

Imperial Sound (feat. Saul Williams)

Torae

Praise
I just don't understand how things got so
out of hand
Tell me
I'm back for another go 'round on this
merry-go-round
I'm livin', pennin' and givin' you imperial
sound
Turn the booth to a burial ground, I
hommie everything
The James Holmes of the poems, I shotty
every...
Every beat is the bang, every ringer I rang
Every Tweeter, every speaker say I'm doin'
my thang
The units I slang, move it, remain, crew is
the same
Out in Hollywood swingin', shit is Kool &
the Gang
My Balmain's got gratuitous hang, it's
grown man sag
Traded the thots for stocks, that's grown
man swag
Tryna provide answers like Sway searchin'
his Siri
With Kanye at his side, now can you feel
me?
This shit is that crucial, it's ever fuck me or
act neutral
Cause they'd rather shoot you than salute
you
I mean I couldn't figure a better way to set
it off
Been goin' on for a minute, I've been
spittin'
Yeah, this that imperial sound shit
Sing it, though
Let's get back to it
Since that last LP, I might have gained

some fans
They was on the Posturepedic, had a
change of plans
Don't let the money change you when it's
changin' hands
I've been a stand-up guy, never changed my
stance
I never came to dance, I spit legend
Believe we should reign the city, no kick
steppin'
My kicks epic, your clique retched, your
bitch ratchet
I'm a solo album away from a hat trick,
you can't match it
You ain't catch it don't mean I ain't pen it
I can quote some dope shit, I can't force
'em to get it
Can't force 'em to listen, it's more
awesomely written
Need the pen, the pad, the track best force
'em, I've been in
They say pressure bust pipes and make
diamonds
Shit I'm tryna lay the pipe, bustin' cake
rhymin'
That's real talk, man
And so there you have it
Goin' on for a while, I've been wildin',
Coney Island
Yeah, I'm feelin' like it's time to get into
this LP
But before we get right there, I got my guy
Sean Taylor with me
I'ma let Sean talk to 'yall for a minute, get
it
Imperial grace of the lexicon
Words are chosen even, and we are not
The space to ponder, the breath within the
trumpet
Muted voice, still music, muted minds
provoke thought
The meaning of meaning
Lovesick poet drunk off enunciation,
staggering through universes of belief
Premeditation, self preservation

A man should, no matter how mundane the
practice

Young girl taps his shoulder to ask daddy
what that is, aww baby

He's just sleeping

The uniformed men that surround him never
question what they're policing

Your place in this story, rent, owning or
leasing

When Black lives are capital, they were
lowercased

Mispronounced a whole system you fuckin'
faced

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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