P-R-I-C-E

Drew Torres

For every cause, there's an effect. Just can't escape the roundabout like sunrise or sunset. P to the R to the I to the C to the E yeah watch me break it down so diligently. So listen up closely...

Petty politicians possibly all pushing Porsches pickpocket the planet in plight of "power to the people." I was poor, Puerto Rican, packing pistols, paving paths. Pummeling at post-traumatic points of pain in my past.

Rewind, re-write what's rare to rudiments and renegades. Rhymes rip like razorblades. In hopes reactions rally raising righteousness. Ripening the rinds of consciousness. So re-absorb the random ramble and receive this beckoning. Re-animate the re-alliances, for the reckoning.

Idealistic idols illustrate elusive imagery. Imprison in-patients with imaginary industry. Indistinguishable to the minds ingenuity and inconceivable to indefinite congruity. Intravenously instill an infrared impression. Incoherent with an inclement of incandescence.

Concrete casts a cobblestone comatose. Commence a color blind comradery, we're constantly close. Cookie cutter clones cop a cure for killer caustics. Crazy creators confide in cross clauses, could care less. What's chillin in your closet, so close it. Not down with skeletons or corpses. So dead it.

Evil elements exacerbate all evolution. Elevating everything encased in endocrine contusions. Embalmed, enslaved, uncouth, enraged. Excited for the envelope encased... I'm an entertainer eloquently expressing every emotion. Existential emergency enclosed in pains erosion.

But that's the price you pay for living this life. Cannot praise the good without all the strife. One time I heard a wise man say... "you get what you put out most every day"

Lyrics Submitted by Drew Torres

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