Ishmael

Shabazz Palaces

Mimicking godsI was known on the throne
With your own light of home
Fully charged from the stars
On life through the cars
I unwound in the moon
On a chopless nightless crew
Showing myself in the light
Being myself all the while
Sun unstill until sin is still
Cause sin is still in our sons instilled
Sinister minds
Sinister plans of sinister dudes
Sinister motives sinister moves
Sinister hearts ride sinister grooves
Sinister ranks 'mongst sinister crews
This one here from me to you
Started off rude ill finish you smooth
His tools crude while mines just fluid
Mirror please tell him he's the dude
Principles claimed but none pursued
Telling his bitch "bitch that's my groove!"
Tell her come time to show & prove
A lottery win the peaches choose
Motto be dog to each his groove
In the jungles I'm follow through
Every down is a audible
'Cause every style I rock is swallowed whole
Some are all mine some outright stole
Some of them foes some be your bros
This another fly one y'all can blow
Corny ass fucks are thrower in dough
Pimpin' on top his paper throne
My richness is incalculable
My tacoma whips my falcon soar
My pimpage passions palpable
Huey beats and Malcolm flow
Intimacies I doubt you know
Down in them grooves you can't even go
Fuckin' with me she stay aglow

Parallel lines and magic stones
All of our stories told in codesFrom a future's past platoon
Brought forth in rhymes
A secret memory of way better times
When we was raisin' high
Couldn't sell us none of this shit
You could back us against that wall
But you'd hear that click, another clip
I'm asking where did it go?
What happened to my folks?
Beauty bought by empty corp
Loving what you don't
I can't understand
Why we couldn't hold sway
And place ourselves behind all these things we paved the wayWhen they basking in your glow, they smile
Keen observers notice something pitched up in the style
Jealous fellas [?] betrothed
All his accolades are self bestowed
Plot his talents through his master's mill
But never tell us what's behind the veil
Don't drink don't smoke don't jux don't sniff don't coke don't strap
I was raised to figure that's your rack
Between hell and high water he froze
Incandescent rivers I just glows and flowsWell
I just got chose
I can no longer minister to your sinister grooves
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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