

## Sankofa

### "Tic Tac Toe"

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Going to hell in a hand basket with a casket of jewels  
Fashion and fools? Surpass them with a passionate tool  
Matter of fact these raps slap tracks and massacre  
troops It's like cats make tracks and never practice  
them through Man, I do this for the head nods and that  
tap of your shoe Give me the finish line and I'll snap it  
in 2 What's happening dude is nothing but miraculous  
groove That I inhabit, sticking and moving from flax to  
the loom Contaminate with gamma rays and make it  
rapid and smooth And my biggest critic is the last to  
approve And unless I rock shows, there isn't cash in it  
duke I dropped my pen on the floor and it splashed  
with a boom The last of the few smashing up a  
passenger too Too busy having fun to heed screeds  
babbling doom Rose colored glass half full in a  
lavender room Tossing a few asides to leave all the  
fragile consumed And that's true Tactile tic tac toe Rap  
and flip lactose Tackling the tracks dope Half will win  
and that's so Typical, and that's the way it has to be So  
pass the key and that's to me You dig that? I'm a fan  
of the same Remember Raekwons tarantula chain? I  
kick raps that ramble and maim, the man is a train  
Wreck set to trample parades with mandibles crazed  
From analyst ways to stampedes the stamp of approval  
is gained Turning it to a brand abandon all of the  
claims Living day to day while you're balling away  
You'll get a stomach ache from eating all of cake And  
all that takes is time and moderation like Satchel Lest  
the world becomes reason for the Paxil Closing in walls,  
all frozen grim maws clenched Arguing far through it  
start doing top tens Giving them a soft serve, nerves  
misplaced Tournament interns burn the stakes Turning  
away enough to make Saint Peter's rack and pinion  
pivot Imminent beginning to finish spin it all within a  
minute Tactile tic tac toe Rap and flip lactose Tackling  
the tracks dope Half will win and that's so Typical, And  
that's the way it has to be So pass the key and that's  
to me I'm not a candidate for polling holding  
candlesticks verboten Hoping glamour is a potent  
potion, amorous and chosen Open hands and get a  
token, never know it just might work Instead of looking

of the product, man I'm check the price first And rectify  
verse until the words fit properly Recording takes with a  
verb flipped sloppily One of the benefits of having a  
studio at home Is that you can't hear my mistakes when  
I roam Each song's generation has different tweaks  
Varied approaches to visiting beats if it's wintertime,  
then I'm delivering heat And if it's dinner, I'm in a  
different street So listen to each and make your own  
call on the song It is dope, or fresh, or wack, or  
something soft for your mom I'm Sankofa, happily  
hopping along to the drums The dinosaur rapping with  
a fossil, his tongue And that's one

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