

Sidelines

Bisc1

[Everybody's got something to say
Everybody wants to make change
But everybody do it the same
So I pay close attention and watch the gauge]

Think every which way, tryin' to find clarity
No matter the pain, the rhyme never for charity
Just records that turn, you know, ride the waves
And since the tables crash (create them the same?) [Let's go!]

Need to make breaks like prison escapes
It all just depends on the way that you face
So I'm takin' my place in the big city chase
I got news to make, no matter the (false way?)
Fully engaged, no sign of divorce I stay
Committed to page, let it take me away
I hear what they say, double-take, replay
So we live for today, or at least I'm trying
Reading signs like charades (no ice skatin? the page?)
I'm just like you, holdin' my square
And I'm told don't compare, so I do, but it's true
Then send my words out to all of you

[In the game of life, I play all positions
Stop look and listen]

(?) Rise above, or get lost
Every man, woman, child only needs one shot
But once you rise they gon' grab what you got
Hands reachin' out like pan handle-less pots
Ain't askin' for lots, each drop got the ripple effect
Speed up or slow down, put the rhythm in steps
You figure the depth, what we had and what's left
Now my IV inject with desire for the breath
In time with the rest, well they think they know best
Oh, he's confused everyday issues like
The media news, diffuse the negative to stand up
Let the positive boost you, get a kick
Now it's in your hands, so what you wanna do
Fall back and stand strong, and follow through

New faces disclose motives
When nobody seems to know where the roads is going

[In the game of life I play all positions
Stop look and listen]

You're doin' the same addition
It's already written
A warrior decision (wise man?) composition
Followin' spittin', life contradiction
Put yourself out there and you might be the victim
From the (hot day?) inscription, watch it grow colder
Wrapped like a fresh cup morning of folgers
That everyday fix just to figure what the road is
Maximum exposures to moving closer
Thought-provoker, I will not play the joker
Desequence the beat with high capacity reaches
Professors, teachers, students on the bleachers
I see the strength, and separate weakness
Watching close like police on streets
With feet on beats, but this is me on beats
Run in circles until I make sense of what I see
But they ain't really sayin' much to me...

[In the game of life I play all positions
Stop look and listen]

I keep my eye on them close, from East to West Coast
Specifically those that come a little too close
Everybody with big formulated ideas
That don't make sense, take your seat in the rear
Please step back, we're on attack mission mode;
A warrior can't stop to think what the other decision holds
Yeah, it's Bisc two-oh-three-seven-one-eight, we shine like gold.

[Stop look and listen]

Lyrics submitted by Samuel.

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