

Our Lady Peace "The Journey"

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To this world of aqua (to this world of aqua)
To this world of aqua

Hey yo, at night I can't sleep
I toss and turn
Writin' rhymes in the dark so that somebody gets
burned
In a fire that my pen sparks, I blend art
Mixed with my insomnia
Creatin' poison ?in the lyrics????
So I'm goin' out to be bombin' ya
With an extra dosage, the coast that I'm approachin'
The more your overdosin'
Your heart rushes straight to a convulsion
And the rest of my agents cardiac, while I'm
like, "Where's the party at?"

"Where the bottle and party hat?"
Let's start our own Mardi Gras
As long as a got a mic, bottle and broad, it's gonna be
on
It ain't over 'til I'm sober, and even then
I'll party wit' a hangover
I ran over your file, studied your craft
Which forced me to laugh at your style
You need to forfeit for a while
Purchase a one way ticket to the middle of nowhere
Don't even go there
'Cuz you won't stay there

Chorus(x2):
Don't try to follow what you can't swallow
I'm sort of what you might call a mic ?tallow?
Just gettin' phenomenal from the abdominal
Breathin' the words of a scientist, applyin' this
1st ending: Yeah, yeah, applyin' this
2nd ending: What, what, applyin' this

Be like the last notations of Christ
The mic is my fascination of life
You rappers evaporate in the light

I do shit like stab you in the face wit' a knife
Sheiked out in titanium pipes
That'll leave you deserted like Arabian Nights
At night, I'm achin' to write shit to disable your hearing
and sight
You're fearin' the fight, where we can site
This right, these niggaz is like
"Wait, I'm heavy and might brake your oral with the
horror that I
strike."
On page and on stage
My name should not be forgotten
I hit the spot in your brain and let it decay
Until it's rotten, ya niggaz don't got it
Knowin' the flow is hypnotic and has your mental enter
dimensions
While we damage the rest of your senses
House of rest, we won't rest until we collect checks
from my pension
And even then we'll leave ya niggaz a suspicion from
the worst that we
mention
Puttin' these kids back to detention

Chorus(x2)

Now once again it's the mictalogist
Some say you need a psyche analysis
But even the most psychotic psychiatrist won't take my
assignment
The say my mind is a virus
Spreadin' germs through the environment
MC's take an early retirement from these ones that are
firin'
Throughout the mouthpiece, battle me?
Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha
Rhymes navigates through your body, detonates like a
shotty
Exits out your anal cavity because of gravity
You see, these rhymes they rub your insides, without a
doubt
And the only way to operate is to turn your body inside
out
Mission impossible, too many obstacles, stick to what's
possible
I'll even deliver the news to your fam
Straight from the hospital, man, it isn't logical, it's just
unstoppable

We know to go for what's profitable
Leave him alone, he's not gonna pull...through

Why? 'Cuz I left his body corrupted with black and blues
That's forever part of his life like tattoos
Even if you try to erase it still can be traced
We're live at the barbecue puttin' the grill to your face
And no matter the year, my niggaz still in the place

"Follow, follow."

"They do not know my sorcery."

"Where are you leading us?"

"Rest assured, a short distance more."

"C'mon let's go."

"By all the power I possess, I (Jedi) shall that they are
never heard
from again"

Yeah, Jedi, Son of Spock

For '98

Yeshua Da PoED, on the track

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C'mon

C'mon let's go

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