

# Bottle of Humans

## Sole

(Chorus)

I've been so many places  
In my life and time  
Yes, I've sung a lot of songs  
I've made some bad rhymes Top of the world  
Yet I aint never left my head to turn and look back  
Every second page is anthem  
Perfected writ mood  
In the perfect world I set the perfect mood  
And in perverted abodes, I claim rogue  
Enflame clothes and sing songs of underdepression love  
Chemical imbalance ship, paranoia  
My scientist fiction, I kick space raps that's down to Earth and  
The kids that get dubs are the only ones that wanna listen  
My words are my world, believe it or not they mean a lot to some  
Can't say that I'm ahead of time, I fear that my time will never come  
Can't exist outside the bottle, you'll crack under pressure  
No aggression, why they've got to learn,  
if they don't things won't get any better  
Listenin' to God burn objects of animal animating  
in a still life picture of the La Brea tar pit  
Walking the surface of my red carpet  
These are distress signals spanning you and I  
Inversatile if anyone here's a soul survivor of a dying civilization  
A galaxy called integrity (In that belt called creativity)  
But it's not a black corpse, snuffed by a cold world, I keep warm  
By burning dead bodies smelling the beats and never cess  
So, um, you can walk the streets until the building no longer remains  
My people are my people, comrades, and allies, the lines are drawn  
This is my gold tank, everywhere I go don't belong  
I'm known by most, hated by many, endured by the rest  
Police in dead skin, I'm so East,  
well then why did I end up on the West???  
Don't wanna sacrifice my cadence,  
and sentence structure design of my rhymes, etc.  
ANTICON, hip-hop music for the advancement of mankind  
More than an egomaniacal sarcastic label for a movement  
So when the chain still smells  
like a million dead corpses and kerosene marching

To burn down the walls of the village and storm the castle,  
run up the damsels  
Take 'em to the river, now we can spawn  
This aint premillennium tension, it's the result of too much free time,  
On dusty fingers, and it'll be a wonderful ride  
A million bleeding hearts composing prose in blood  
To live and die a thousand times(Chorus)Ever been to Hell?  
This is a black-and-white photo album outlines in increments  
The infrastructure is dead  
Instructed look at the scene of the massacre askin' for forgiveness,  
no beggin'  
No degrading anybody, everybody's in the alleyway for the Sole cast  
??? watch me rip it and mark my words in white chalk  
Gawking at reflections walking in insurrections getting bad ones  
This isn't spoken word, it's the reinvention of Sugar Hill  
Right now, your girl is transfixed upon my hips  
And this is Sole, and we're makin love right now,  
so I don't need to take her to the hotel  
This is a love song, I pass out roses with the thorns in my flesh  
It's like these are groupies, I'm a mammal,  
my whole life's a freestyle set  
The Earth's an orb in the sky, so nothing gets to my head  
The universe is my A&R, by the time I fall off, I'll probably dead  
It's been a long time since those mountain pipe dreams were stuffed in snow  
Now my culture's pierced, by the greatest accountance I've ever known  
It's nothing personal, hip-hop design has gotten vain,  
So emcees I aint feeling you, if I don't know your real name  
Hip-hop aint dead, the industry's just wack,  
indie hip-hop's a demo fair  
Keep your sights set  
What do you wanna move, rappers, minds or posteriors?  
I'm still a fan, corporate insider, and brain nigga  
It's springtime we're the centaurs and people in grass skirts  
This is the verge, the melting point  
When your favorite emcees can't be lazy anymore  
This is psychopath, this is psych rap  
With violence, violence  
My life is stranded on an island with no food  
and beautiful women feeding my ego or what little is left  
No, this is gangsta rap and my shirt's unbuttoned  
We're stealing moments of brilliance in the limelights  
choppin' up keys to break the floodgates  
Maybe this is instrumental hip-hop and I don't know when to shut up  
Or maybe this is turntable music,  
scratch the I's and I'll scratch yours

Or what if this is honest music, and I mean every other word I say  
Don't take anything literal, out-of-context,  
just take it for what it is  
If you want labels, we can divide, I'll still be strong  
Bottom line it's all art (This is a good and a bad song)(Chorus)

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