

J-Live "Listening"

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Kola Rock:

I'm listenin' to Loni Listen Smith
Loni Listen
Loni Smith and Loni Lin
They sorta share a common sense
And if you spend enough time
Listenin' to me
Then this is what you'll find
Inside my mind's contents
It reads like Chronicles 13
The Constitution
The Kama Sutra
Morrison, La Ruda
Buddha
Mansa Musa
Pharoah Monch & Pharoah Sanders
It seems I got low tolerance
And high standards
Seems I got questions
That defy answers
If you were rich while I was starving
Tell me
How are we crew
I'm feelin' like a throw-away-blue
Like God's first draft of the sky
Balls it up for something new
And if you got somethin' better
Than I'm listenin to you
If you got somethin' better
Than I'm listenin' to you
I let the beat ride
When I'm listenin' to you
I'm through

J-Live

I been
Listenin' to records I've collected
Records I've selected
And inspected
Dissected on examination tables

'Til my technique was perfected
Records that have served and protected
A confidence
In my own perception of the world
Once the wax is reflected
I found myself connected
To the music
Like the lyrics were injected
So now when times are hectic
I close my eyes and listen
To the words
Like advice from somebody
I respected
When I was found dejected
That saying about art and life
Is really just the half
When you recognize
That music is math
Like a true song
Is really just a product
On the answer sheet
Life's craft is a scrap
When you show your work
I would listen with a smirk
From irony to lrief
From Bob Marley smokin' stones
At the building refused
My girl left me
Roberta Flack said
Never you mind
Love may lose
But at least you tried
The wisdom hit me in the eyes
And I almost cried
Stevie Wonder saw my tears
And put the joy inside
Sade showed me a love
That was stronger than pride
Minnie Rippleton
Invited me to come inside
Marvin Gaye taught me
Lessons of anger and time
That's just the tip of the ice berg
Floatin' in my mind
Not to mention
All the jazz and instrumentals
That's essential
And the Hip-Hop elders
That taught me to rhyme
That's why I'm still listenin'

Kola Rock:

I'm competent with competitions
I'm competitive
I'm compliment my compositions
With lots of pictures
An album full of mental photographs
And sorted similes
Back between the documents
Of dowries and pedigrees
Hip-Hop is like my family
On holidays we bitchin' like
Why you don't freestyle no more!?
I'm better written
I like to place my posture
In a positive position
I like to be the conduit
Controlling my condition
I'm sittin' on the back porch
Thinkin' and I'm listenin'
To the earth spinnin'
To trees rustle
Wind whistlin'
To the grass being crushed
By the feet of small children
Generations of women
Whose end was my beginning
Settling
The foundation of the building
Settling
Of the foundation of self
Knowin' that my best work
Has yet to be written
I'll probably never press it up
to put on the shelf
But when times are rock hard
And money is skin tight
I'll write my love songs
On the back of my battle rhymes
The question wouldn't be
If I sold my soul
My soul's been sold
The question is:
Was it worth your dime
Listenin'
Listenin' to this
Listenin'
Listenin' to this

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