

# brief description

## SLuG

If you didn't hear it you're gonna hear it right now."]  
[Slug]Bam, the door way opened for me  
I saw ways and told the story  
Raw day dreams of holding glory  
Junior high,  
Hall way king  
Lockin' faggot MCs  
Beat boxin', breakin' Zulu Nation wannabees  
It didn't take long to see who would stay strong  
High school upon  
Some B-Boys put their gang bangs on  
But some kept on doing  
Step on to ruin  
Others that were pursuing the same shit we thought we ruled in  
But what a surprise  
The passion for being the best  
Puts a quest for allies to rest  
Dead  
In the Midwest where heads  
Is just a hand full  
In a land of gangstas  
Players, replacements, priests, banjos  
We scramble  
To break MCs that may appreciate it  
Guided by their envy insecurity and their hatred  
Separated by the gimmie props technique  
And a desire to be the tops this week  
I gotta floss the speak  
Cause talk is cheap  
Even the broke kids can afford it  
That's why I stand close and if you're dope then I'm supportive  
But if not  
We'll keep the mic warm  
For the next one  
Respect the artform  
And make your wishes on the stars born  
Within the movement  
Fact checkin' tryin' to completely avoid all channels of backstepping  
From the lines of paint on the concrete

They reside on Lake Street  
To the way we close our eyes to sleep  
And drift through Deep Space 9 type shit  
To find this

I've been around for as long as sound  
I've been to that not so fresh faze  
And that not so serious state but I've evolved  
Metamorphed manifestate

I used to be young, dumb and full of vision  
Like it was religious rituals  
I made initial decisions  
I wanted to be a rapper world renown

From Minneap to the Bronx  
Capture girls in crowns  
Snap, crackle and stomp  
That's what I found

The abyss that sits in-between the one that holds the mic and those that  
don't even listen  
Formed some crews  
Rocked talent shows at schools

Saturdays on the 18 make my way down to the record pool  
I met a grip of people that was bullshit  
Was down with a lot of people that was bullshit

But I pull shit from the asshole of an angel before I let him hassle and  
strangle

The love triangle between me the mic and the turntable  
Went to studios  
We want to make demos  
We want to do shows and rock our own instrumentals

Do our own production  
Fuckin' around with this kid Kazir  
Nitwit engineer  
Barely knew his own equipment, Atmosphere  
The prefix was urban  
Wrecked shows  
Made friends made foes  
Overall we made flows  
And right now as I sit here writing this  
I'm buggin' off the people in my life that made me like this  
Within the movement  
Fact checkin'  
Tryin' to completely avoid all channels of backsteppin'  
From the lines of painted concrete  
that reside on Franklin Ave

To the dead bird on the elevator  
To that short in your cross fader  
    I never got lost later  
    For efforts to pester  
Just throw your hands up in the air like a leper  
    I've been to that not so fresh faze  
    And to that not quite so serious state  
        Metamorph manifestate  
Well sometimes it rings and I don't answer it  
    That's it no asterisks  
No thirst to find the circumstances  
    It was planted in me deep  
    It was nurtured and it grew  
    Gave it sleep and nutrition  
    It was efficient let it through

There are a few that have developed when I let them in my spectrum  
    For the rest of em  
I give them just enough to cause infection  
    Not trippin' on attention  
    But if you ? it's welcome  
    Open arms patient charms

I know the words and I can spell them  
    Seldom is it  
    When one inquisits  
Do they leave with this interest  
In fact most begin crave the business  
    Bringin' me to the table  
    That's it no more no less  
    The love the life the stress  
    Slug, the mic, the mess  
    Testin'

Yes, I've been tested and I've tested some  
I'm not sayin' I'm the best  
    Believe I'm not  
    Like the rest of em  
Just sayin' I'm better than you  
    That's my mind state  
    My rhymes take me into  
    When I check one two  
I guess some do get pissed  
    But intentions were to inspire  
    Built the empire before I get tired  
The ones that tare me down don't know it  
    But they're the same ones that build me  
Now quietly in your head say, "Yes you can feel me."

[Sample: "Asking himself, even before the curtain goes up, what am I? I am now 80 years old, and more, and I am determined to find precisely what I am, what I amount to. They tell me I am everything, they flatter me everyday, of my life. I am now going to subject myself to a rigorous test in order to find out really what I am. I don't care about FREEDOM? I don't about rule, anymore. It is of no importance to me, as such, but I must find out what I am before I die."]

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