

General Assembly

Assembly Generals

Ha! Check!

1, 2!

Uh!

This is the general assembly

Uh!

1, 2! You know! Check!

This is the general assembly

Do you hear me?

This is the general assembly

Gather around!

Ha! Yo!

This is the calm before the storm

a lullaby before the bomb

Weâ€™re gathering the bullets

You bullies better be warned

A military mic held tight

We hold strong

The rules we turned around

and reverse the echelon

We ride into the dawn

with cracks and broken bones

We lack what you require

but attack what you have known

And thatâ€™s how we survive

in the middle of smoke blown

these raps will now be known

as the new Rosetta Stone

Eradicate the fear

of the dream we never grabbed

With pain on our sleeves

and weakness on our flags

We kick, push, shoot, stab, right hook, cross jab
To fight the labels of prostitutes and douchebags
geeks and gangsters, the priests and pariahs
the damsels in distress and all the self-made messiahs
Scattering the power from the lowest to the highest
It's time that we eliminate the bias

Today we fall to the ground
Feel the foundation tremble 'cause
We are
Starting to Assemble

Nothing will be made
from all the labels you resemble 'cause
We are
Starting to Assemble

The walls are coming down
Feel the foundation tremble 'cause
We are
Starting to Assemble

Take away the powers
and the levels you resemble 'cause
We are
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Battling the curse of our landscape. Bad names.
Bleeding every soul without a band-aid
Pressing every multiple dimension to a pancake
Automatic inventory controlling every mandate

Damn, wait!

Why do we agree upon a handshake?
Physical attraction is polluted by the man-made
But before we sink let's float away and think
We were written off by dummies using temporary ink

Now we're standing at the brink
and the victory's elusive
They tell us love is blind

because they decapitated Cupid

Self abusive, alone living in a box,
but everyone's connected by the dots
Every particle of us can be hunted by a rifle
And every leader can be overthrown by a disciple

We are the anomalies who aim to break the cycle
Stop!
Cause we don't give a fuck about the titles.
Drop!

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The rich man
the poor boy
the bitches
and the broken

The foolish
the pauper
the silent
the spoken

The beautiful
the mad
to the holy

and the bad

To the kid who had a child
and the son who raised a dad
the blessed
the cursed
from the bottom to the first
To the one who paints the world
and the one who writes the verse

We gather every visionary
guided by the truth
Welcome to the general assembly
Salute!

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