

Northern State "Dying In Stereo"

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I'm free balling,
yeah, I'm free falling,
my cellie blowin' up from the numbers that I'm calling,
go from 9 to 5, then from 5 to 9
I got DJ Sprout on the line
In my other ear I got Hesta Pryn and you know that
little girl be wheelin' and dealin'
Pryn up all night tryin to work the plane, me and
Sprout stuck again in a traffic jam
We do it how we do it and we don't need permission,
we like it how we rock it
Intuition in our pocket, so please and thank you and
don't appolize
I'm saying what I'm saying looking you right in the
eyes, you're dying in stereo.
There's nothing to left to sy and everything I knew, I
knew yesterday, what's a girl like me supposed to do?
get on the mic you know you want to
what's a girl like me supposed to sy? I'm on the mic
cause I like it that way.
It's like you're dying in stereo, can't believe my ears,
every single night, I cast you out, you're serving me
capers and you're serving me papers, and I'm feeling
kinda high off of your poisonous vapors, you can't
trash what you don't understand. You can make
requests buy you can't make demands. I'm proud of
what I'm doing so don't criticize me.
I knew you all along and you didn' t ever surprise me. I
cast you out and then I cast you in, put that on your
tables and spin, in your mouth or in your hand, the
name is not Eminem. The name is Hesta Pryn, I'm
timeless. I write while I rhyme this, turn down the sound
and I'll mime this.
Edmund Hillary couldn't climb this, parsley sage
rosemary and thyme this, step off, your flow is weak,
save that talk for Dawson's Creek, and if you wanna
know why I shriek like a banshee? I'm seven eighths
white, one eighth Comanche. What's a girl like me
supposed to do? One step and then another and we're
going with the flow, tomorrow and tomorrow and
tomorrow, we learn from the rhythm. We take what
we're given, we do whow we do and that's how we're

living. It's like you're dying in stereo, can't believe my ears, every single night, I cast you out, my book is full of business and short on rhymes, I'm afraid to even look at the New York Times, gonna wash my hands off the whole affair, open the window and breathe the fresh air. I'm tired in a way that I can't explain, can't remember the last time I felt the rain, I write in the dark because I don't need to see, I'm not following the moon - you know it's following me, keep my lips together and my teeth apart, be your substitute teacher write my rhymes on a chart, we're ready every single night to take the stage and play. I don't have a job but I work all day. Northern State put the cart before the horse, we be who we are and show no remorse. What's a girl like me supposed to do? It's like you're dying in stereo..

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