

# Eye of the Storm

## Russel the Leaf

Yeah, Uh  
Check it out  
This how this shit goes right here  
You see, time stops still in the eye of the storm  
The foundation of my home where my rhyming was born  
It's a rhythmic reality  
A remedy through riddles  
Where loves a hurricane and you meet me in the middle  
It's the good, the bad, the house I furnished  
The crystal clear sea, the sound I worship  
The rush of the city  
The calm of the outback  
The film called life where my heart is the soundtrack  
It's that lucky streak without no warning  
It's the memory of cartoons on saturday morning  
It's that classis culture that connects the country  
Through raw energy that reflects we're hungry  
It's that timeless feeling that I get on stage  
It's those government bills that I'll never pay  
It's that fun I have freestylin' with my mates  
My little get-away that only music can create  
C'mon  
Gotta say Mmm  
Mmm-mm  
Gotta say Mmm (beautiful thing)  
Mmm-mm (beautiful thing)  
Yo, check it  
See, time stops still in the eye of the storm  
The foundations of my home where my rhyming was born  
It's a rhythmic reality  
A remedy through riddles  
Where loves a hurricane and they meet me in the middle  
It's the exotic breeze of the festival night shows  
The hot, sweaty air with a twist of that hydro  
It's the power of my passion  
That picture my pen paints  
Caressing the canvas to put my clique in the zen state  
That zone with my father  
The beast when it's starlight

That blazin' fire place  
Bare feet on the carpet  
Or sittin' on my porch where the swan sways freely

And right through the night until the sun rays greet me  
It's the past love still cookin' inside  
It's the warm fuzzy feeling when I look in her eyes  
Pourin' out my heart and soul when I'm flippin' the gems  
Catchin' my dreams lost in Pulp Fiction again  
Gotta say Mmm  
Mmm-mm  
Gotta say Mmm (beautiful thing)  
Mmm-mm (beautiful thing)  
(x2)

I'll tell you what gets me by and gets me high, yeah  
It's watchin' flicks with my chick  
Making love on the sofa  
It's the bread that I can't afford to chuck in the toaster  
It's the real (Yee-ha!)  
That nothing comes close to  
It's finally gettin' Bliss to puff on the Doja  
Yeah, on more than one occasion  
We're sure to come and blaze one  
When it's heavy, hit the hay at home, my horizontal haven  
It's that Echo Through Eternity that still hits live  
It's life, a beautiful journey on a Bill Hicks ride  
It's the chemistry that bide us light  
The eighted wonder  
The recipe of dynamite and Blade Runner  
It's the truth that justifies this  
The father I have and the mother I miss  
It's the love through my pencil when I feel the beat  
It's forty-thousand going mental on St Kilda Beach  
It's three kids in a club down an alley that were sounding ill  
To march on through The Valley of A Thousand Hills  
Gotta say Mmm (beautiful thing)  
Mmm-mm (beautiful thing)  
Gotta say Mmm (beautiful thing)  
Mmm-mm (beautiful thing)  
(x3)  
Gotta say Mmm