

# Tiberius

Billy Woods

Cure thyself  
Hallowed be my name and my many cells  
Hollow bones, sheddin' scales  
When my head broke the surface of the water  
Vivisection the whole into quarters  
A few is in order  
Not just you, it's all us  
Blind spot lurk behind hidden corners  
Maybe light just ain't enough  
Maybe light just ain't enough  
If I could somehow levitate, awake, in my present state  
As I'm speakin' to you now  
My surroundings falling further from my feet  
Peace ain't the word for play  
So it's worthless indeed  
Webs that I weave in the weeds  
One time all that I need (Just to be like, I know myself)  
The choirs called yes, wishin' a nigga would  
And firewalk with me when I summon from the farthest  
The heart is intact, arrived from the cusp  
Retrofit to adapt, to biohack is a privilege  
My wires as is, I'm not sellin' in my present position  
Can I recondition my deep conditionin'  
Leave me in the sun, belly up like a lizard  
I rock bells, they wonder who is it  
It's me, dummy (It's me, dummy)

Catalog of death and dismay, yeah, oh yeah  
How much can you pay, how much can you pay?  
How much can you pay?  
How much can you bear?  
How much is the weight?  
Blood on your back, how long 'til you break?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Catalog of death and dismay  
How much can you pay, how much can you pay?  
How much can you bear?  
How long is the  
Yeah  
Yo, we gon' need that money right away motherfucker  
How much did you say?  
You can't say Moor Mother without future  
You can't say black future without Moor Mother, muhfucka (muhfucka)  
How you figure? (How you figure?)  
They gon' lose they tongues tryin' to deliver broken cycles  
I'm in back like Michael, like I don't like you  
We left the door open for too long  
Now they sunbathe in they dorm  
One song, one drop, all they get, all they had  
Now they back to wavin' other nation flags  
They gag is, disappearing acts of all is activism  
Hallowed be thy name in the countries of Lazarus  
Dead for four days and he rose  
And they grown in spirit  
Talkin' 'bout, how you feel it  
Shit, ain't shit dead when you spinnin' on you head  
Pop lockin' to the dread of what's to come

Say, what son?  
Think you can go toe to toe with where we from? (Nah)  
You can't imagine a blacker future than me  
Forever young, forever in the zone of the one  
No neo, just old soul  
Al Green, ashy ass elbows  
Mahalia home from tour  
Servin' black eyes out the window  
You wonder who is it, you wonder who is it  
It's me dummy