

Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson

"Timeless"

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(Verse 1)

My style has no birth record
You might know when my record was born
And how I played my favorite classics till the needles
was gone
And truth say, you might know how my moms pushed
in '76
Turned my world view inside out and one day
But this goes back further than that, further than rap
Before that first hospital slap
Way beyond the confines of joy and pain
Further than pride and shame
Older than the foundation of the food chain
To bore the understanding of an equal cypher
With the consistency of daylight, I shine so bright
I check 1,2 but I ain't talking about no mic
I check 1,2 and calculate the science of life
To add things right and take care of my business
Allowing me to handle my pleasure like a pirate does
treasure
My rhymes are burried too deep to measure by the
sands of the hourglass
In otherwords built to last

(Hook)

I keep it timeless because I take my time with it
Respect goes out to civilized and committed
Cuz once you hear the capital J, rap it'll stay
With you for awhile and it won't go away
I keep it timeless because I do my thing
Regardless of the stress that your life might bring
Cuz once you hear the capital J, rap it'll stay
With you for awhile and it won't go away

(Verse 2)

What do you do when you got 22 things to task
And 10 minutes to deal with it
And for the first 5 you bullshitted
The scenario really best describes our folks
Its like devils got plans and niggaz got jokes
Like an underdog team got hopes, but

Hoop dream buzzer-beaters choke when y'all triple
team pointguards go nuts
Power corrupts
And its a shame cuz the hardest working squad gets
left with the donut
The front runners say "so what?"
They can't back their home team cuz they got no guts
And high scorers check stats but they still have yet to
win
Plus tomorrow they'll be riding the bench once again,
you see
In this game I'm not trying to be the M.V.P
Cuz the enemy's the clock and the referee
Because its obvious the world is out of order
I hope you wake up cuz we in the forth quarter
y'all..Timeless

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

Who pays dues plus sales tax
Just to paint a picture with a thousand words
Only to find out your visions is blurred
Its absurd but still I observe
How the brilliance of Blackness is missed when a sights
unheard
As old rhyme styles fester like dreams deferred
New styles just might shine at God's speed indeed
But some still wear the mask that grins and lies
Hides cheeks and shades eyes but I'm not suprised
It's no disguise cuz my five eyes remain all wise
No excuse cuz the innocent is still down south, no
escape
We remain robbed, killed and raped
Till you take back your mind and extract the lies
But until then, I still utilize my pen
To lead the land from the slaughter and a horse to the
water
Continuing the face the stress of lifes test
With rhymes that impress the best cuz my mind is
timeless

(Hook)

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