

411**"Paragraphs Relentless"**Visit "[Paragraphs Relentless](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Krylon text read off walls at sacred bench
Street lights lit burnt out apartments
The grip of microphone defines the heartless
A swig of Ol' gold and an L to spark this.
Reminisce to the days of backspins
Before the role of MC's reserved for acting.
When my real grimy niggas came two fists blastin'
Before the teardrops we felt the laughter
Halos can't help but shatter.
Pure pain always comes after
My culture does matter.
Perfect picture, precisely right mixture
Bred in Five Burroughs, an East Coast signature.
Subterranean verses emerging in mass quantities
Mass produced on cassette and LP
But sales weren't the mark of the illest MC
Creates and Tech 12's were tools that blessed me.
Beneath this asphalt, below the concrete
We bred in basements where only real men speak.

Seek Redemption in each sentence
(Paragraphs relentless)
Verses flow endless
(Violence stays senseless)
Change written script on torn page.
(Its all the same)
Assaults we wage became vague.

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Train of thought thrown askew
As I moved subdued through corridors
Known to fellow orators

Fuck an encore, settled scores before the bridge

Rigid temperament won't allow me to forgive
Morbid fascination with our soot and ash
At long last prepared to play phoenix.
Poverty ingrained so my peoples always feel it.
Scenic qualities were framed in Flashed Message
Remain restless
Youth immersed in essence
Of culture still fledgling
Force fed feeble lies to point of indigestion.
Consult wise men on life's questions
No time for second guessing
Seconds passed to form decades
Pause mixed on blank cassette tapes
Backspun on wax we learned to crossfade
Wrists quick from trips we threw in dice games
As life changed I maintained a razored mental
Reduced to stencil
Life which once resembled renaissance
Becomes fraud when taken from hands of true gods.

Taken from hands of true gods (x4)

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Pennants in paragraphs relentless (x8)

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