In Memory Of...

Spastic Ink

Yo, life's web, wants me in debt
And tries to collect my breath as ransom
In return for my soul's silhouette
How deep does shit get? Is it worth the Bentleys and jets
In this jungle of sheer cons and devils with breasts
I mean does everything happen for a reason? The change of seasons
Even the slugs screamin' to stop you from breathin'
It seems we're all a target in this mosh pit
The world be spinnin' lopsided, that's why I have my logic
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
So don't tell me how to act, how to be, how to live
We are what we are, forever live or die
Don't tell me how to act, how to be, how to live
I am what I am from beginning to the end
My conspiracy theory threatens national security
Speaking clearly, you assholes don't hear me
Walked the psychopath of Timothy Leary
When cell therapy wasn't curing me, God put fear in me, scaring me
R.I.P. kamau jahi, quiet warrior with dignity
Still with me spiritually, forever in memory, cut throat
Who ill as me? Soulfly, flight attendants ain't got shit on me
You reap what you sow
So I try my hardest to harvest good crops
Regardless if most artists are garbage, with godless content
To be honest, the chronic plus my fondness of alcoholic products
Held my spirit in bondage like convicts
Gettin' blunted wasn't pungent
Overabundance of dumb shit had me living low-budget
Conflict, even though had my mental growth stunted
Cut friends out my circumference I used to run with, rose above it
Fuck thuggin' and clubbin', I got one in the oven
Plus my girl's talkin' husband, she buggin'
My method of flowin' expression through poem
Salt of the earth like the ocean, God's chose his spokesman
Creation to cremation, be blatant, fuck Satan
Paper chasin', motherfuckers facing damnation

Girls actin' fly with no interest in aviation
Fuck station, radio waves is just radiation
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
You don't feel when I bleed, when I scream, when I feel
We are what we are, forever live or die
You don't know how I feel, what is real, what's the deal
I am what I am from beginning to the end
Cut-throat logic, the newest extension of the Soulfly tribe
From now until the day that I die
Can't you tell by the pain in my eyes
That with this music I will bring my dream to life
Stressed the F out, losin' my mind
I wanna blow up right now but I know it takes time
Like slanging saxs to takin' elbows across the state lines
22's to tech 9's, swag to kind, underground to worldwide
l will never die, forever my words in my rhymes
They gonna keep me alive
So onward I strive each and every day of my life
Others try to keep K-Rab's dream alive
Forever my better half from fightin and makin' cash
Some things in life are fucked up, wish I'd take 'em back
But I live life with no regrets
So I just look back on life and laugh
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are
Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
In memory of you I carry this pain
We are what we are, I know you understand
In memory of you I carved your name
I am what I am from beginning to the end
Got catholics in confession and 5 per centers studying lessons
While the youth smoke Buddha for blessing
I hear you fuckers on vinyl praising false idols
Claiming Gods and dogs and other fraud titles
True rival, my recital's laced with the Bible
Life is just a time trial, I'm trying to make the finals
March madness in the land of savages, I'm stranded
A magnet for static so I combat diplomatic
Nomadic, what I'm tattooed, my cross my only baggage
Roots go back to Africa, I'm not Asiatic
Brothers mastered mathematics and still they can't add it

My quest isn't cabbage although it's nice to have it
Rock the planet like volcanic magma fragments
As my lava cools a lot of fools take me for granite
I just wanna meet the trinity and live for infinity
Laugh at the enemy when I get there
Who cares who remember me on earth?
Since birth my dome had afro turf, ask the nurse
I heard a verse that said ,"Who's last is first"
So I keep my flesh humble, use I'm still skinned like rumple
Average a triple double and keep my game subtle
Jam harder than wince on all ballers from bench to starter
And since I slaughter holler "Murder" on Shawn Carter
No honor with robbers, so I pray to my godfather
And my conscience isn't bothered by how I get my dollars
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