

Nate Dogg F/ Butch, Pamela Hale % DJ EZ Dick "Escalator"

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These tunes we perform
be only a score
for ritual endured
When we uphold the pure cure
Humanity- The all-time great ungifted
Needing presence in the present to lift it
Spiritual growth a breath away but still resisted
These thoughts valid for our time
This flame shines
Its aim
to inspire
before we expire
Hear psalms happily sung by the angel's choir
Fire back don't let the escalator backfire
A man born to fight reckless for his ideals
Food for thought, deep concentration, struggle for the
meal
Never at odds with what my gut feels
I rush to my destiny with the speed of the wings on
Mercury's heels
It gets me to move swiftly
Chances of success fifty-fifty
Cut corners off these squares and give 'em 360
The ills of society are in us
We the sinners
looking for someone to forgive us
In a wicked world hoping our children outlive us
Some offspring meet the doctor's saber and never the
cradle
Homicide committed in pre-natal
Most crime stories end as death fable
Seth P. mortician, magician, musician
whose music is fatal
Realm Disciples struggle with the mud in the soul
Our cold stares are bold
I relate to the book of Job
Claw my way to the apex on knee and elbows
Such thoughts terrifies those
who never chose
to think with such imagination
This is liberation

poison in the rat race
Pavlovian salivation
rabid slobberin' salvation

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