

Lojique "Methodical"

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Verse 1:

(Othello)

My spiral notebook is a tool to compose
The translations of my heart and influence of the soul
My Power Source allows me not to have a typical flow
Innovate, create and reach beyond the typical goals
Following trends have never seemed to be my steelo
Switch it up, three for the money, four for the show
Mad original, and from the time the track begins and
ends I'm hoping and praying
That you've been inspired to go higher then the
limitations
Of shackles and chains, amazing how change is
available
To anyone who makes an honest attempt
Exempt to no man, oh man, I was like, yo man
I find it ironic how all the times I flunked within the book
I found the answers
To the problems, now me and the Author is tight
I rock the mic and He writes my rhymes
We make a good team don't you agree
Christ plus Othello equals emcee

Chorus:

Methodical styles I flip
Makin up for lost time I spent, times I slipped
From the cup of lies I sipped, ill equipped
But now (sample: "I represent through mind, soul and
body")

Verse 2:

(Page One)

These false emcees will do backflips to stack chips, but
never stay true to their craft
That's how I separate wheat from the chaff
I bomb like graf, super raw style for the new millennium
Got mad styles on file, but the mind is the Pentium
Processing data, it don't matter who got the phattest

click

It all depends upon what you use to measure my status
with

And that it's fit to be used, I see through crews who
Only concerned with who's who, not paying dues
But you couldn't walk a mile in my shoes without
stumblin

Fumblin, now your whole foundation is crumblin
You tried to salvage, performing mental cryogenics
But defile the mic one time and it's sweet dreams like
Annie Lennox

(Othello)

We're putting bits and pieces together like clouds and
rainy weather

My finished product makes me wonder if its really real
I'm seeking for a place to rest my head and paint a
picture

Peacefully abide in Christ, bright and happy days
Warm colors of hazel sunrays cater to daydreamings
and mental replays

Of clear and distinct unforgettables

Accompanied by a few pivotal moments, elements of
joy components

Make me see past all my opponents

Home alone in perfect peace, stable and meek

Meditate and daze away when thoughts become
complete

Seeking to find and bust divine rhymes and smile with
white teeth

I'm in my own little world (say what you do at night) I
sleep

(repeat Chorus)

Verse 3:

(Page One)

We're droppin gems cut with many facets, the passage
of time

Can blur the line between the subliminal and sublime
But sometimes I lie awake nights, mentally take flights
Back to the days before greed poisoned hip hop like
snakebites

How can I take it back to the essence and still be
progressive

How can I dispense this freely and still be possessive

How can I stay meek and humble and still be
aggressive

How can I achieve harmony and still be obsessive

These are the types of near-impossible, paradoxical

obstacles
That put lesser emcees in mental hospitals
Consider myself a cat that's equal to the task
Dangerous behind the mic, a havoc wrecker to the last
Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast
Express joy or sorrow, but you'd rather wallow in your
averageness
Decked in lavish dress, but lyrically can't pass the test
Who laughs the best when this culture dies a tragic
death

(repeat Chorus)

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