

Plumb

"Zen Approach"

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* currently only available in Japan or as an import

(Verse 1)

Yo, yo, you wasn't payin' attention, I'm henchman, hit
the entrance
Trenchin', wasn't no means, a intervention
A dollar bill will make a hundred-ten Yen son
How much you willing to sacrifice to win, huh?
I personally have paid mine and then some
Climbed up an inch at a time, now who the Zen one
If not self, whom else could you depend on
Friends gon' swear it's aight, and probably been wrong
I've got them battlefield dents in my armor
A twitch from the drama, the trees, and bad Karma
But yo, I'm a precision, proceed ya preformer
We operate every night, and leave in the morning
To get you high as a kite is the reason you wanted
It's like, a direct flight from freezing to burning hot shit
The audience fiend for this fix
And Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]

(Verse 2)

Yo, who got they fingers on the carousel, locked in
position
It's got to be my guy, the turntable tactician
You all in a hush, silent, trying to listen
You wanna feel this realness, that reads "spittin"
It got ya head, splits ya eyes, can't stop twitchin'
The only thing that you can do is rock to the rhythm
Thought puttin' down, cuz he's the world-reknowned
See me lickin' rhymes, trappin' like I'm firing rounds
And um, you in tune to this infinite sound
And um, the revolution poppin' off right now
I make you raise ya fist, raise and I'm proud
Raise ya fifth, and bust it at the flag like BLOW
You fuck-boy niggas tryin' to keep it on a hush
But Black Thought spit it cuz you people want the rush
You feel? That's why the audience fiend for this fix
And Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]

(Verse 3)

Yo, I got that renaissance, turn-of-the-century choke
And I'ma do the people right if y'all just give me the
vote
We feel to ride, hit 'em high, Krush just give me the
rope
See all the porcelain chase cats gettin' the broke
One at a time, now best focus on who the dime
When your blade's sharp as mine and people want you
to rhyme
And want you to spill, for me it's not nothin' for real
Me and my man run at your band yo we tough on the
will
He'll blow ya mind like bustin' the steel
I give the crowd somethin to feel
This sound got the power to heal
It's like The Green Mile, now I need an hour to chill
A quarter a kill, the bird while patrolling the field
I'm puttin' rappers out cold
I done rocked from Tokyo to the North Pole
Whenever my man program the passcode y'all receive
the fist
Aiyo Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]

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