

# The Town

## Joy/Disaster

Now when I say 2-0, you say  
Nah, you know the rest  
This is our scene  
our music, our movement, the history lives through us  
I write to the beat and let life play the guitar strings  
Despite the drama, there's respect and camaraderie  
Every time one of my friends is mentioned in my philosophy  
It's a rite of passage, I'm not trying to be corny  
I got love for Sportn' Life, Alpha P, Massline, and Onry  
Every time somebody steps out on the road  
They bring a little Northwest soul with them, amen  
Alright then, just so you know  
I try to carry that everytime that I rock a show  
So, turn my sound up  
Ricochet off our mountain  
It's Good Medicine that Chief Sealth would of been proud of  
Sends our city, town pride, heart, blood, sweat, tears, I-5,  
North, South side, vibe, live, ride down these city blocks  
And never will be stopped  
They tryin' to shut down the clubs that my city rocks  
Now Mr. Mayor why would you enforce an ordinance?  
Music it saves lives, these kids out here are supporting it  
And through the art form we've learned the importance of community  
Truth to the youth so they know what's up  
Yup, and as a public school student  
I learned from my teachers, but became through my music  
Take that away, that's a vital  
14 Fathoms Deep, Do the Math, Tribal  
My greatest teachers: Beasope and Bida  
Wordsayer was my mayor and things have changed  
But I carry the torch and what I do with that flame  
Is lit everytime that I step on the stage  
The skyline is etched in my veins  
You can never put that out, no matter how hard it rains  
That's right, when you put on a show  
And watch the people seat in between the creases and the doors  
Hitting the melly or sneaking in 'cause they're broke  
Now leaving in between sets because a needing to smoke  
The reason being whatever  
The scene from Beacon to Everett

is in need of less ego when we kick it alright  
I get on stage, style, share my whole life  
Try to reach 'em at the bar where they're drinking Miller Lite  
But the kids in the front, they bring out the passion, dude  
Make noise throughout the show and not only when we ask 'em to  
I watch the older cats jaded in the back  
Hands clasped, forgot when they weren't too cool to be a fan, damn  
Hatin' at the concert  
You don't remember RKCNDY, watching Heiro, or vibing out to Alkaholiks  
I know it's not the same, it never will be  
But my, my, my, my city's filthy  
And we've been truly dope since Supreme was up on  
Broadway in the dookie rope  
Mean muggin' in Sir Mixalot's video  
Back when Scene was rockin' house parties on the floor  
JMG's, Sit N' Spin, and The Paradox  
Back when Mark introduced Geo to Sabz  
So much has changed here, so much has not  
I was just a kid hopin' I could earn my spot  
Try to get some props  
Meet a promoter who'll give me a shot  
To let me get up on stage and get the crowd to rock  
Read a page out my notebook  
What I thought would be respected, they would connect with it  
Now looking over the city's the only thing that keeps me calm  
Scattered thoughts jotted down by this pen in my palm  
It's like my city stands still, the world looks on  
If I could only capture its beauty and put it in a song

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