

# Monotone Samurai

Chester Watson

Mellow, but he's really lucky he bruise a little  
And these days no one is talking Confucius With him  
At least where I'm at in life  
No one is living, they're all concerned with the afterlife  
As I blaze up, seeking different masterminds  
That are killing it, but don't expose their drafts to light  
So kinda like me, they are dark and mysterious  
Starved hearts, levy carve marks for the period  
Point blank punchlines, point blank punchlines  
Soy, stagger, Joy, Fue, Joy, Jabber, Oy Vey  
Martyr's in the front line, so that's the  
Reason why I'm here, rarely carry any fear

As the Monotone Samurai, look me in the eyes  
But you won't see a fear in my heart  
I'm the Monotone Samurai, Rai  
You niggas getting worried but  
I should have been feared from the start, Check it

Buddha numbing the feeling of guilt  
Killing these niggas, my movements smoother than gripping a silk pen  
I'm slipping a pill in, then I'm blacking out  
Roll it up, hit the blunt once, now I'm passing out, passing out  
Fellow monk, overseen in flames  
The perfect liar, too conniving to be deemed insane  
Be it a God-like figure, or a sleeveless saint  
Live with uneven brains, Who let the demon's reign Commence?  
In Saint Louis, so time's painting the fence  
My real friend, Count lowers [?] 's acquaintance is dense  
So now I'm raising a tent with the black flag on it  
Team full of ninjas, carry black mask on 'em  
Got a cool latina chick, with a fat ass on 'er  
Sike, I'm hella lying and my pants should be on fire  
People wanting me to work, but the man ain't for hire, slime  
I remixed Grimm, call me Sire Grime  
And the team going hard, I guess it's crunch time  
Starved blunt lines, hella loyal, but the royals  
Put the martyrs in the front line, line  
So that's the reason why I'm here  
Nary carry any fear, as the

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They say I only care for the ones who are shooting dust  
Some people raving that Satan is in cahoots with us  
I ain't-a angel, my angle is label fable  
I'm fine with the empty plate, just as long as we change the table, right?  
As a fourth dimension shogunate  
Art told me prove it, so now I'm writing harder than Mitsurugi  
It's hardest, And 'fore he harness the chakra and hock a loogie  
It's awkward, can only wait for apocalypse, I'm assuming cause  
I'm astonished by his pulchritude  
I'm really being honest, as the heart is trying to focus

Mood moves with the ocean and commotion, You can catch me in a  
Suit, and a corrupt youth, gamble for the open tomb