The Outernet

Atmosphere

For starters, I contemplated on where to split you Marked a spot with a dotted line, then ripped you Used careful procedure, if you listen closely you can hear the ghostly moans of phobes bleeding through the speakers The voices of various toys who ate the poison Fucking up the solo juts and the ones that snuck their boys in Like a free-for-all buffet when my team cultivates a crowd of loose heads and boosted heads get called and all of them fall this way Used to be on a mission to destroying emcees' existence Now I'm tryna build so we can make this shit efficient Strength is in the mind and strength is in the numbers Too much sleep, then you slumber so we linked the bees and stung you I brung you three times as much as your fucking idols brought to you But since you know me locally, you dismissed me as an obstacle Fuck it, Rhymesayers already got the twin cities locked Support's overwhelming, ain't no need for you to give me props

It's time to reach out, grab the nation and the earth Let's see where your hearts at, let's put the outernet to work

I spent my whole life working to get to the point that I'm at So now I spend my time tryna reach my destination I'll be at the end waiting with my crew for the rest of you to arrive to shed the destitute mind state supplied by life

He said what? He's telling all of his boys that I can't rhyme Then I guess the shit's a success if I'm even on his mind He's doing what? Recording a project? Good, he should be I'm not impressed, it's obvious y'all never understood me I dwell in a land of ten thousand Hip Hop fans And every fan thinks he's an emcee, heads are heavy but they're empty I dwell in a land of twenty thousand emcees But only half of them are head influenced, tense confusion stems Damn, no need to worry about what the next man's doing That's what keeps you from perceiving what I'm pursuing Here's a clue and kill your demo, I'm tryna make history on a bus full of empty seats, now who wants to sit with me? In case you're unaware, we've been doing this forever and ain't damn thing changed, financial status nor the weather However, lack of cash reinforces passion Fuck the rapping, man if I was wack, I'd promote "The Happenings"

The difference between the average head and an emcee is effort Pick a side, either side, let's begin the network

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As an emcee, I run rhymes to distribute the fun times As a lyricist, I promise to heat up your brain like sunshine As an emcee, my goal is to make the whole show dope As a lyricist, I wanna spit that shit that you can quote As an emcee, I provoke my producer to stroke your spirit So as a lyricist, I can't be choking on my lyrics As an emcee, I know the key is originality And as a lyricist, I command other emcees to respect me That's it, respect, that's all, in fact the same respect that I offer to you and your crew after y'all rip the set I'm just a man, but I roll with others and we've got this plan to let the voice expand across the tortured land Education starts at home, six-one-two From there we roam through headphones coming soon to your war zone The aftermath, I'll have to plant some gems into your passive ass Amped to cut trees and branches so ya'll would have a path The more you feed it, the more it needs to consume If you're coming through the region, hit me up, we'll rock a room Let's network, let's work, let's all get work So we can build the overall network

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