

Inner Thought

"Dismantling of Sole's Ego"

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Epilogue read the sole epidemic spread seeds giving
hope
Casting selections and suggestions of success to my
oppressors
If hip hop is a movement, I am the moronic
reincarnation of kinetic energy
Siphoned within toleration without a face
You wanna know where I stand it's over your head
On your face. in this chrysalis I gestate
Just so you can mock my wings
I've done too much slithering I'm now claiming skies
All this concrete wasn't made to trap my sound and
mute my cries
Absorbing one another's lies perception is the window
we shatter
Pick up the pieces everything is clear
I've got a thousand ways to say nothing
So I cherish lyricism and freeform through farce
My odd facade iconoclast no longer enslaved by the
concept of bars
But still excited when the beat drops
Read me between the lines, I'm not blank space
Case and point; blank stare. I stare into space filling in
the blanks
And I don't brainstorm, I shift cerebral plates until the
rain comes
So do you doubt me, or do you look around and you
talk about me?
And are you afraid to make the same mistakes I never
made? trick question
I'm a riddle, a.d.d. riddling daily routines mainly seen
in the wanted ads
Somebody left my freestyle before the abridged
Paid toll, troll under bridge I gets gruff with a mask on
Dancing on flames until the clouds cry and crowds eat
churning charcoal

Anticon, still fresh with a barcode
Moodswing9 still the static tie electron that bonds my
vehicular molecular structure
Through ions, eons till the millenium bla bla bla

You wanna join my revolution?
Then wipe that stupid look off their billboard
See there's a war going on for airwaves, props, and
smart girls
It's a small world a lot of big heads and small minds
All competing to see who's got the biggest dick
Well I vie to see who's got the biggest plan
I've got big words and catch phrases for emergency
situations
A couple of minutes ago I was chilling
My insurance company dropped me, the other night I
had my car stolen
What the fuck are you gonna do to me?
I've had my ass kicked so many times my spine is in
line
With the ability to only exist within my own sandcastle
point in time
Get it, shallow threats and knives can't kill me
I am the ideal of sole, the idea of being my own idol
A superman superceding superficial people
We can't do lunch I refuse to be fed or eaten
And I don't wanna listen, I wanna talk until everybody
listens

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