

# Write Now (Multiples No. 4)

## Atmosphere

Went from the papermate to the spray paint and all the way back to the  
Papermate  
Run through the fate, excuse me  
Went from the papermate to the spray paint and brought it all the way back  
To the papermate  
Thanks for buying the tape Excuse me my - excuse me, my friend  
Is that your pen?  
Is it cool if I use it to duel with my skeletons?  
Is it proper for me to use it to prosecute these people?  
Is it wrong for me to caress it against my ego?  
Eh yo, can I use a ball point just to make my small point?  
Are these mechanical joints anything like hollow points?  
Old fashioned number two and I need that shit quick and steady  
But that's assuming I ain't chewed off the eraser tip already  
If I touched or felt it, believe I'm 'bout to make hell flip  
Computer friendly only 'cause that deadly bitch helps me spell shit  
Scribble, for the you, the me, the she and the politicians  
Aerosol to the wall, write it tall for all the vision  
Yo, he wrote it in jail, she wrote it in braille  
I wrote that shit, named it, recorded it  
Eh yo, I got one for sale  
And if I truly feel I got something to show ya  
I pull out a blank sheet of loose leaf and draw it out in crayola  
I've grown to keep an extra utensil in my sock  
And I've been known to mark it on the sidewalk with chalk  
Most times I write with a pen, sometimes I write with a buzz  
And if I ever go gold, I must have wrote that shit in blood  
And if I ever go gold, I must have wrote that shit with blood  
And if I ever go gold, I must have wrote that shit with blood  
And if I ever go gold, I must have wrote that shit with blood  
Multiples, level four, courtesy of the slug Eh yo, it's all about the penmanship, baby  
It's all about the penmanship, baby  
Eh yo, it's all about the penmanship, baby  
Eh yo, it's all about the penmanship, baby

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