Jerusalem Slim
"Final Frontier"

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[Blueprint]
Yeah, what up
{*"The show is over"*}
Welcome to the final frontier
Soul Position
RJD2 on the beats plus myself, Blueprint, on the rhymes
{*"The show is over"*}
Live and direct

[Chorus]
We're here {*"The show is over"*}
The Final Frontier
We're here {*"The show is over"*}
The Final Frontier

[Verse 1]
We breathe adrenaline, elevate organically
Life begins when the record spins and ends
When blended into the next with scratches
RJ constructs the canvas, I find a color that matches
Outline the rhyme and increase the content
Blueprint the piece that completes the concepts
Sequence the song steps to make it more complex
Soul Position in, sole possession of
Poll position, hold your breath and listen
While I resurrect these twenty-six letters
A lesson to beginners that tend to pale in comparisson
You're not ill, and if you are
My notepad's full of medicine
Plus my freestyle is Excedrin
Take two hours and call me back with a new style
And show me you're prepared for the final frontier

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
We breathe adrenaline, elevate organically
My pen like a turntable arm moves mechanically
Even when the groove shifts or skips dramatically
I accurately etch out my welded fine fantasy
Across a skyline covered with sound

I move into position like a cumulus cloud
Acid rain slang still a part of my emosis
My first demo, known to soak instrumentals
With brainstorms, capable to break in the calm
Created by strange tongues that praise the norm
But while they make a living giving false testimony
I often impress the ceremony with an exercise in exorcism
First I ride the rhythm, then I spit a venomous
Open mic sermon for the trife vermon
That had a hard time learnin'
How to properly prepare for the final frontier

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
We breathe adrenaline, elevate organically
Escaping out of milk crates with modern-day tragedies
Of lost verse, or crews you coulda looped first
But refuse to do the work when the whistle blew
So in a world dominated by the digital
The metrinome I listen to beats inside of my chest
It speeds up with a level of stress
It's built to last, but analog at best
Ingest another measurement of time served
My lifeline swerves kinda like a signed curve
Time blurs, during my breakneck ascend
To apex and then slows during my lows
Tone-deaf soundmen work my shows
The ass of my artform's always exposed
But I'm inspired by the front rows
They're the reason I prepared for the final frontier

[Chorus]

{*"The show is over"*}
{*"The show is over"*}
{*"The show is over"*}