

Clay

Babadag

When I first landed the damage was outlandish
anguish, anxiousness, and taking it for granted
but when I first landed I was so relieved I lost my focus
so we exceeded recommended dosages
now I hold the crib? that holds the soul that holds the poet skills
exclusive it leaves illusions of unfocused flows
I don't suppose you're taking too much time
breaking too much mind trying to unravel the parable?
that dismantled and left the lines in need of some assembly
so I can find the secret key and free all the emcees
this planet spins on a thin axis
all axis passes won't help you to grasp the atmos'
I mean, what did you think
my agenda was to freestyle, smile, get paid to smoke weed,
and grab the mic and spoon-feed?
there's more to this than just paying the rent
if you're riding on this song you need to ride it to the end
[Chorus]what could you say as the Earth gets further and further away?
planets as small as balls of clay (x4)
some shells get broke
some keep their wigs closed
some get exposed as little man big pose
some make moves and some stay daydreamers
but everybody seems to want some loot, food and a beemer
well make mine hunter green with camo insides,
10 percent tints, Mr. Pibb and some french fries
inch by inch I take it closer to the shoulder
but day by day it's getting harder to stay sober
once again on the edge, head's inebriated
movement needs motive, it's easier to be sedated
what makes me mighty and another tiny?

why does my psyche give a damn about whether or not you like me?
if this crime's right I might be wrong
I grip this mic tight because it's all I really have a grip on
so let the losers lose and let the players play
the difference is the day to the dust some clay, what
[Chorus - 4X]who's world is that? it ain't mine, and I'm grateful
already got a plate full of clay on my table

I'm capable of handling fate, I know this
so do the people that get pissed when this microphonist spits
too many get caught up in the lines that emcees thought up
but it's clear to me the ones that fear me are the one's that outta
I spot a blemish on your planet's existence
I deliver subtle terror submerged in clever sentences
instantly pissin? away the misfits
the only residue that came of the hypothecially spew they sprayed
when they swayed I'd have em
half of 'em can't fathom
where the 'Mats? from
I may be on those
you can ask 'em
at last, when we get down to it
there's more than sand and fluid
in how I revolve and evolve
can we solve the secrets? No.
can we take trinkets? No.
so when the ink hits it's more than just a sequenced flow
I can't bring you with me so I'm a leave me here
centuries from now they're gonna study Atmosphere
carefully I steer, I'm aware life is fatal
when I go, I wanna go like Ho, taken by the play-dough
[Chorus - 4X]

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