Casanegra

Chester Watson

Slice nice like hot knives and cold butter. Clone juggler, leave him as a lo
ne, one stoned he don't utter, silence sings. we prize these things so mater
ialistic, see books should thrive in the city
But they don't
As I reflect on this life I do pity it, ponder psyche restoration cancel lig
ht with his wittiness. omniscient being. verbage vector spirals no ending it
, psychic violence, rule as tyrant see no light in the mistiness
Wooord
Dude mic checkin the melody. crazy how we do it with psychedelic fidelity. h
igh prevailin', he losing his mind, no fighting telepathy
Never cared for the consequences ready for death and he
Residin' on the edge of society, hermit likening. desolate vessels furnish t
he mind, these vermin inside of me. are better off alive, never dying reckon
 it's irony. lesson learned feather deprived, wrecked da vile and we
The casanova type
Mad bold, so cold in the heart, no soul and he smart
Damn, nigga
That's a bad combination, casanegra en la playanegra, pablo danksmith. fathe
r of the matrix
... he knows too much
Throw stones at the waves, get stoned make space rips. rip beats, all on dea
th row flow quit the day shift, here late, way sorry for the wait

Imma keep it blunt I be on the hunt every time I'm in in this shit
They was in the woods till they saw the pope with his broke English fixed
Trynna get a glimpse near those things
Put the hearing in your lips till your hips freeze and you couldn't free tho
se wings
Like a seat locked peacock with his Reeboks
On the beat I'm elite imma speak me when the thieves eavesdrop

Creep in the night
Sweet with the bite
When he speak on the mic
Hold weight like a beacon of light

Telekinetic energy telling me hell'll never be the less of two
Evils in the one thing as the knees pull to the Sun King
Oh you wanna rap, tell me where you at I don't think you at where you think
You wanna be a star whipping in the car spitting at the broads with your dri
nks
Cards in the case ace in the hole fall into place
He could make you crawl to own fate leave you in the zone drawn to the Snake

Fakes tap out
All over the net track routes
I was gonna get my act up
But I blacked out in the traphouse

Cleverly making the dome piece split
Never be talking to policemen
I ain't into drama unless you wearing your armour you shouldn't approach me
friend
Millennium F alcon cruise through the pendulums altitude
None of you niggas is fucking with me lyrically I'm the illest around you du
des
And you know this roaches, seen 'em groping vultures

Who would try to snatch what they couldn't catch atop of the black fortress

Score what you eat
Floor to the feet
Landed on the earth planet planted as the candidate who savagely handle it

Me and the rhythm as sacred is marriage is
Shackled in patterns of sacrilege packaged in
Chasing the rabbit in patches of cabbages
Fact of the matter is mind is the master and
I am the student of movement pacifist
Active as lanterns in blackness how could this
Be as it is and it shall for infinity
I am epitome fuck if you feelin me

N-A-N-D
Sorcerer rap ready when we
Traveling the map with the backpacked strapped immaculate semi MC

From the belly of the beast to the television set separate the rest
Elevated with renovated levers to sacredly dedicated taker of breath

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