Elefante

"Nothing Less"

"We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams, come along"

[Chorus]
Nothing Less, nothing less

[Grouch]
Well I bet you that I get the last laugh
Bet you that my funerals packed
And the tune you all blast is my crew's shit
New shit or old it don't matter
Bold I get swole in the zone where you gather
I'm alone but together with the folks
Not really knowing where I'm going
But my goal's to provoke thoughts
Devote lots, show some fools the ropes to hop
Scope the top from above it
Love it, then leave it alone
I believe that I'm grown showing the way
Owing the bay for going astray, now I'm blowing away
Like that bag in American Beauty
Truly blessed and nothing less

[MURS]
I'm nothing less than a criminal
With minimal convictions
Serving up my customers a hustler of the diction
Crushing my afflictions, I'm sick in the mind
Depends on how you ask
And I can do anything depending on the task
I tend to be on blast more often than not
Between a rock and a hard place
I soften my spot, talking a lot
That's if my CD's get played
But if that's not the case then I had nothing to say
My crew been tight since we was up in the bay
Been down for a while, now watch us
As we take it, up and away
Something to play when you're laying on back
Felt the love when I wrote this
So I know y'all feel what I'm saying on tracks

[Chorus] - repeat 3X

[Slug]
The first step was birth
Now forever cursed to analyze his self-worth
The second step was belief
He had to make that move before he even grew teeth
The third step, respect awareness
He could trip over the next step if he's careless
That next step, number four, was love
Can't touch it without stepping the other three above
As he froze for a moment
Ignoring the remaining ones
He was approaching, focus stolen
Looking down at his hands to see what he was holding
Nothing, empty
No choice but to keep going
The fifth step felt like a misstep
It was a re-evaluation of the first four
The anxiety, fear of what it hurts for
Caught in somewhere between the earths core
And the first floor
When he finally made it to step six
He could no longer see it for what it is
All of his views and family and life were askew
Number six had been twisted by the previous two
The last step, the seventh
Was the only thing left that kept him outside of heaven
One last breath and everything could be pleasant
Life through death, man's final lesson

[Chorus]

[Sunspot Jonz]
Nothing less, god bless the days I rest
In this mess called life
Trying to be the best for the best dressed
Female, but she just brings hell
In the wishing well, I drown pieces of my soul
Born to rebel
I'm the black James Dean of the underground
Yelling at shows
Like rallys in Cali, I blow rhyme under the trees
Wanabees talk shit all day
But don't got a tape to play
Nothing genuine to say
So they bite the next man
Like they gonna make him the best man
In this crusade the future looks black
Like Taye Diggs' forehead

We can't go ahead and let the whack break our spirit

[Chorus]

[Scarub]
I know my expectations are high
But I refuse to lay low
No compromises only improvising
From what I manifest in the mind
Even though they say no
I follow through if it's true
You know those type of serious questions
That are asked in a playful manner
So if assumptions are wrong
They can act like it's a joke?
"What do you do for a living?"
That's the words they spoke
When they first heard that I wrote to stay alive
While they work a 9 to 5
I work just as hard as you
But got a different focus
And while you focus on me I'm gonna be all that I am
All of SIAM, while others run at the mouth
With nothing to show
I'ma use what I know, manipulating my flow
From here to there
I origami the situation from what is considered
Unsuitable to something beautiful
The outcome is legendary, and nothing less