

Herbs and roots
Mixtape, white tea and only juice
Steam pots simmer under zinc roof
Law of the land, live and let die
I can't seem to grasp time
Watching death and how it comes in threes
Chilli, garlic, ginger, head spinning, lord willing
There's a line, as for me and mine
Dark bodies sent to Earth to usher in an unprecedented era
Of cosmic regeneration and happiness
Mysterious tale
The veil's been lifted are you listening?
Crooked scales
Written in a gentrified art hotel in the motherland
Closing the gap between over and understanding
Doubling back when the tangent the papers use
Duel of the iron mic
Never made the news
To be seen and not seen at the same time is a mind fuck
Black buck
Niggas always wanna be the next white somebody
Respect the lineage, feel like I shadowbox with simians
All in my feelings I kinda write to
No photos please, I got warrants
Doran vipers with smiles made for pulling the juks
No such thing as a halfway crook be the mantra
Conjuring man hold my new flow
Totem pole always in cold
Don't try to keep up
Let it take you

The phrase "at the end of the day" punctuate damn near everything he say
Bitter to the taste somebody's got to pay, his laugh bray like brass
Crafts tales of unlikely escapades
Talk like a fool, eyes searching your face
Knows you think you better
Wants you to know you ain't
An even layer of burnt cork over the greasepaint
You know what comes next
You already know the rest
You don't need me to tell you
You know I need the cheque
No respect no respect
Propeller hat, jaunty, surely you jest?
Yet double back to holler at your aunty
Put the work in the bassinet
Get worked up over these manuscripts like Jack Torrance Shining, you just rhy
yming
I gave them work like everybody do these assignments
Voluble silence in that asylum. Rather than shame
They built a monument to the violence
Way we play it don't sound nothing like a violin

They got the bomb like uptown in '99
You can search far and wide for a hill on which to die
The rent's still too damn high
Dead bent but still quite spry

They got the bomb like the Spike Lee joint
So no time to waste, get right to the point
The roach is never dead
That feeling is dread
Those that could fled
Laid in the coffin like a bed and each child walked up to kiss his bandaged
head
Still remember something foul my uncle said
Yeah, I'mma carry that to the end