock the mic
And when we rock the mic, we rock the micAnd when we rock the mic, we rock the mic
But let's look feminine side, ignore the feminine side
Let's the feminine side, ignore the feminine side
Let's the feminine side, ignore the feminine sideLet's the feminine side
I presented my feminine side with flowers
She cut the stems and placed them gently down my throat
And these tu-lips might soon eclipse your brightest hopes

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>