

## **Clavius Crates f/ Silas Green**

### **"Classically Trained"**

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(Clavius Crates) It all started with the beat of a heart  
within my chest Swelling in the uterus, before I  
developed flesh As soon as I was exhumed from the  
tomb of the womb I fluidly crooned blues to the tune of  
the boom (Silas Green) Due to consume a bevy of  
heavenly melodies Readily fed upon it like a treasured  
delicacy Set to be pedigreed eventually on soul-kitchen  
recipes Memories recollect record collecting  
obsessively (C.C.) Inevitably nested in my destiny of  
music I spent ev'ry second invested in reverence to it  
(S.G.) Unit pursuant, eternally a thirst to be quenched  
From Herbie to Prince, a catalog deservedly dense  
(C.C.) The perfect defense, preventing petty flurries of  
stress Introverted and blessed, I further asserted my  
quest To purchase anything cold, from Britpop, bop,  
and soul To reggae, funk, electronic, hip-hop, rock and  
roll (S.G.) Copped in droves, my passion grows hot as a  
stove To concoct the poems flown from the top of the  
dome I was a hard-hit target of psychedelic guitar licks  
Often drawn quick to Pharcyde bizarre trips (C.C.)  
Harnessed the grooves to illuminate darkness (S.G.)  
Always enthused from the tunes that made hearts skip  
(C.C.) A jubilant harvest, carved in circles of wax (S.G.)  
Burstin' with tracks of versed facts furnished in raps  
{BREAK} (S.G.) My brain became a melting pot that  
never could fill I found my sustenance in artists of  
incredible skill And gained repetitive thrills, similar to  
finding pleasure in pills From hearin' lyrics dripped  
from venomous quills (C.C.) Cleverer stillâ€¦ put pen to  
page and make lettering spill To give your gal  
trembling chills, as a gentleman will Exiting grills, we  
spit it, hit the philly, and passed Riveted by a river of  
Brazilian jazz (S.G.) Clinically spazz, from vivid bits of  
vintage penmanship That emanate with hisses caused  
by dusty fingerprints (C.C.) Clutching in my grip a thick  
bin of sizzling hidden gems Quickly spinning with the  
listening giving me dividends (S.G.) Consider me a  
witty synonym for music lover 'Cause when it come to  
seekin' beats, I be the truest brother (C.C.) Smooth as  
buttered soul heated, by the time I get to Phoenix I'm  
leavin' each and every crate of rarities depleted (S.G.)

Proceeded to reach my peak when steeped in  
headphone bliss Progress dependent on the  
underground and best known hits See me knee-deep in  
the finest brew of vibrant styles Miles blew That's tried  
& true to chill a spine or two and leave you Kind of Blue  
(C.C.) Guru creators have a master plan and a plot To  
grant me the chair of a Pharaoh like Sanders or Monch  
Scramblin' fontsâ€¦ to rearrange pieces of flame  
Heating your brain when deviant sequences seep and  
ingrain (S.G.) Deeply insane for symphonic sonnets and  
flowed phonics (C.C.) Mold knowledge so solid, with a  
stage show polished (S.G.) Don't knock it when  
perfection is gradually gained (C.C.) Gathering praise  
rapidly- we were classically trained!

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