

# At the Helm

## Greenleaf

Here we go

Life is a blast when you know what you're doin'  
Best to know what you're doin' 'fore your life get ruined  
Life is a thrill when your skill is developed  
If you ain't got a skill or trade, then shut the hell up

My rhymes is like droppin your head on cement  
Crackin it open hopin to make a dent; I'm hell-bent on  
resurrection, per-fection

Lesson #1: rekindle the essence  
Rap ain't about bustin caps and fuckin bitches  
It's about fluency with rhymin ingenuity  
All of this is new to me, see I peep rhymes  
with scrutiny, under a microscope I walk a tightrope  
A thin line between insanity and sanity  
mixed with a little vanity, boostin the morality  
with Hiero hospitality, soon to strike it rich  
like calories, salaries, ahh sounds like a plan  
And, I will expand hip-hop as well  
Might even kick a little impromptu, to stomp you  
weaklings, speaking things foreign to the human ear  
that, you will fear now, whether you like it or not  
Blood clots on your little life on the situation  
and on the stipulations... the shit you wastin  
time on you pawns, it was planned like that  
But we can fight back, like David Horowitz  
and say we want no more of this  
and put it in a cyrogenic status  
Replace it with the latest in technology  
Hip-Hop policies that demolish ya follies  
Olly olly oxen free, get off of me  
You can't see this, your defeatist attitude'll  
get you nowhere fast, I tend to my task cause

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Don't even start on the next man, let's scan  
your situation, you still have no patience  
Flip on niggaz, rob niggaz, even family  
All the way up to your moms -- you can't stand to be  
in the house, but when you kicked out you beggin  
to come back in then the same old skit happens  
You say you rappin but you don't know the essence  
Just hoe slap and bustin caps is your message  
Plus every time I put some scrill down, you steal it  
If that's your way of teachin me a lesson I don't feel it  
Your raps reflect your life and that's a shame  
cause the way you're soundin, you must think that it's a game  
I can see if you came from the ghetto, but you came  
from the Meadow -- you really need to let that go  
You got no respect for hip-hop, and you tryin to rhyme  
Biding your time and I find it a crime  
I even tried to bury the hatchet man  
Cause we all African, you want to be a rapper  
start practicin, you can't even flow right  
Spend most of your time fuckin hoes, getting in fights  
Hangin out, with no mission in life  
And you're missing your life, and you'll be missing out on life  
I won't sweat you for that G you stole  
cause if you're still alive, I'll be there to see you fold  
Told ya!

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You could be a rapper an actor a gun clapper  
A comedian providing laughter as a bachelor

A pastor of a chapter, a doctor, a lawyer  
A fireman, a hired hand, whether boy or girl  
it's your world your future you control it  
Whatever you do, early on, is how you mold it  
I record it, sold it, told it to you  
Mr. Del wouldn't tell you nothin that ain't true, because

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Think you're able to label the Hiero sound?  
You still haven't found a comparable variable  
You think you're able to label the Hiero sound?  
You still haven't found a comparable variable  
All you marks... Yeah!

This the freshest shit and you know it

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