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 rhymesTop 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 imbalanceship, 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 egomanical 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 premillenium 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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