

# Resurrection

## Common

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter-in  
That be scattering, over the globe will my vocals be traveling  
Unraveling my abdomen it's slime that's babbling  
Grammatics that are masculine I grab them in, verbally badgering broads  
I wish that Madeline, was back on Video LP  
I went against all odds and got a even-steven  
Proceed to read and not believing everything I'm reading But my brain was bleeding, needing, feeding and  
exercise  
I didn't seek the best of buys, it's a lie to textualize  
I analyze where I rest my eyes  
And chastise the best of guys with punchlines I'm Nestle, when it's Crunch-Time  
For your mind like one time  
If poetry was pussy I'd be sunshine  
'Cause I deliver like the Sun-Times Confined in once-mines on dumb rhymes I combine  
I'm hype like I'm unsigned, my diet I unswine  
Eating beef sometimes I try to cut back on that shit  
This rap shit is truly outta control My style is too developed to be arrested  
It's the freestyle, so now it's out on parole  
They tried to hold my soul in a holding cell so I would sell  
I bonded with a break and had enough to make bail A misdemeanor fell on his knee for the jury  
I asked no for his ID and the judge thought there was two of me  
Motion for a recess to retest my fingerprints  
They relinquished since 'cause I was guilty in a sense I ride the rhythm like a Schwinn bike when in dim light  
I use insight to enlight devices hit the skin tight  
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe  
Imaginations in flight I send light like Ben's kite I've been bright  
Get open like on gym nights and in fights I send rights  
Don't hook with skins my friends like  
I spend nights up in dykes In spite I've been indicted as a freak of all trades  
I got it made, I bathe in baselines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums  
Come from a tribe of bums, hooked on Negro and mums  
Had to halt with the, malt liquor 'Cause off the malt liquor I fought niggaz  
Now my speech is lost quicker  
Cruising South side streets with no heat and no sticker  
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker  
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker  
U Ak got my back and we don't now check it I'm a hoe but not a hoe nigga  
Ain't scared of no nigga  
But it's my turn to go I gotta go

And I'm gone with the storm

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