

Kavana

"Gravity"

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Siah:

Yeah...Yeshua the Po ED, Siah

Gravity...

Wind blows in the intro, frontin like I did it

But them elemental forces blessed me with possession

Fraction of my physical action is a tenth

Nine consist of soul but I'm (down by fault)

The span of my arms does not constitute my reach

That's the sideways A, of the Y's a few feet

Vertical is 5'4, giving you the two dimensional

Third is the depth that's incomprehensible

Fourth is the time that binds space

Situated in the mind with the rhyme race

Like speed I feed the rhythm ill thoughts

Without a hook and it still gets caught

I scale walls like fish

Bringin the mix from across the river Styx

For decipherin like the matrix

In the annals of rap, I want the dog-eared page

Nothin less than that, plus a whole lot more

And it's hard livin by the mental intersection

Where writer's block is sorta like gridlock, yeah

Bit my connection with the Earth is by night

So 'til my body's terminated I'm a always rhyme tight

It's like that

Chorus:

Gravity, achin like a cavity

Takin its toll, but not controllin my soul

Gravity, aches like a cavity

Takes its toll, but not controllin my soul

Yeshua:

Listen and remember, MCs who render empty
compositions tender

Stop rappin like Christians at the end of December

Called up science to make a deal

Permittin my defiance at gravity in hip hop

Let's form an alliance, keep me rappin (amidly?)

And you'll be proud guaranteed if you'll only let my shit
drop

Pete Morgan demanded me to never harden
Spittin the (intellegular?) but be the regular I beg your
pardon
I got a call, on the other line
I reckon your time is precious, so I'll only be a second
With that, I hit that button, it was wife
But she's a bitch, so I switch back, nothing but an
interruption
Let's get back to our discussion, is it on?
He said "Bet" and then voices exit
Since then I rip a, rhyme without hesi-tation
As if I, had wings or better
Doing backflips on tightropes it's phat shit that I wrote
And on practice I hang on the factors that I float
Let go, and get so high like my icon be
Ready to check for I.D. to flow beyond me
My jaw, oozin raw rhymes being direct cause
Of Newton's law losing meaning
If there was a chance of history havin me grapple the
apple
We wouldn't overstand gravity

Chorus

Siah:

Trapped on this planet, I didn't plan it
Stuck to the granite my shells find light
But the light's infinite, looks right into it
I into it, links like sausages
Kinks in my brain, keeping me sane
On a jet plane, or on ethereal planes
Reach the ladder by a former, rhyme rope ladder
Climbin and creatin, rung by line
But an unseen force, plots my course
Down I'm forced, to the ground I slip
and the rhyme rope rips, fingertips are cut
Hands get burnt and I retreat to the hut
You see blisters, turn a boy into a mister
But gravity aches like a cavity
Takes its toll, but not controllin my soul
I hold a hole in my soul to keep it warm in the cold
And in the cold, my winter breath forms words
Literally you see me speak in three dimensional verbs
Intentional swerves, not conventional blurbs
I got forty foes, and roll with forty thieves
Takin beats and breaks and when the Lord Jesus son
And even it come we take flight in the night
With the iron fist, with the iron fist
Defying science...

Chorus (2X)

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