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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