

Time

"Land Before Time"

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Dark, dismal and black Over ran with the wack No
creativity or innovation Radio worshipped like nativity
Void of creation No pens, not enough patience Nothing
thought out, punch lines bitten In school yards, lunch
line freestyles actually written Battles drowned in
vulgarity and yo mama jokes Before time, no
messages with clarity to entertain folks Past
descendants a parody of ill The future destiny soaks
Fanatics stalk idles with invisible cloaks Miserable
scriptures Freedom attained from liberal mixtures
Framed these paintings, hip hop's realism Abstract
thoughts paint the picture Lands filled with thieves,
bandits and ignorant emcees Those who gave up on
faith demanded god for a sign Low patience and high
hopes leads to an unbearable climb I've saw men living
my dreams Accomplishing goals and acting out visions
I've seen I've saw men living my dreams I've saw my
guardian angel scream I've saw suicide victims sing
I've saw peasants become queens And idiots become
kings I've saw puppets walk with man And humans with
strings I've saw oceans of bodies Blue grass and skies
green I've seen tears And blood filled streams I've saw
hate You'll see a father walk on water before he talks to
his daughter Speak without speaking And witness a
genocide without slaughter A holocaust of emotions
Hollow but lost Five gears, no breaks happily coasting
Perfection is no limitations, eating and never feeling
full Flying high on other dimensions with Jonathan
Livingston seagull Just believe Why should I? If it's
something I can't see I took a chance to be free Leaped
off the cliff and hit an invisible platform Grinned at
spaceships who left pastures of flat corn Went back in
time, pushed Lincoln out the way merely leaving his hat
torn I thought time was linear but hawking said it was
an arrow Bull's-eye hit for the future leaving behind
retro kid games Why's there monkeys in barrels? But
what happens when the bows device strikes the
sparrow Humans were too busy killing over colors and
mocking the bird You could sprint in my shoes but
walking a day is absurd Throw your skillets in the air
Let the non believers see a flying saucer Can't bury

these tales Burn the plagued bodies dying with
Chaucer Ghosts, walk towards the light Crying in front
of a lamp post Making music is just a bunch of stress
People want to use you to help themselves Television's
Uncle Sam's brainwash kit I hate everyone (I hate
everyone) I used to like to do shows But now I don't
seem to fit I laugh when people tell me I'm good I'm
used to patronizes and their bullshit I can't sleep the
laughter keeps me awake I drift off but started by a
child's subtle shake No one there but myself in this
foreign land to witness And there's no pill for my home
sickness You need eyes to sleep but you don't need
legs to leap Before you jump off that mountain Count
your blessings a flick a coin into that fountain I've saw
men living my dreams Accomplishing goals and acting
out visions I've seen I've saw men living my dreams I've
saw my guardian angel scream I've saw suicide victims
sing I've peasants become queens And idiots become
kings I've saw puppets walk with man And humans with
strings I've saw oceans of bodies Blue grass and skies
green I've saw tears And blood filled streams I've saw
hate In the land before time There's no seconds,
minutes or hours Just the present clerics cower
Hypnotic therapy clinics booked To cleanse the minds
of the foresights of the apocalyptic meteor showers
Prophets forecast a poetical being with a vampire's
reflection Time, conceived not from Immaculate
Conception But from the absence of a condom's
protection Men tell women to wash their clothes and
make them food Then when the time comes You
wonder why they have a headache and not in the mood
I fly biplanes and land with no insects crushed on my
windshield And by the way, the customer's not always
right In fact they lie to steal Far from divine and far
from sacred Time searches for pens strips them of
their ink and leaves them naked I piss yellow and bleed
red Never seen anywhere cause I'm always walking in
the mist Citizens notice four horses but didn't sense
apocalypse Too many emcees got the dough but not
the chocolate chips I fathered all my words, while false
poets used adoption Populace poisoned from the tap
waters toxins I grabbed a microphone and received
more strength then a dozen oxen Destroyed demo ep's
so terrible that on ebay Even your cousin couldn't
auction The shepherd hit me I laughed and turned the
other cheek Later that evening I returned and burned
his flock of sheep Now he's staring in the mirror
infested with insomnia Nothing to count in order to
sleep Perhaps, again if my lungs collapse I pray that
hopefully When I can't breathe you all choke for me x2

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