

Thavius Beck "Sheepish"

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Here's a mass manufactured soundtrack for the
rapture
For the sheep being herded deep inside the pasture
Play your role
The relationship is slave and master
So who's the shepherd with the cane that you're
running after
And follow blindly
Like many hollow minds behind me
Who think the piercings and the nappy ass 'fro define
me
And seek identity in trends the media sends nightly
Fight the influence?
Unlikely
Though they might be swayed
By alternative viewpoints played
If repeated several thousand times a day
Now a new trend has been instituted
Jump on it quick
They'll talk shit if you're truant
It's the new style
New thug
New drug
But really it's the same old shit
In a different outfit
But I doubt it really matters
Ideas stored on a stack of rotating platters
Make your reality out of binary data
A major promo campaign later
And it's the subject of all idle chatter

And just like that you've been duped
The chain was a fake
The label rented the coupe
Those bomb ass models only showed up for the loot
And once they get paid that fool might not recoup
But the image won't diminish the established baller
status
That you receive daily on your viewing apparatus
The biggest and the boldest
The best and the baddest
You see 'em on the street and the whole illusion

shatters
But still the faithful won't wait 'til the scheme's
been exposed
And stand idly by while their dreams decompose
As one scene dies, another scene grows
The sheep flock to it and thus the cycle goes
On into eternity
Until you eventually
Learn to be comfortable within your own identity
Be the epitome of individuality
Or follow the herd
And swallow their hollow words

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