

## **Kero One**

# **"Check The Blueprints"**

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(Verse 1)

Slowly and steadily MC's are fallin' off like leprosy  
Instead build immunity and spread insight through  
community

These fundamentals, form the crux of longevity  
When melodies are looped and vocals harmonize in  
unity

Now, its 99 and ain't a damn thing changed

Some seek fame as wealth manipulates the brain

Let me, paint this picture, your minds the canvas

Many claim their real and later flake like dandruff

Cause 1 out of 10 stick to their words

The other 9 stick to my Nikes and get rubbed out on the  
curb

Lets be real, we're paper chasin' for financial backing

But there's a thin line defined by greed many are  
passing

Known as crossing over for exposure some embark

Or cars, jewels and things that wont exist when we  
depart

Crews, don't snooze, or both eyes become bruised

This goes out to those that slept knew the deal or were  
confused

Check the Blueprint..

[Chorus]

So MC's, take it back to lyricism

Producers, pour out your heart into the rhythm

DJ's pay bills develop skills

And respect the architect as we begin to build

And check the blueprint, to keep the culture alive

And check the blueprint so as an artist you can survive

And check the blueprint I speak these words without  
frills..

[scratch]

So respect the architect as we begin to build

(Verse 2)

Clutching my pen tight struggling to portray the right  
depiction

I'm punching the wall of writers block, hoping for  
recognition

Nowadays your not heard, unless your posing an  
image  
With watered down lyrics that appeal to most who listen  
Instead, I'll water the roots so branches will replenish  
Expanding elements that pioneers started building  
Hiphop houses, so many free loading MC's  
I feel there's only a few tenants who've been paying  
their fees  
360 degrees what goes around comes back  
I'm smoking mics as I inhale lies and exhale facts  
Unfold the blueprints, the plans for improvement  
Bridging gaps between the mind, ball point pen and  
the clueless  
Innovation is useless once you forget the essence  
So respect the architect, pick up your pens and start  
sketching

[Chorus]

So MC's, take it back to lyricism  
Producers, pour out your heart into the rhythm  
DJ's pay bills develop skills  
And respect the architect as we begin to build  
And check the blueprint, to keep the culture alive  
And check the blueprint so as an artist you can survive  
And check the blueprint I speak these words without  
frills  
[scratch]  
So respect the architect as we begin to build

(Verse 3)

As I open my slanty eyes to this place called earth  
I contemplate how music has lost artistic worth  
And I'm shriveled up in my niche like the scrotum when  
its freezing  
With bags under my eyes on account of too much  
sleeping  
Because of these lies in rap that I can't feel  
Leaving me dazed with the phrase "I keep it real"  
How many times have you heard this being fed through  
your ears  
I'd rather be fed in the mouth, to spit it out from the  
rear  
Claiming their underground but underwater their  
wrinkling  
And me, like water buoys to that level I'm never sinking  
Sink your teeth into my words hard enough to be  
lipping  
When finished biting them, find your front teeth  
missing  
I see 'em sipping fine wines in spas, to match their  
image

Gimmicks.. I flap my jaws and their whole squads  
diminished  
I don't mess with Glocks but metaphorically in speech  
I'd like to pump 'em with more shots than diabetics  
receive  
Then in a better place may they peacefully rest  
In hopes that next time the blueprints they'll manifest  
Check the blueprints...

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