

## Electronic

### "Not Here"

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[Chorus: The Grouch - repeat 2X]  
I'm gonna tell 'em that I'm not here  
Ain't taking no calls today  
Time to refresh and do it all my way  
Get off my back  
Not taking orders  
It's time to refresh, make tracks and sing

[The Grouch]  
Bring about that piece of mind and recline  
Let your guard down and see what you find  
Inhale and exhale deeply, get loose  
Stretch out your muscles and squeeze you some juice  
Light that incense up and then bless your space  
Go to that place where the calm is on your face  
I promise that a taste of this is pure bliss  
Where thought grows freely and minutes mean shit  
I'm up in it clean fit, dreamin' so vivid  
I let it all radiate, you see how I'm livin'  
Energized and rested, tested time after time  
I'm impressed with my body and mind  
My hobby's so strenuous I gotta cool out  
Focus on health so that I'm not ruled out  
Exercise my knowledge and abolish all stress  
Get a good sleep and tomorrow I press  
Today I'm...

[Chorus x2]

[Bicasso]  
Now let's pretend that I was just born  
A niggas first breath, heartbeat, a life with no scorn  
It wasn't me, it was the egos of MCs they say  
The mic tempt me too  
But like the dollars makes 'em fishy dude ok  
The average day I got the duties of a lifeguard for  
myself  
When I'm swimmin' in a system makes it so hard  
But at the rest I just post up fine,  
Patrol my coastline and make the most of my mind  
Create the envelope and push it to the people on the

avenue

The ones stuck in they offices, this world is a vacuum

But my sauce it got some smack too

Like on a Sunday afternoon I got you tuned into the  
spiciness

Blended just right with this in the pocket like some  
jeans

Or the rhythm of these funk strings and I might just get

Another dosage of this slow shit

It's bumpin in my system and my soul too,

It's what I do when I'm alone, it's like some soul food

I wouldn't just get up from the table man, it's too  
smooth

This groove is better than any wrong thing

And if the phone rings I'm'a hit 'em back now

Let the song sing...

[Chorus x2]

[Pep Love]

I'm unavailable for comment

I'd rather go sail my boat and ride the tail of a

Comet, inhale of the chronic, a glass of orange juice,

Read a book, write a poem,

Hike a trail in the forest dude!

Breathe in fresh air

Release pressure

Extend and bend and strength yeah!

Burn a incense, silence my mind in a instant

Because now is the time and I'm in this

It gets me open like Halls Mentholypus

Pine cones and eucalyptus leaves

Mushrooms and wild flowers bloom

And cool Cali breeze

Make me feel superhuman

I might fly a kite, go home rock the mic

Throw on a song I like, call up my girl to bone

I'm in my own world, a zone

And it be them days like this when I don't answer the  
phone

I'm clearing my space

Excuse me while I take this brief intermission

From out the rat race

No hustle and bustle though my muscles are strong

I just don't wanna do nothing

But sing my song...

[Chorus x2]

