

3 Melancholy Gypsies "The Plannit"

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(Chorus)

Rest My Legs Off
The Planet
Worlds My Easel
I Handle It
Gods My Mind State
Infinite Arts my climate (x2)
Inventive

(Murs)

My brigade wont be swayed or made to be afraid head
high hearts righteous men done Parade
Stood silent in the shadows steady building up my rage
And it's too late to counter once the move has been
made
Like Eregon call them ghosts off the ship
We gon slide through your city start tearing up shit
Destroying ring wraiths that bring fake hymns singing
priases to these demons named Cash & Gems
We smash with pens
And flash grim grins
As we administer a sinister fate to men
Who have transgressed and refuse to transcend the
confines of the state of mind they're in
The Path has been laid the gauntlet thrown down the
power so potent we're not playing with pronouns
It's like a healing potion when the poetrys put down
Elixer that's a mixture of this word and this verb
Combined in my mind until it's stirred
Brain left scrambled
So they label me disturbed
Tray in your face get it straight we can't get served
Orel Mursheiser on the mound with a sick curve
Thoughts thrown swift so your vision might get blurred
Get nerve
Get gone of go home
I'm headed for the rim gonna claim a gold throne
So hold on or come along if you feel this
But on this journey you will encounter some realness
There's drama, there's pain, there's death, there's

illness

But 3MGenerals will lead individuals to a positive called
change

Give your confidence in the rain

Bring you tolerance for the pain

I'm polish this insane

So when you play this song and recite this rhyme

You open up your heart and your soul starts to shine

For the journey is the struggle

But the movement is divine

(Eligh)

My category of conscience

Unbelievable artist.

Tag on the sands of the desert with a redwood,

Then I carve on the carcass

I'm a sould child.

Earth is my canvas. Took a bath in the ocean

And forever sunk Atlantis, my bad.

Sky Writing with a cloud cumulus calculate on my pad.

Rocking a thunderbolt on my back

Bullet train full of ink when I think

I sink

Multiple islands. Smiling lightning bolt from the west.

Testing my terminology speaking to God in tounge.

Well hung thought pattern.

I germinate when I contemplate

Continental drift,

When I take steps to become a man.

Stand at full attention, the sun is my captain.

Light of my fire.

Air in my tires.

Siren for firing off morning glory.

Horror stories tell the tale of reality in my sector.

A fallacy is to disrespect the easel that I sketch on

Cancerous cannibals eat my painting while I drive my
brush.

Touching up every area missing color.

Color coordinated, discovering other combinations. I

hover

In a hemispherical cloud of gasses far above the
planet,

My platform,

My stepping stone.

Planets are my medium.

Range of motion is extra large.

Travel the earth: I'm a man on my feet with a beat in my
heart.

I'm a carnival freak with a key to the city of light: the
heavens above

Inside my cranial crevices evidence pouring out when I
peak as a poet, unique
And a speaker of truth.
Strictly between me and you
God and monster ride my rhythms to the sunset back
and forth with such emotion,
Such devotion
To create and cultivate this culture clash to multiply.
Colorful codes unveiled.
Breath through flows exhale.

(Chorus)

(Scarub)

My bones are constructed,
Made from the same substance
That's of other mens skeletons,
Same marrow within.
It's the trials that,
Chase feet invent,
Why I lead while most follow the trends
And make mice of men.
I'm a hitchhikers tour guide,
I hijack and joyride,
Take it to the outer limits,
Further than the far side,
Rest my legs of the ledge of the planet like
construction breaking for lunch on sky scraper
scaffoldings.
Cat walk or sit on the rim,
Swinging like pendulum,
Living on the edge star gazing at gems,
And watch the concellations correspond,
Like the superstars that they are,
And fade out at the break of dawn.
Breath taking while taking in breath is a cycle and I
sigh like the wind.
My daily saga begins,
In a world of sin
I sincerely recite these hymns,
And you feel the sensation circling in ya limbs,
Yo whatever you do,
There's always somebody better
Gypsies them somebodies that got you sounding
whatever.
Ever what sound you got, got to be sounding better
with knock.
I'm hard of hearing,
Skills are like decibels,
Turn it up a notch.

Or else you suck and see it off like car alarms.
All noise,
No harm,
Why even bother to warn.
I suck at my teeth like a Texan.
Set it off like car bombs,
Detonating in the business of intersections.
You need to find me.
I'll find you first,
Man or myth:
Ya thoughts shift back with every verse.

(Chorus)

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