## Abstract Rude "And That You Can Quote"

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[Abstract Rude]

It's deep, estuary, I'm the devil's advisary, comma

[Prevail]

Drama, the three of us are pyramids period

[Moka Only]

Hearing it we bring you to the point of exclamation

[AII]

And that you can quote

[Prevail]

Some people eat mice, all covered with lice

While I watch Poltergeist, some people of Christ

Crumb roaches and night fall, call it to height

If you will still believe in shadows and thrills

Watch the tight line of light that divides the gilds

Where the masons build up on Haunted Hill

No lights on the grill, black Coupe De Ville

About twelve o'clock midnight, window sill

Where the winds don't will, think a prince won't set

To think we might reach Mars but haven't figured it yet

The deeper it gets, the more minds must inquire

Streets are ablaze, no jobs and slashed tires

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Can't walk by us, we still hold the buyers

Ab, Mok, and P-1's for choir of lions
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It's credible, criminal stakes cut you a friend

Fire and iron, everything that melts and bends

Lost lake in the end, high voltage revenge

Cold stabbed with a pen

Will battles till the end

We are

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[Abstract Rude]

The petrie dish is placed onto the microscope

Scientists will examine what will provoke

A whole nation of humans resulted in ruins

The land by man, disrespected, disease infected

Some communities go unprotected

And every year welcomes a pledge for new beginning

But do we come out winning, lives are ending

Surrendering and being hindered

When do we remember, how do we forget

Our true gender without regret

Science commits homicide, crack new born baby dies

From the desire of intoxication while impregnated, eyes

Are way bigger than that fat tummy

Needed exchange explains the reign of money

The funny, the fickle and the wishy-washy are a little silly

Posse of people, their philosophy is evil

Can you possibly see through

The beaurecracy, the big troop to the X of this revolution

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[Moka Only]

Within the depths of this wood panneled room

This council sits with charts and graphs and prepares the news

Monthly reports fanned a fresco for you enthusiasts

My blues is the moodiest, truly is an uncommon understanding

One twelfth of Zodiac with eratic planning

Solo yet unified, and so low you drill and drill

But can't reach the bottom of my soul, although you have tried

And some of you just want to know how it all takes

Taking apart to inspect, but don't know how to fix

Some things should just be left a mystery

History repeats itself frequently and causes misery

The people in the middle just dribble away

The eyes on the tower know exactly where you stay

This man in the mirror doesn't know what to do

Except repeat the little pieces that i've learned and given to you

Download it for you, you give it to them

See, there's more than one way to uproot than pull another stem

Crime can dissapear, but at what price

Where the ten lock you in for the night and turn out the lights

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[All]
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