Interlude 03 (Freestyle)

clipping.

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, here we go
What if everything was at the wrong time?
Lying, the wrong space, and songs rhyme
To meter out the distance back to the stream
With kings and queens and every hiccup in between
Was dreams and all the blood and death would mean something
With another eye open and fists raised
Just a greeting or phrase
A meeting of retired militants, the war-torn regions
Only known for killing only beautiful black
Sit in the pyramids, me and Imhotep are homies
Sense of loneliness the price of paying for a new beginning
I got a pocket full of stars
Flyin' up to Mars
You inhibit a world where hue is not a death sentence
So drop the message, already open for suggestion, whatever
Get at me, my brothers, my sisters, get at me
I love you

Songwriters
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