

## Lee Greenwood

### "The Fletcher-Munsen Curve"

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JON says listen to the context  
Nonsense is spitted from the onset  
The concept is there is no concept  
Honest I'm living to be songless  
Pon'drance given where the Conch is  
Gone are the limits of your bondage  
Taunted by many golden launches  
Homage for kids who mind their conscience  
I've been taught that rhyming  
For the diamonds and the platinum  
Ain't the way to make it happen  
Cuz the shining is the mind and  
Not the climbing up the stacks and  
It ain't the placement on the racks man  
Listen to the heart and not the charts bro  
Shatter from the start or fall apart slow  
That's the hardest part? I thought so  
Practicing the mark'll put a dagger in the art

Fugitive fingerprints lifted from the sink  
Rubber gloves plugged with ink, one would think  
The funk of drink isn't odd, is it?  
Escort service is livid, didn't visit  
Dividends raised to midget senseis  
Rent's paid, and French braids for ten days  
Feds play the tapes back  
Making guilty parties wish that they'd erased that  
Infected needle in a haystack was found  
Chasin after the help to pat her down  
No more cap and gown, the cuffs clicked  
Drugs sniffed by trained noses, busted  
Searched for hours, no hope in sight  
Eyes open wide, seeing a broken pipe  
Quite an oversight of the forensic team  
Even Cochran can't defend a fiend, end the scene

It's no accident that we've been put before you  
Adamant that what you need to know  
Is brandishing your talents like a sword to  
Tap into the force and feel the flow  
Guardians of positivity and change

Putting on a hellafied show  
If the audience ain't ready for the strain  
Then tell me what the hell they here fo?  
Though love I curse and put you down  
But it's only cuz I want to see you grow  
Wizened in the ways of slangin sounds  
So I'm clowning when you stumble as you go  
Inexperience'll lead to wearing crowns  
For now, baby steps are how you get around  
If you never swim, well then, you'll never drown  
But if you never try you're never found test your limits

Only double time I'm down with sixty plus a week  
Come combust with me, man we crush a beat  
So CPR's a kiss of death  
Are you arisen yet, frigid with imprisoned breath  
Give Annette my best wishes In Dreams of flicks  
Never lending credence to your greed and bliss  
Cheeba hits for demon kids, nitro practice  
Maestro massive subtract the psychoactives  
Knives and acid leave your promo gear with holes  
Lend me an ear I'll sear the weirdest soul  
Spill convos to fist fly friends  
And see your life with a fish eye lens  
Why mend a bridge over a porn 'stache  
Stitching Ecko labels over you Jordache  
What's the format, pasty as hell  
Even Damien said I'll make your cranium melt

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