

# Blackalicious

## "Release , 2, & 3 (Feat. Saul Williams...)"

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(Release)

(Release)

(Release)

[Gift of Gab]

Prevalent melanin elephant bailin

And carrying sedatives that'll give average lettermen  
callouses

Wrecking with savageness, catalyst

Battling rappers'll stagger right after the dagger is left  
in it

Cherish ? (Release) Attica

Shatter your algebra with calculus (give it up)

Damage your pattern I'm pounding you so fabulous  
(give it up)

Enough is enough is enough and I'm busting up outta  
this shell

In eruption and rupture your structure the fuck with you  
(Release)

Up in you and cut you a costumer

Huffing and puffing, discussing absolutely nothing,  
disgusting

Plus I'm feeling me rushing up in your country  
percussion

No woman gets struck in the boundaries

Wake up if your lunging, I'm something, you're nothing  
(Release)

Now come see grunting, I'm hunting

For one emcees running

I'm stomping my foot through your army

They couldn't have stopped me with shoties

Oddity, why did he, why do these entire societies  
inside of societies

And survivors still remain alive (Release) emcees

Thriving to flow, opting to go

Five hundred and fifty-five syllables to go

Split em' with subliminal intentional dental pro

Unlimited flow unriveted, inhibited, vindited

Now you can't get rid of it like (Release) business

Magnificent, intimate, in it with, in a minute, gonna be

in a nicks  
In it with a gig, big fat heads like eggs Benedict  
Pigs lick shit, rip with words in a bismol energy  
It's time I society beats release

[Saul Williams]

Inner breathlessness, outer restlessness  
By the time I caught up to freedom I was out of breath  
Grandma asked me what I'm running for  
I guess I'm out for the same thing the sun is sunning  
for  
What mothers birth their youngens for  
And some say Jesus coming for  
For all I know the earth is spinning slow  
Suns at half mast 'cause masses ain't aglow  
On bended knee, prostrate before an altered tree  
I've made the forest suit me  
Tables and chairs  
Papers and prayers  
Matter versus spirit  
A metal ladder  
A wooden cross  
A plastic bottle of water  
A mandala encased in glass  
A spirit encased in flesh  
Sound from shaped hollows  
The thickest of mucus released from heightened  
passion  
A man that cries in his sleep  
A truth that has gone out of fashion  
A mode of expression  
A paint splattered wall  
A carton of cigarettes  
A bouquet of corpses  
A dying forest  
A nurtured garden  
A privatized prison  
A candle with a broken wick  
A puddle that reflects the sun  
A piece of paper with my name on it  
I'm surrounded  
I surrender  
All  
All that I am I have been  
All I have been has been a long time coming  
I am becoming all that I am  
The spittle that surrounds the mouth-piece of the flute  
Unheard, yet felt  
A gathered wetness  
A quiet moisture  
Sound trapped in a bubble

Released into wind  
Wind fellows and land merchants  
We are history's detergent  
Water soluble, light particles, articles of cleansing  
breath  
Articles amending death  
These words are not tools of communication  
They are shards of metal  
Dropped from eight story windows  
They are waterfalls and gas leaks  
Aged thoughts rolled in tobacco leaf  
The tools of a trade  
Barbers barred, barred of barbers  
Catch phrases and misunderstandings  
But they are not what I feel when I am alone  
Surrounded by everything and nothing  
And there isn't a word or phrase to be caught  
A verse to be recited  
A man to de-fill my being in those moments  
I am blankness, the contained center of an "O"  
The pyramidal containment of an "A"  
I stand in the middle of all that I have learned  
All that I have memorized  
All that I've known by heart  
Unable to reach any of it  
There is no sadness  
There is no bliss  
It is a forgotten memory  
A memorable escape route that only is found by not  
looking  
There, in the spine of the dictionary the words are  
worthless  
They are a mere weight pressing against my  
thoughtlessness  
But then, who else can speak of thoughtlessness with  
such confidence  
Who else has learned to sling these ancient ideas  
Like dead rats held by their tails  
So as not to infect this newly oiled skin  
I can think of nothing heavier than an airplane  
I can think of no greater conglomerate of steel and  
metal  
I can think of nothing less likely to fly  
There are no wings more weighted  
I too have felt a heaviness  
The stare of man guessing at my being  
Yes I am homeless  
A homeless man making offerings to the after-future  
Sculpting rubber tree forests out of worn tires and shoe  
soles  
A nation unified in exhale

A cloud of smoke  
A native pipe ceremony  
All the gathered cigarette butts piled in heaps  
Snow covered mountains  
Lipsticks smeared and shriveled  
Offerings to an afterworld  
Tattoo guns and plastic wrappers  
Broken zippers and dead eyed dolls  
It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me  
I have seeded a forest of myself  
Little books from tall trees  
It matters not what this paper be made of  
Give me notebooks made of human flesh  
Dried on steel hooks and nooses  
Make uses of use, uses of us  
It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me  
I have seeded a forest of myself  
Little books from tall trees  
On bended knee  
Prostrate before an altered tree  
I've made the forest suit me  
Tables and chairs  
Papers and prayers  
Matter vs. spirit, through meditation  
I program my heart to beat breakbeats and hum  
basslines on exhalation

(Release) [x3]

[Lyrics Born]

The heaven-sent benevolent medicine man reverend  
Peddling deliverance that resemble amphetamines to  
The residents in the meadow of pestilence  
Who developed a chemical dependence on pessimism,  
now  
Is he is, or is he ain't  
The most distinctive speaker seeping through your  
sleepy speakers  
Yes he is, oh, yes indeed  
So distinguished, so close some people think half (?)  
Ain't no secret, people, trust me  
It's mostly hustling  
Moves me up strait  
But just focus on the gun scene  
Boasting and fussing  
They both so unproductive  
Suppose it go in my blood stream  
Let me post this question  
Ask anybody, just anybody  
They'll tell you that the antibody to the petty  
Potty mouth gots to be

Success at something  
To be the best of something  
And not to stress the dumb shit  
Cause you ain't missing nothing  
You got to

[Gift of Gab]

Motivate, accelerate, never wait, know your weight,  
throw away hate  
Grow and make weight of your older dates  
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and  
orchestrate fate  
Just motivate, accelerate, never wait, show the way, no  
escape  
Take hold and shift shape, live a longer day  
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and  
orchestrate fate

Astrologist, colleges follow this through the metropolis  
The dominant brown bomber, I'm in it, being prominent  
Walking it, mean walking it, clean the scene, stalking it  
Volcanic, got ya'll panicking, false canyon  
And, awe wait, all day  
Outlandish bandits be slandering what we mastering  
cause they can't catch us  
They all pray for our downfall  
Maybe one day, sike  
You never get no balance if you're crooked so play  
right, snake  
I'm mongoosing on you, stormtrooping through your  
form  
Oncoming, onslaught, on one  
Chopping you, I'll tomahawk, trauma hawk  
On running (?), rocking shit 'till I was born  
You're a Tom Thumb and I'm King Kong Bundy  
Strong thunder, all summer long, keep on coming  
Dawn, dusk, night, morning  
I'll bust tight poems  
Raw, just might (?) ya'll  
With the white motive, motivation

Motivate, accelerate, never wait, know your weight,  
throw away hate  
Grow and make weight of your older gates  
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and  
orchestrate faith  
Just motivate, accelerate, never wait, show the way, no  
escape  
Take hold and shift shape, live a longer day  
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and  
orchestrate faith

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