

Mr. Lif

"Collapse"

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I notice that you mentioned your opinion
Oh, now they got a couple of things to say too
What should I do?
Listen or leak crimson?
All over the floor from my wrists
There, now you've got Lif
Some natural, authentic, completely genetic
Inherited fate trait
He was eclectic but he didn't make great
Status is a trendy little song on a dub plate
Give it some spins and it begins to wither
My nigga
What's up, my nigga?
Let's show and prove
Make moves this winter
Rent a whip and start riding
Look into my eyes and see those two worlds colliding
I wanna be home making records
Now I'm in the studio and all I wanna do is be home
(What's stopping you?) Who's that?!
Move back!
Drive me to the hospital, I'm at the point of collapse

Sorry, baby girl, your man is out on tour
The floor may drop out if I don't walk out
Handle my B.I.
See, I think I might have just missed my own life 'cause
I'm working tonight
And the pressure [x4]
Sales, interviews, touring, performing at my peak
Man, I need sleep [x2]

Now what truly defines one's life?
Is it the legacy they left behind?
Well, this music seems to be mine
It's been nine interesting years in the game
Not too much has changed
I've still got a saw to hack up your frame
Performed at all your favorite festivals
Some cats do one show and blow
My destiny to live on the low

It's got me locked in the basement
In the winter in December
Open window, cold toe
Face down on the futon rocking yesterday's attire
Woke up early feeling uninspired
Staring at my album outline
At this point I've drafted up about nine
New Lif, yeah, it's about time
Maybe you've seen me on stage with Ace, Came to
Perceptionists
Or read an article on how my verbal weapon is
Well, regardless how you got here, feel fear
Kick the kick, stomp the snare, goodbye the hi
Watch the rhythm die then resurrect
As I recollect
Ancient black intellect
Erase and redirt
Your collective minds to check a selective rhyme
Detail
Available at retail, griotmatics
Ipod and Treo addicts gotta have it
It's black magic that'll wrinkle time's fabric
Have you heard of Lif?
Well, maybe, sorta, perhaps
Listen up and let me guide you to the point of collapse
/]

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