Papermate

CYNE

The solutions that you seek will not be in the streak of a pen...

Yo hand to hand, together like joy and pain
We join to make a vehicle to motivate change
Slight insane, the way we regulate things
The pen became the master to make my thoughts sing

When I design intricate rhymes in between lines, I coexist
Leaking my blood my owner hold a fist way up in the air, forever warfare
And revolution rhetoric, his rhymes imbedded with food for thought
Bought with inida dara, who's spitting, who's the liar?
Master got skills the people all desire
Not the one to boast, the host with the most
Whoever's holding me closest to heart, gotta focus
I mean that, just ask my master for feed back
He'll show you what I'm talkin' about, he doesn't see that

Put into violence, decisions, the orchestra court life
Inner demons im seeing inspire to write
Thoughts suffice power when I'm writin' my script
The words out of my lips slip into the pen that I grip
In my hands I spoke scriptures, monuments of meaning
In the time being, I'm seeing things that I'm not believing
Compose hope with the final words that I wrote
Using the prose on the page so the people can cope
And the pen became the messenger, put all my thoughts in the physical world
Turning the daily stress in the pearls

(I put my life time in between the papers lines)

I be the emcee, I write until my lonely soul is empty
My essence on the page, I pray God forgives me
For worshiping the pen that sends thoughts to paper
Escape reality's hate, my thoughts became major
Blessed be the thing I hold in my hand, is heavenly
I readily, talk to myself, message unsettling
I innovate, crypt on the page so I can levitate
Weathering not for you chick, before they papermate

They call me Papermate, I'm holding your fate inside me
Death be upon those that goes against who guides me yeah
You can say I'm quite ahead of my game
Number two's are lame, the illest emcee as we describe the game
Between the margins on paper, notebooks and napkins
My blood used for scriptures, war reenactments
At Waterloo, I be the foe of Napoleon
My master's the holster like guns he holds me in
Im real convenient, write your name in the cement
Like hollywood stars, master, for you im fiending
Bring on your nemesis, ball points are my apprentices
Nobody else can do it like me, scribbling sentences

Am I gripping you tight, making sure the rhythm is right
I'm tearing the flesh of the paper like the whip hitting Christ
I thought I told you twice, to say the least your worse than nice
Your vocal device is never a vice, food for the mice
Is it scraps under the table or disses riches are able

The purpose im hurting the verses looking for truth im searching
It's like french cuisine, top of line, the finer things
'cus you a star by far, the caviar of kings
Im writing my dreams hopes and aspirations on paper
So fuck an eraser, the pen is what I use for my labour

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