

Arsun F!st

"Lights Out"

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{*scatting for the first 30 seconds*} [Arsun F!st] Uhh, I weave dreams with my thought's fabric Listenin to "Illmatic" tryin to change my status Searchin for the heart and soul of the rhythm, I motivate language across the page like it owe me interest The business of MC'ing, is dog eat dog Everybody thinks they nicer than the next man's bars Instead of, showin love, he throwin me the finger Just because my delivery's iller, grow up Learn to flip syllables and words with double meaning Then, you might have a chance of seein what I'm seein When a Hendrix comes out, them colors are blurred The pages become the catalyst for calmin my nerves Aviento, mi palabras, yes official Panamanian spirit is the missile Launched from the flight deck, targets are the axis of evil Liberation time for the people Lights out... {*repeats as vocal fades*} A wise man told me, there's +No Country For Old Men+ So the good die young while we swimmin in sin Politics as usual, keep the planet in orbit But it's the same monotony, that be makin me nauseous These days, we all wanna be +Cool Kids+ Retro fitter gear with some old school rims 'Til the runner had the balls to call it the new shit It's the 80's all over again, lemme talk to ya Zip hoodies, shell toes and Pumas Chuck Taylors, Pia Zadoras and them Asics movers New Balance, Reeboks, Kangaroos and such All used to play the back of the bus Now they boutiques up; too expensive for the average cat When it used to be the poor kids that dressed like that Huh, too expensive for the average cat When it used to be the poor kids that dressed like that Lights out... {*repeats as vocal fades*}

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