

## Track #3 (Freestyle)

Eyedeas

Keep that shit poppin as long as the little kid's drop it out of the adult skull I never felt like the vault was full so when I robbed it I tried to stop it before it pulled me apart  
I don't owe you a heart I don't even know you I wanna try to sew you a new heart  
Inside of ya empty fish tank inside of your chest  
I live to give thanks to people who provided the best inspiration for me  
Now as I'm ignoring my own thoughts because I walk with them too much they become boring  
And I tore things apart so many times that I look at the inside of my mind and it's plenty fine  
It's okay it's sunshine it's no day it's lunch time it's crunch time it's all okay as long as you feel fine  
I know my mistakes will never fish you on the line I will never give you anything but a kiss to make you feel okay  
And as I feel the gray skies break apart I take your heart and hold it to the sky and try to make it art  
Let's make it start let's make it stop let's do all the same falling in between the walls you claim  
It's the tallest brain a small refrain it's just just the wall and paint different little scriptures that we use for the pictures that we hang on the top of the walls and on the bottom of the thoughts that won't fall  
I can't stop I won't stall cause' there's no electric shock that can actually get me alive again there's no rush that will make me feel leviathan I've tried to spend my life doing the same stuff brain tough smushed in mush and that's in my skull there's nothing left to discuss and if it was just us I would say that there would be a theory that I could try to oppose but I feel like you wouldn't hear me  
I clearly spoke I got lost in your ghost I can talk circles around the way I think and I can't even cope with the fact that my brain is running on this race track I try to stay back bases are reloaded and I've got this bat and there's nowhere to go there's no bleachers and no coach there's no person that can even tell me where the fuck to go  
And if I had one I would call it a dad for fun I would just look into my past pull off my mask and not run any more from the sun rays or from the moon or from the attraction in the gravity that keeps us all consumed with reality I'm challenging my thoughts and my structures I was a philosopher as a young kid a dumb mother fucker a stupid shit talking arrogant piece of shit that was trying to live through his parents non-existence every time I walked talked with my lips and walked with this clips looking at a solar eclipse feelin' like a little piece of shit  
Never really gave anything that I couldn't make cause' ever since I was in eighth grade I was still contemplatin my grave

And I couldn't save myself and nobody can save me and I can't b  
reak myself cause' nobody can hate me because I can't take myse  
lf to the place that I'm escaping as long as I can make it help  
you than it's like, a great thing