

## **Matisyahu**

### **"Wp Dub"**

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Slap me Daft, we sat down in the back of the class  
To seize knowledge we don't need, I forgot my late  
pass  
But I'm early to a arival beatbox, you got raps?  
Meet me on the football field, don't sleep on field, the  
quarterback  
No one clapped when we locked in, it was removal of  
our class  
But my flag got captured and I fell between the cracks  
My tool for inspiration turned into a handicap  
No matter how I tried, I just couldn't fill the gaps  
Those whipper snappers, they got trapped old chap  
They lost the way, they never had the right map  
Needed a sneak attack to slap the demons off my back  
So I packed for the schddle dreamed big I wouldn't  
settle  
Put the pedal to the metal and returned to  
fundamentals  
I'll never forget running through the hall with all y'all  
rebels  
Roaming through the high land, young bucks invincible  
Echoes in my brain, if kids report to the principle  
Substance dulls the mind  
Traife wine clouds the heart  
You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
While you're taking it apart  
Bright lights might look nice  
But they sure won't make you sharp  
You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
While you're taking it apart

Yeah, misty morning and my mum's a mess  
To make matters worse dog my pops is stressed  
Life is a test, make the grade or catch an F  
Now death is all that's left to ponder  
I wander off hoping to catch my breath

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And hold it, mold my memories from untold scripts  
And roll up in a tornado twist, now I'm certain  
There's a pertinent reason I'm on this earth  
Seasons change in white plains, but we remain alert  
When new school years appear, fools fear for a failure  
And crawl away in tears  
I play Popeye the Sailor and stay with spinach  
We walk the halls with a grimace  
Yeah they gossip in groups

I try to mind my business and tell the truth  
For instance, I listen, see it all with basketball court  
vision  
Ignoring ignorance in fields of fiction  
We lean back in the calmest position  
And embrace the honesty found within our tension

What's good?

Substance dulls the mind  
Traife wine clouds the heart  
You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
While you're taking it apart  
Bright lights make you blind  
But they sure don't leave you sharp  
You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
While you're taking it apart

Trapped in the elevator of your mind  
Is it real, what will you find behind the door  
Your imaginations put you in a bind  
Around you there's a cloud of gloom  
Swallow the key, lock yourself in a room  
Can't see outside of your Universe

No more war, there won't be anymore hunger  
No jealousy, not even competition

Let go, release, you hold the keys  
Time we evaporate into the breeze  
We are nothing, we are something  
Let go, release, you hold the keys  
It's time we evaporate into the breeze  
We are nothing, we'll be something  
Welcome to the desert of my soul  
You can stay if you like  
There's room for one more  
There's room for one more

