

Reflection Eternal

"City Playgrounds"

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What we have here....

... is the alpha and the omega...

... i spit it...

... bare witness ... to the greatest ... and the latest
they try to hate us

witness the evolution of spitting, it's wicked and it's
decadent

revolutions per minutes, everytime the record spin
retribution for cynics, like a stick-up kid with weapons
In Brooklyn, they say I run it, the 'Natti is checking in
No matter the terminology, blood splatter artistically
It's looking like a Jackson Pollock painting, it's a
mystery

Really should be brothers united against the industry
The africans diaspora scatter at shattered history
the game missing me, rap is so repetitive
although I ain't your blood or your cous', it's all relative
I got a gang of rhymes
and Tones' beats is banging
we moving through the streets like we're slanging
dimes

It's magical, how the track is so classical
the cats who got gassed up in their sweats like Plaxico
I'm back from my sabbatical
voice of the future, black radical
keeping all the damages collateral

Listening to instrumentals

Thinking about all the things I've been through
The music is just a peek into my life, it's a window
It's so high tech and it's also simple
Even if I'm knocked down, I don't stay down
Even if I get down, I don't lay down
Hotter than the tar on this empty playground
Hotter than the tar on this empty playground

Hey yo, I'm taking all bets and settling all debts
a giant leap for man begins with a small step
from a sword to a set
To my people on the picket line

Who's sick of getting treated like them aliens in
District 9
I juxtapose my business model with my spirit
What, I'm just supposed to keep you comfortable with
the lyrics?
I know the flow's disturbing
I know for certain just because you know all about the
artist
don't mean you know the person
you don't know me
I run labels
these unstable rappers is so phony
I try to listen but they're boring as missionary position
So I'm shitting on these niggas like dysentery
conditions
I'm sitting on the throne, you dreaming that it's empty
soon
Nobody feeling you, you're screaming in an empty
room (Holla!)
the tree that fall in the forest, nobody hearing you
Even though you fall the hardest
don't get me started

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Yo, I built up my defenses
When I'm left to my devices, time gets suspended
more than DMX's driver's license
my music's steady, not affected by the higher prices
people having sex in the streets like Dionysus
You know what my advice is?
fuck my advice, live your life
stop tripping like everything amount to crisis
I make the sacrifices
my history is black as ice is
I don't think that I can trust you if you're lacking vices
I never miss a beat, the liquor make me slurred
it takes my words, tries to twist them like a Swisher
Sweet
with sticky herb
American History X, your teeth'll hit the curb
It's easy 'cause I'm ill with the wordplay
I still flip the bird, like Jeezy
strip it down, now it's exposed

I suppose my flow is the emperor's new clothes
Although I'm always by myself, I never ride alone
the music is on then I'm right at home, zoning

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