

**411****"Tarnished"**Visit "[Tarnished](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Adapt to daylight that breaks over roofs on horizon  
Split chest to concrete to clear sinus  
Letters curve like true writers  
Respect due to Phase2  
Bombs grew from angst of knuckled fighters

EFX:

The ones who fell in urban combat  
The ones who never cared to adapt  
The ones in life who always felt trapped  
The ones who made a real impact  
The ones who molded exactly where these thought sat.

Verses amplified acoustically through wires  
Makes perfect sense in mind with liquored virus  
It all makes sense when mind's on liquored virus  
Traveled under soil with Osiris  
Birth and death of modern world on the Tigris  
Why fight this?  
Okt nigga why you even mic this?  
Most the rest of world don't even like us  
Ink flow from pen to raw papyrus  
12 straight hours doing work ain't even tired  
Tried and hung from sycamore  
Cause I attempt to play Picasso for the poor  
No one wants to hear this lion's roar  
No one wants to hear a lion's roar  
Attempts on life are insured  
With truths I spit on tours  
Bourge muthafukas expect us on all fours  
Use brute force when I need to underscore  
The perfect paragraph always hit block raw  
Hits blocks (raw).

Chorus:

Endure the everyday, remain tarnished  
Truth is all tarnished  
Corner stoops is all tarnished  
Even when it's strength we try to harness

My mental stay tarnished  
The way we act on streets is all tarnished  
Even when we meek we still tarnished  
All the words we speak is mad tarnished  
The core of man tarnished

They say at best we tamed savage  
This train of thought kept collective souls all  
Ravished  
Raised a weary fist to catch my breath above the gutter  
Gave away our hope and dignity as not to smother  
We still suffer!  
Tragedy at times results in stutter  
Stability off kilter  
Resist within oppression  
The struggle is our weapon  
Perhaps this is the blessing  
Existence as the lesson.

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No need to mention where we is or where we at  
Instead I reminisce on all my peoples that we lost  
Black  
The ones who molded exactly where these thought sat  
The ones who taught me how to act  
The ones who fell in urban combat  
The ones who never cared to adapt  
The ones in life who always felt trapped  
The ones who made a real impact  
The ones who had the qualities your average man  
lacks  
Commit their memories to wax  
In fact commit their very tarnished essence to the core  
Of (this track).

Chorus:

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Corner stoops is all tarnished

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