

# 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  
I 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  
    We are what we are  
    Musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast  
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