

Rufus

"Wasteland"

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It's just another day in this Wasteland
We've got to change our game plan
Or else we'll die by the same hand

Just another day in the Wasteland

My realm is ruled properly
Pharaoh (of) the frontier, I overwhelm Pythagoras and
Socrates
One spear, force exerted from the ?Dawntien?
An archer practicing the art of Zen
Leaving marks on men even in the season when
darkness blends
From black, purple, to crimson
An exact circle matches my dimension
Give my regards to Osiris in your trip to the land of the
dead
God sun fire dismisses eclipses, lifts myths from your
head
Purge, submerge, reemerge shining nerve endings in
the spine
Curve on my staff, similar to vines
Remember the time I entered the mind on impulse
Cause halt
Similar to shock
Take up thoughts
More than intricate plots
Plus lock logic and simplicity
Hot intensity
Mentioned previously
Back issues, my black tissue
Bathes my essence in sinew
Relinquish all belts and championship titles
Proper and broken English recitals
Panic when the black lion wants to fight you
Get aggressive, you'll get beat to your recessive
genetics
Not Yacoo, but my word's law when I drop jewels
I prefer waves that ooze at the apex
Spraying kisses, left vacant
From my amazing smooth cadence

You's a fool, I'm just a tool used by the ancients to
change this

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It's nothing pleasant
I'm coming clandestine
Marbles boiled in oil until they crack
Packed in bottles, and set (____) molotovs
Relax long enough to swallow, I light the cloth and toss
Impossible mission
Unprofitable position
I seem to come to the utmost diabolical decision
The king's drum, I cut throats with large incisions
Killer bees buzz and hum, I unleash a gullible roar in
the system
In water, I'm ?broadest?
Amphibious, this man's a swift crocodile
Coptic star child
In the skies, I am a sun
My world is a desert of flames, there is no escape
Baked hotter than pottery courtesy of Antares
Unworthy wishy-washy men repeat weak
Corny stories of ghetto glory
Surely my stiletto be soiled from each that brought me
turmoil
Thoughts uncoil
I spring into action
Bringing frankincense and jasmine
Potpourri of poetry
Slowly she goes into spasms
Behold the holiest of all interactions
Uncontrollable passion
She makes my resurrection session such a blessin'
Our connection
Wise is time spent to repent for transgression
What could I say for a queen to look this way
Sometimes I want to cry, but still I travel the
countryside
Searching for the perfect flower
Tears running from my eyes, each drop more sour than
the last
Staring into the future, devouring my past

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Rage gauged in terms of pain
Staring into her eyes, realizing it's in vain
Simple vanity
Mental profanity
Curse this God-forsaken rock
Marked by my dark side, divide vibes
Apartheid streams from Soato, Watts, to blocks
oppressed and in bond
Advanced thought, lessons I'm on
Seven storms born in my cauldron of eight
Trigrams, monkeys cooked to purification
Filterization, water treatment
Exercise, training, black rhino mats
Mind blow, illustrious
Somewhat succulent
The divine diaries plugged in through auxiliaries
Begin to pop
Bounce, rock to my talk
Thrill-kill a boredom heartbroken soldier
Start smokin' jokers
Wild cards, odds drop, passes in the cassock
At the ___????___ light
I like to check my averages
All sorts of various types of freaky-deak tactics
Mr. Mass is fantastic
Create nouveau classics
Who's Joe with the plastic?
It doesn't matter, this shit's about to last, kid

It's just another day

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