

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 riding 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.

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