

Rico Pabon

"Write Lines"

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[Verse One]

I'm like the first born son, bow before none
scientists try and predict the hour I'll come
I'm from the slums and I represent the thugs
and the soldiers holding guns, but I brought nothing
but love
I'm just one of the Most High's military men
empty emcee's I'm to kill and bury them
it was written, that's why you hear no threat in my voice
just amplify my God gift cuz it's my weapon of choice
I'm nocturnal, that's why I'm hard to see in the light
concocting journals that'll burn and guide my folks
through the night
I'll rock eternal 'til my great grand daughters holding
my mic
when I return to the light, she'll still be breathing new
life
and reaching new heights and keeping it hype like
Jesus the Christ
cuz never is righteousness defeated in fights
so hear me tonight, ain't no fear in me, right, cuz we
can live twice
words serve as everlasting life...

[Chorus]

Write lines that will free our minds, write lines,
everlasting life...
Words serve as everlasting life, so go do it!

[Verse Two]

Some emcees be searching for the fountain of youth
without any proof
when God's got a mountain of truth, just listen
you'll hear the sounds of several thousands of troops
all of them down and surrounding you in your mission
so play your position
cuz every scripture has been hand written
it's Jah speaking through his man children
the grandchildren of prophets, still documenting the
wisdom
we come as all purpose wordsmiths, at your service

spitting verses over rhythms, can be medicine or
venom
depending on how we living, whether we righteous or
sinning
rap is the word, and ever since the beginning, it been
love
fake thugs is fighting the feeling, and writing for
millions
no future insight for the children
play they're a cappella's and listen, they be inviting the
killing
as long they buy what you give them, you'll sell them
tickets to prison
where every thing is non fiction, word...

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Let's bring it back to the days of rappers we could trust
and feel
the days when emcees had to talk about the real
cuz still, one time and judges been rushing to the
dungeons, still
some think it's changed and others think it never
fucking will
One thing's for sure, the whole system's rotten to the
core
and it wasn't built on universal law
Like 1984, there's everlasting wars
lies that are televised just change with the daily reports
but after the sports
When we hit the streets in protest, organized and
focused
that's when we go unnoticed
They won't broadcast this out to the masses
they'd rather watch a psychopathic fascist have his way
So many blasts a day, so many pass away, so many
massive graves
like any ghetto U.S.A
But still these rappers with nothing to say get all the
play
They've been given the gift of gab by God and in these
last days, hey...

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