

Friedman Dean

"The Sheppard"

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This is Prime
I got a story to tell, so listen
It's about a ??, City of Wind

Here lies the son of Chicago, city of wind, a pitiful place
Critics talk shit behind his back and grin in his face
Theres no visible trace of ?teen? spirit or grace
And nobody in town supports anything he creates
This shit is hater-ville, it doesn't matter that he's made
of skill
Or that his beats is bangin, motherfuckers here will
hate him still
Kids are runnin rampant tryin to recreate the ills
Straight killin tradition by dissin all those who try to
build
He climbed the hills with pride until his mind was filled
with certain laws
Observe the flaws in thinking with an inkling to reverse
the cause
He's heard them all and finds that it's hard to teach
Then she replied ?believe? i'm fine and target it
beyond the reach
An artist speaks, silence overwhelms the crowd
They hated him before, now they're hoping he can
help'em out
Forget about his previous plights, and see the signs
Cause he is the beacon of lights and he is prime

It ain't about style
It ain't about rhymes
It ain't about skills
And it ain't about lines
It's all about life, maybe you'll see it in time
And then stop hatin on because I'm speakin my mind
It ain't about style
It ain't about rhymes
It ain't about skills
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It's all about life, maybe you'll see it in time
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mind

It's over now, see I got a little bit older now
It's time to play my part and represent this molemen
hold it down
I didn't wanna lead the flock, I was happy on the streets
and blocks
Corner cypherin, receivin props
I used battlin so I could sharpen my blade
So often, that it made me ruthless and they stated to
hate
Around that time I just recorded a tape, Mind over
Madness
Put some of my niggas on it, this shit was timed like I
planned it
I made out like a bandit, because nobody was doin this
Except for my man pug cause everybody was new to it
We used to get treated in the greatest regard
I met a lot of heads and took a stab at makin a spark
Scam artists rest in peace, yep I was the one who
started it
I took some known names and I chose to make them a
part of it
Qwel, Verbal, and ?bust?, by chance you might have
heard of them
They figured out the hustle, guess who the fuck they
learned it from

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This motherfuckers has got me stressed out
Surveyin the landscape that I've stretched out
I wonder if the path I've chosen to walks the best route
Feelin left out with the rain poundin my brain
Without any shade, no matter, moves gotta be made
The city I'm livin in is simply crawlin with hate
The same kids who turned they back was eatin off of
my plate
They just reminded me, it's time to eat, so finally
It's time for me to find a need to be the scribe with

designer beats

To shine you need more than just sheer talent and
confidence

Like heart and wit, mixed with soul to be a part of this
The ?words? I spit, reveal nothing more than a tortured
man

With nothing to lose, I'm warning you not to force his
hand

I'm takin no ?shorts?, I stand for what I believe in
Pullin wool from you eyes, and pullin wolves out of
sheeps skin

Each minute I'm livin is given to all who listen to
The lyrics, the spirits, the art, it's part of the ritual

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