

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Paragraphs Relentless"

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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.

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.

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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