

1200 Techniques

"Eye Of The Storm"

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People are so fickle
These days it's so dispicable
Like tentacles, they all try stick on you
Hold you down if they cannot be sick on you
They try to bind you with an A too (?)
Enforce the written restrictions that we all got to stick to
They all disapear and re appeared
To suit their needs
Which to me is a joke,
Like short term peace treaties

I see a disease
Swarming like bees
Thinking these underdeveloped war torn countries
Apparently im on the good side
But this worlds so freaky at times
I swear this planets on an intergalactic fault line
Every time i race i can't win
I keep place till this land mines blow up in my face
again
Dismembered, i still gotta keep pacin' on, standin
strong
Facing the eye of the storm

These days three ways
The life game all wrong
These days, what we say
Can do such harm
I replay. each day
Like an endless song
Endless of my mind, non stop
Like the hands of time

What's with this financial envy
We've got so much poverty, but we keep spending
We're like pigs, they just won't stop eating till they hit
the bottom of the trough and lick up stinkin
Im seekin the truth , but how can i be
We're in a broken world of families and falacies
Taught to praise stars who seek fame,
Do what we must to gain monatry gain
And even im with it, but there are limits

Whatever happened to unconscious idea,
MC's talk verbal diarrhoea
Caught up with gun talk and bling bling,
Hip hop producers who work with pop singers, for ching
ching,
Im thinking

My rich stole, is now of no value
Light turns to dark, when cold breath hits the candle
Im here to rekindle your spirit
Keep the flame burning strong-acapo

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