

# Neva Heard

## Illogic & Blockhead

It's illogic, warrup blockhead  
Yo, check me out Conscious with a purpose, the undeniable  
Viable franchise, spit thes  
Primadona rhymers lost they lip gloss in their purses  
Now their stories make up don't glisten as much  
Even know they touched up they blush babblin  
On the road traveling  
Thinking of ways to make my days more extravagant  
Heard that crime pays, but it's only a below average  
Rather grow old, chillin with my children  
Eating sandwiches on the porch with my beat up  
Than be in the streets with savages looking for scraps to eat up  
Though patience is a virtue, I'm running out of it  
They gotta get, back to the basics,  
Cause walking in place starting to wear  
To thread on my exits  
Ageless pages, keep the eternal  
It's a challenge within itself  
A rich man is one with knowledge, happiness and its health  
That's obvious, common sense, way too intense for settle this  
You ridin the things for lighting incense  
While I make my pick  
Side chosen, sparkin wicks, set of dynamite sticks I'm holding  
T minus 10, and blowing  
Watch for the shrapnel that spreads  
Try to adapt to length and the lax of luxury  
It seems that when I woke from my dreams  
Nobody's touching me  
Have to guard to turn my dreams to reality  
Suddenly gluttonies, everybody's favorite sin  
Mouths full with them...  
Open your eyes, the rich get their checks from the wealthy  
To have a clock and then watch them break your spirit  
But you left with no options when you acknowledge a glass ceiling  
Shattered shards, slicem e up something crazy  
But baby I'm healing fast  
Every lap is a band aid, I never embrace fear  
Cause I'm beyond all the things that man made  
A diggin the life of the nicest right that you never heard.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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