

311 "Plain"

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I'm in a good way on a bad day.
Thinking of a plan a way to stay on top of it.
Nailin' in I have a fit if I sit, sit doin' nothin'.
Which is what. I done so far but I carve a niche
which sits in my good things brain.
Layin' the tracks like a loco mo, spark the Jay.

[Chorus:]

Tabla Rosa is my brain don't mean to bug or drive you
insane.
Don't have to guess just what I'm sayin if I had a point
I'd say it plain.
Dammit my brain is blank
and now I say it would be a lie if I said I was inspired
nothin' to say but that's ok..

Nod your head to this.

Messin' around, I'm not having it.
You bite the hand I put your head out.
I come to know a travesty and so sad to see.
The scene dictated frustrated former musicians.
Switching' the emphasis from art to money.
But I demand autonomy what else my friend.
I tell you what 's wrong to me the industry's ability to
manufacture stars.
They churn them out like Iwojema makes cars.

But the blame lies not with those suits for trying.
It's the sheep that keep on buying that soulless crap.
Whatever they put in front of ya.
The hysteria of America.

Nod your head to this.

Well, stress is the enemy and not a friend to me.
One thing I see is to be easy goin' throwin' down sit
back.
And watch my life flowin' and knowing life is but a
dream.
You can ask my home team.
Let me tell you how I seem.

My economy seems to be in words not action actually
ya see yes.
I'm a tempest and I rarely rest but that's what you go to
do.
If you want to be the best so I'm on a threshold so don't
tell me no.
I just flow and know I can count on my bros.

[Chorus]

Don't you know that the devil he's in me and God she is
too.
My Yin hates my Yang, but what the fuck ya gonna do.
I choose a rocky ass path but that's how I like it.
Life's a bowl of punch go ahead and spike it.

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