

Grits "Fragmentation"

Visit "[Fragmentation](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A mere fragmentation, chip off the old block,
With the insulated tubing of a football sock, with stripes
being levels of achievement,
Rolling up my sleeves, went and tried to get mine,
This I found, fine: that I write rhymes for days; please,
no praise,
The latest craze is what's leaking from the deacon
speaking freaking words like the Miami nightclub,
What's all the hubbub, Bub?
Got all the bits and particles of my articles, piece in the
puzzle,
Searching for the reason to guzzle, drinking juice that
ain't theirs,
Cold as ice from my stares,
Fein broken-hearted fit in non-members credit card,
They weigh in, swearing they're gonna stay in.

With my spiritual blessings I'm a spendthrift not a
tightwad,
Keeping pressure off my chest, peaceful sleeping like
"Goodnight God,"
And slumber-chopping, lumbar-propelled, posture-
crushing mainframe,
Playing brain games to maintain, perpetuate the same
thing,
We are the world, we are the children,
Throw your hands to the ceiling,
These fragmentations with high standards,
aspirations,
Using vocal complications, keeping on-air deceit,
Thinking to yourself, "They're so unique,"
Keep your mouth shut, you better not speak 'til my
entire satieties satisfied society,
My variety is gaining notoriety.

Ah, that was "Fragmentation" on your FM dial - W. F. R.
A. G.

Show me that emcee coming closer in comparison,
Embarrassing himself, trying to stand within my sphere
with metaphoric grind or fantasised rhymes,
Trapped in the biz of making hits with greatest misses,

I'm a lyricist of past and current times, in multitudes
hearing "Mental,"
Fools salute Christian complications in the way I
administer medication,
Calls at congregations to collapse the detonation,
Facing the fragmentation of breaking down of spirit by
supernatural chemicals, reaction to my lyrics,
How do you want it? East, north, west, or south?
And let this rhythm see from Tennessee's beat gang,
They turned you out.

18 Avenue, South Side, this style was compiled,
A reminder - what you facing is simply bonafide
Southern pride,
Hails from Jacksonville, Florida, to Douglas, Georgia, to
Birmingham, Alabama,
Now Deville I reside,
Some may say this style is simplistic; they got it
twisted, they missed it,
Though they may dis it, there's millions in ghettos
listening,
Tasting my vocal mystic, my flavours come in
linguistics.

My last part of a song ya'll might find odd,
I'm here under the assumption that some of y'all might
find God,
That's the only reason Grits loads clips and shoot
verses: to further the kingdom and give the ode,
You guys in hearses,
Shot breeze, now outing thousand five from the
beginning,
The beat will fade out, but first you'll hear it thinning,
Complete thought is needed to follow this mental
poetry,
Three dimensional images appeal close to spiritually if
you're hearing me, not with your ears but in your heart,
Make connections with proper grounding, your chest is
pounding from these fragmented-sounding,
compound, round elements,
Natural-born thrillers wrought in Oliver Stone flicks.

Visit [Grits](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.