

Alexipharmic

"Who is Alexipharmic?"

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I'm a Goodwill wearing, heir-apparent to the 9 to 5
Compromise for no one's lies and wear no disguise
So what you see is what you get and that's five-foot
eleven
150 pounds of unadulterated heaven
I sleep ass-naked, no boxers, no briefs
It's been damn near a decade since I last wet the
sheets
At night I can't sleep, up every hour on the hour
Wake with 7 inch wood I chop down in the shower
Power breakfasts are my friend, out and on with the
day
Cease the moment while it's golden before it fades
away
Bask in the sun rays, meditating near a Boddhi tree
Soak in my synapses - letting images wash over me
I don't fear death, I laugh at the grim reaper
Only fear not living - Hell on Earth looks bleaker
Give myself for humanity, that's my sacrifice
I've got more passion for life than Mel Gibson's got for
Christ

Chorus: (2x)

Alexipharmic's an enigma in an envelope and riddle
His rugged outer's countered by the soul of gold in the
middle
In his own life's music - left to play second fiddle
And it's stayed that way, ever since he was little

I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't puff-pass and toke
I don't write "rhymes" to soothe, I scribe novels to
provoke
My fellow people into action (don't sit, MOVE)
Yes passive listener, (that includes YOU)
I don't hold up the world, Atlas supports this boulder
I'm the foundation below, he's standing on my
shoulders
I'm a health freak, so when shove comes to push
I've got more fruits and nuts in my cabinet than George
Bush
I've got my cable disconnected, minus Family Guy and

Scrubs

And til breasts are reality, and TV's fake, there's no
love

Lost or found between myself and the media
It's the propagandist steps made by the people
deceivin ya

That make me hate humanity, but love individuals
Society scarin the Hell into me like in Satanic rituals
And ever since I missed my demeanor
Miss Management's been by my side holding my hand
in an empty theater

Chorus: (2x)

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It seems along the course I've done up, gone, and lost
it

So fuck a few skeletons, I've got a graveyard in my
closet

Watch it - I'm a mindless drone looking for a payphone
Pushing random numbers, never anyone home
So alone I tread, weary, with my head in the clouds
Nine stories - at the top - fulfilling dreams of rocking
crowds

A smile etched on my face, cause maybe, just maybe
To be sane in an insane world you've got to be crazy
And if that's the case, call me "John" cause I'm off my
"Rocker"

I medicate through my pen, there'll be no need to page
the doctor

In every honest bit of truth, trying hard to show proof
Life can be as beautiful as you imagined in your youth
Along the voyage, severed connections often shift the
directions

While intersections and deceptions often alter
corrections

I threw the map to the wind - I'll find my own destination
Call me Mr. Lauryn Hill - I missed my education

Chorus: (2x)

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