

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