

# Heart

## Atmosphere

(You see, what you mistake for madness is just over acuteness of the senses. Now what came to my ears, a low dull sound such as a watch makes when wrapped in cotton. I knew that sound too, it was the beating of the old man's heart.)

(Man I'm tellin you, some mother fuckers just have no kind of heart man. Serious man mother fuckers man, these mother fuckers have no self respect and shit man, wanna pay no dues but wanna drop like a fucking LP tomorrow. And then to top it off these mother fuckers, they don't have no heart into their music you know what I mean? Like fuck sound like girls and shit.)

(6x)

If you respect yourself

Do you?

Now it started off rather basic  
Just some small scale dabbling confined to the basement  
Never knew I'd grow into this full time user  
Never figured that I was a winner or a loser  
Only did the due to have fun  
And only got with the crew because it seemed natural to have one  
Captured the life in the form of a gripper around the mic  
Hold it right, like a love, hold it tight the plight  
Fortifies my existence  
Reinforces my position  
In this course that I'm stickin to my path  
Now I can see it all laid out in my past  
While trying to catch what's it's about  
And my last breath pulled the toxins in  
And I bet debt's about to box me in  
But before this bitch comes to get some  
I'ma do my job on this M.I.C. and feed you a thick one.

(3x)

You can have all the heart in the world  
Doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya  
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

Let her, piss rapper step ta  
this cap to get up off your head kid  
I'll bitch smack you, have this?

Now, I'm about to put a Slug in show business  
And if everything goes right I'm leaving no witness  
I hold this inside the chest so big it hardly fits  
It trips between the truth and the party shits  
Quick, to lace a track with substance  
All the young guns that's really listening at the functions  
See, you can love it or leave it,  
Fuck it or keep it,  
Either way I'll be here  
Trudging through the deep shit  
I've done well over one-hundred cuts  
And gotten the feed back of love  
From some of the ones I've touched and thus  
I'm not quitin, never stop rippin,  
You gatta be kiddin,

Shit we's on a mission,  
Is it possible, the mics got my soul?  
I'll make em all say hoe  
And Rhymesayers rock show, let em know  
That it's more than a career goal,  
Cut that zero and let the hero in your ear hole, yo.

(3x)

You can have all the heart in the world  
Doesn't mean I'm gonna respect ya  
I'm getting older and I'm knowing better

Let her, piss rapper step ta  
this cap to get up off your head kid  
I'll bitch smack you, half these MCs

Please, excuse the Q's and P's  
But I grew up on the B.D.P.E.P.M.D. Run DMC's  
I don't believe you should hold the mic,  
And I rolled up with a bus full of friends that think alike,  
I'm havin a hard time trying to keep it simple,  
Just for the fuckers that don't seem to read between the ripples  
It's all nipples and clits in this rap shit,  
Catch you lickin if you lay back passive bastard,  
It's like that ya'll, it's like that ya'll  
Art imitates life and most of it is whack ya'll,  
You gotta learn how to read the info the individual provides,  
They probably won't dig me till I've died.

Die (6x)

Dead

Hehehe