

Reks "25th Hour"

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Oh, it's you again, don't you ever give up?
At one time I thought of giving up but now I think
differently
You can help change things by learning more about
your culture
And believing in yourself, oh yeah, you gotta be joking
It's no joke, tell me

Primo, no time for looking back, it's done, listen
You betta take off, before I break off
I don't give a fuck, I don't play that shit
No time for looking back, it's done

I'ma write this here rhyme like guru's in the passenger
Standin' on the East Coast, starin' out to Africa
Accolades, escalades fade

My vernacular remain intact for the generation that's
comin' after
The average rapper you praise, days numbered like a
calendar
Challengers caliber mediocre, enter the catheter IV's
Wrap 'em up, mad as fuck, need a ladder up
Escalator, elevator, skyscraper, hella haters

On primo beats, meditate a bit to elevate my spit
Scribble daily scripts, hell in wit
Angels I strangle, the instrument mangle, chop can't
go pop
I gotta remain boom bap, true dat, who dat be?

Mr. say, goodnight, I'ma blaze the mic willingly
Kill or be killed industry and the realest of the real
emcees
Solo flow enemy, future of the rap
"Golden Era Dead", no time for looking back, it's done

We in the 25th hour, it's now or never
We gotta get it 'fore it's gone forever, remember
In the end time waits for no man, what's your plan?
No time for looking back, it's done

We in the 25th hour, it's now or never
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Before I fade to black, face the mirror, face the fact
Fate appear to backtrack where the plaques at?
Where the love for the cat?
Fortified flow, fire from fire like fame

Foresayer in Josiah, desire to perspire
The 25th hour upon me, calmly walk the wire
Annihilate enemy, ire any higher than I are in the sky
Or heaven I require less than mediocre

I reawoken the deeper thoughts of sleepin' prophets
Regardless of others offers, I authentic dialect, I'm a vet
Y'all are just wakin' up, say goodnight
Slap a rapper, take his mic, greater height

Spit a rhyme saber like
Inner mind paid the price, A-B-C alike
Hey Preem, we a tight, chemistry
Any beats sent to me, I'ma instantly write

Till the fingertips crippled
It'll be sort of arthritis to finish a line
If you more than rhyme this
No time for looking back, it's done

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You ever chant with the rebels, dance with the devils?
Answered the higher levels, ride with the iron, elbow to elbow
In hellish circles where the heat is echoed
You ever let go, stresses from pressures boilin' beyond the kettle?
You ever petrified, exorcised demons
Believing you leave 'em breathin' they'll get even?

Odds are beyond y'all, achievin' peaceful means of

seekin' deacons
Ain't no way out, they 'bout beat, by any means
Ain't necessary but they bury them very young, hell or
heaven
Them adolescents, is pedalin', packin' metal and
settlin'

Street wars, revolves life behind tight walls
When I falls, psychos strike the right chords
They at pause, bumpin' Ricky Ross
Kids is on crack, they lost

Wipe a lot, no time for looking back, it's done
Golden era over and dead, I'm over your heads
No time for looking back, it's done

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We gotta get it 'fore it's gone forever, remember
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