

How Eye One The Write Too Think

Eyedeas

It took me a while to realize we were on the same page
I was getting tired of reading it aloud in different ways
I ain't the only person that's traveled through this maze
Not really sure whether it was me or them that was craaaaaazy
Digging a hole in every single system, lit the candle to envision
What's lost in this position, crossing out superstition
Sitting in a time machine. A bleeding mind dreams
Of beating my esteem to give the crime scene shining bling.
I'm no longer a boy scout... Cause punching myself in the face
Won't necessarily get the voice out!
That's something no one ever took the time to point out
But I had to learn to whisper before I could enjoy shouting
Periodically I feel like I've wasted my breath
And all I've got to show for is paper stained ink
But I ain't really trippin' at the end of the day...
Cause life is experience and this is how eye won't write too
think!