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 Balmains 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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