

In Memory Of....

Soulfly

Yo, life's web wants me in debt and tries to collect my breath
As ransom in return for my soul's silhouette.
How deep does shit get?
Is it worth the Bentley's
And jets in this jungle of sheer cons
And devils with breasts.
I mean does everything happen for a reason,
The change of seasons,
Even the slugs screamin' to stop you from breathin'.
It seems we're all a target in this mosh pit.
The world be spinnin' lopsided, that's
Why I have my logic. We are what we are, musical contrast
Sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are, musical contrast
Sound clash, bomb blast
So don't tell me how to act, how to be, how to live
We are what we are, forever live or die
Don't tell me how to act, how to be, how to live
I am what I am from beginning to the end My conspiracy theory threatens national security, speaking clearly,
You assholes don't hear me.
Walked the psychopath of Timothy Leary
When cell therapy wasn't curing me,
God put fear in me, scaring me.
R-I-P Kamau Jahi, quiet warrior with dignity,
Still with me spiritually, forever in memory.
Cut throat, who ill as me?
Soulfly. Flight attendants ain't got shit on me.
You reap what you sow,
So I try my hardest to harvest good crops regardless
If most artists are garbage
With godless content.
To be honest, the chronic plus my fondness of alcoholic products
Held my spirit in bondage like convicts. Gettin' blunted wasn't pungent,
Overabundance of dumb shit had me living low-budget. Conflict.
Indo had my mental growth stunted, cut friends out my circumference I used to run with.
Rose above it. Fuck thuggin' and clubbin',
I got one in the oven,
Plus my girl's talkin' husband, she buggin'.
My method of flowin' expression through poem,

Salt of the Earth like the ocean, God's chosen spokesman.
Creation to cremation, to be blatant, fuck Satan,
Paper chasin' motherfuckers facing damnation.
Girls actin' fly with no interest in aviation, fuck station, radio
Waves is just radiation. We are what we are, musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are, musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
You don't feel when I bleed, when I scream, when I feel
We are what we are, forever live or die
You don't know how I feel, what is real, what's the deal
I am what I am from beginning to the end Cutthroat Logic,
The newest extension of the Soulfly Tribe
From now until the day that I die.
Can't you tell by the pain in my eyes
That with this music I will bring my dream to life.
Stressed the F out, losin' my mind,
I wanna blow up right now
But I know it takes time.
Like slanging saxs to takin' elbows across the state lines,
From 22's to tec 9's swag to kind.
Underground to worldwide, I will never die,
Forever my words in my rhymes they gonna keep me alive.
So onward I strive each
And every day of my life as I fight to keep K-RAB's dream alive.
Forever my better half from fightin' to makin' cash.
Some things in life are fucked up,
Wish I could take 'em back.
But I live life with no regrets
So I just look back on life and laugh. We are what we are, musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
We are what we are, musical contrast, sound clash, bomb blast
In memory of D-LOW I carry this pain
We are what we are, I know you understand
In memory of D-LOW I carved your name
I am what I am from beginning to the end Got Catholics in confession
And 5-percenters studying lessons
While the youth smoke Buddha for blessing.
I hear you fuckers on vinyl praising false idols,
Claiming Gods and dogs and other fraud titles, to rival.
My recital's laced with the Bible, life is just a time trial,
I'm trying to make the finals.
March madness in the land of savages,
I'm stranded, a magnet for static so I combat it diplomatic, nomadic,
What I'm tatted, my cross my only baggage,
Roots go back to Africa, I'm not Asiatic.
Brothas mastered mathematics and still they can't add it.
My quest isn't cabbage although it's nice to have it,

Rock the planet, like volcanic magma fragments,
As my lava cools a lot of fools take me for granite.
I just wanna meet the trinity and live for infinity,
Laugh at the enemy, when I get there who cares who remember me, on Earth. Since birth my dome had afro turf,
ask the nurse,
I heard a verse that said, "who's last is first",
So I keep my flesh humble 'cause I'm still-skinned like Rumble,
Average a triple double and keep my game subtle,
Jam harder, than Vince on all ballers from bench to starter
Since I slaughter holler, murda, on Shawn Carter,
No honor with robbers,
So I pray to my godfather
And my conscience isn't bothered by how I get my dollars. We are what we are, musical contrast, sound clash,
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