

## Living Legends "Soap Boxin"

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[Bicasso]

Oooooooooo ...oohhhhhhhh watch out a watch out a  
watch out  
I can't stop how come? It's no breaks in what?  
This hip-hop say what? No low stakes they high!  
I won't flop but flip cakes and breaks to rip shop and  
why not?  
Well go head I'm 'bout to that's right no doubt dude  
That's tight why thank you  
I just might replay some true shit  
That type stuff you don't fool with  
I'll call a bluff cuz I knew it  
I'm like psychic when it blew thru the winds who?  
My ancestors whispers answers the questions  
Get twisted, I choose the path less taken  
Less walked on, forsaken, betcha beat breakin'  
Breads we be bakin' but it takes dough though  
So songs we kneed so slow no move fakin'  
This Bicasso the next level  
Penetrated thru the outer crust in a wood shed  
Let go of the baggage on my shoulders, now I feel  
good  
My neighborhood switched, I'm in the hills now  
But not quite how I planned it,  
This nest ain't my roost I got that hot handed  
I'm bout to shake em, I'm bout to shake em,  
Collect them dividends  
Give me that ten that I'm takin', I'm  
Makin' you wanna look, study the handbook of fresh  
shit  
I'm blessed with a gift that uplifts and shifts what you  
think  
What I think sometimes gets missed  
So hold this opinion tight,  
My third eye in flight for third eye sight  
I might live longer and I might breath deeper  
So that I might be stronger  
Best be a believer and a singer of these songs

[Eligh]

Where can we be headed, without music in my system  
I'd topple over unbalanced,

It's a part of me and my talents  
Help to ventilate, lung capacity featherweight,  
Your audacity to judge me by my cover  
A mistake unlike no other.  
Would your brother judge your father  
If he left the family tree?  
Probably, quite simply,  
Put his foot down to the earth.  
Regenerate from the soot  
And put more effort than the first  
Attempt to get some, get right,  
Get closer to the meaning of life  
Without repeating it twice  
I must know ten repeated offenders up in this blender  
A melting pot of letters all marked return to sender  
Embark like a gypsy vendor  
To market the rhymes I render original,  
Remember:  
If you're ever in a spot where  
You feel like you'll never escape  
Like a rock and a hard place,  
Where the dealers got the ace  
Don't about face.  
I'm one to talk  
I've been the one to walk and turn the other cheek  
And some might call that weak  
But there's a time and a place  
And two aces for every one man  
Don't give up on the first, try,  
Be the first guy to take a stand  
Landing feet first is a lesson in it's own hand  
In this land I'm a man who's a fan of next levels  
And I'm attacking the central nervous system  
With shocking wisdom  
Unlocking wandering light, reflected in prisms  
Keep the colors vibrant inside the database  
I made a fatter face to fit the mad hatter bass  
That we pack like a weapon with a crack,  
Then we steppin' out the arena  
Gladiator putting up his belt for the title  
If you felt your liability than test the flexibility  
Who's next to rest comfortably,  
Idle hands burn and turn to dust,  
When you learn to trust the music comes naturally

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