Famous Last Words

Sole

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Honesty is the key
Did I get crossed out? absolutely,
Everybody's etched in a little piece of themselves, we're sweating though.
Fountain of youth like isabelles and jesabelles, no wedding bells, queen elizabeth.Holy motherfucker smack your gauntlet into a labyrinth.
Escher crustified seen through walls hand carved puppets
Don't make a madman out of god's gifts.
X marks something magnificent if it's meant to be,And I'm meaning daddy kev, well welcome to my odditorium.
Let's make molehills of insecticide what dreams are made of in and about
With all limbs dancing as one it's a masterpiece and you're invited, who's sweating?
Wake the waves we throwing tantrums who's catching this jathan vs the spicegirlsIdeas thrown at random time is to waste and I'm an archangel.
Slaying every cliche I've ever thrown where's the diss in that?
I'm dissing languages, what's the point? everyone is called out.
Numbers in everything, decode my dick, I ain't linda tripping this is my stadium.Another gift of gab I suppose everyone oughtta change their clothes
Oh these girls are angels apparently god lives in seattle.
Jathan is the ceo in a desk of air, salute the aliens before they melt omega6.
I've been sacrificed to a volcano check it out,I'm a big word paraphrasing moments of genius.
Imagine my eyes burning every time I'm reading this,
If it's meant to cry, and I guess all people are meant to die.
What is it you're looking at? there's a hole in my chest call it heartache.Sole's a ventriloquist, antagonist, wanna be soothsayer, rhymesayer, so the irony is whatever.
Oh look I slit my wrists so I'm supposed to be a lantern landing in animation abandoning all my human traits.
You're all in bondage, bon voyage we keep it in accompaniment,Suggest professionalism, throw up your w's ask questions.
This is a questionaire what you've abandoned your god, where we all godforsaken
In a makeshift writer's workshop all alone,
We in a makeshift writer's workshop all by myself.Where are my planets we are all planets in plain clothes
Walking in line where's the irony in that?
This is my office who are you yelling at?

Drink your santa shit, take that smart shit elsewhere.I'm practicing being dumb, don't tempt me. I can take off my shirt,
Black and yellow photographs that shit is dead.
Sole is my epitath that makes this the farewell slash entrance
Like never before so do whatever.Everyone is on the floor this is a stickup you're being raped for your innocence,
So I'll rob you blind for what that's worth.
I love my mother and amanda's dreadlocks it's over, take your picture leave me alone,
This isn't even me.Paint tim holland naked, read it and weep.
Wipe that thought off your face I'm on an ego trip.
So where's my trophy who wins humanity 1999 1200 hobos those numbers make sense.
We make up a percentage a defense brainwashing pestilence.It's all about advertising, can I rent space in your mind?
It's all about merchandising I'm so underground everyday I wake up at 7:30 and I still ain't dead.
It's all about if I don't come down up off of this irony coming off hard,
One thousand ideas of sympathy. let's dance, sex symbol symphony time for ambush.Eight twilights in a frame, all eyes on portland, maine m.e.
This is my god complex and you're all shareholders.
Hold hands, can I get an om, or a loan?
I'll pay you back over my dead body resurrected, still torn and stillborn,I'm still adding names next time it will be more like "dear society."
I'm a live poet still fermenting and ending any explanation on an expedition
We call hiphop and I think it's the greatest waste of time ever shat.
Where's my sarcasm, it's actually sincerity when I rap it's what I do.All hip-hop is something I listen to when I know what I'm not talking about.
Or insinuating disclaimer everything I write is a diss song,
This time I'm talking about the things I can't change.
We'll always be hungry and pointing fingersWhen in the end we should have been building skyscrapers. this is my planet,
I'll have my people talk to your people I'm not weird and everybody's bored
So let's be important while we're writing hand gestures give me some oceans.
We're orphans and organs in a well in a porn like carouselThis is a trampoline springboard.
An idealistic "isn't it worth the time it took to step off?"
Someday this will be an ancient society.
I'm doing this in hopes of never getting crossed out, so where's my dotted line?I forgot my lines and I'm running out of steam. so leave me here to die for a minute.

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