

You got me running in circles,  
360 to be precise,  
Taking caution while turning in this cataclysmic device,  
We need to get to the initial,  
This music's superficial,  
If my vocal chords were crushed and lost the strength to hold a pencil, would I give up?  
Give in?  
Creep closer to doom?  
Staying anxious while receiving these orders from throne rooms,  
It's the same question that I pose to you, to those who don't know but throwing stones at the crew.  
'Cause if you don't know the music hire someone who does,  
Instead of writing reviews, dragging our names through the mud.  
Took excerpts from the songs, gave it a racist touch, while the deejay in the back's the kind you said we hate so much,  
But you're forgiven,  
'Cause we have no time for holding grudges,  
Humble emcees don't need contemporary budgets.  
Get back to the Father, the Great I Am, who distributes the blessings,  
Why worship the soundscan?

Everyone's invited to the circle,  
Come on in, and do bring a friend 'cause when the kid's on a natural high we boogie 'til we die,  
Erupting the spot like the fourth of July.  
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Infrared beams seem to polarize the scene as my team gleams,  
Representing number seven - meaning completion, as in 360 degrees in growth in the Spirit,  
Trying to reach it  
But some, they doubt it and don't believe we've been allotted a place in perfection,  
The selection rocked your noggin,  
Acceptance is at a limit 'cause of physical appearance,  
According to the word I'm given eternal clearance.  
As the gavel falls I appeal the court's decision,  
Making judgment calls not adhering inner vision.  
In order to speak to men you have to know the man's language,  
Total anguish came alive from confusion of my tactics in this ministry,  
Reaching lost souls through rhyme aerobics,  
Total purpose for the factors of the seven,  
My whole click's protected by spiritual immunity, with allies circled about beyond the sky.

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One's invited,  
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boogie 'til we die,  
Erupting the spot like the fourth of July.

Do dot,  
I got exactly what he got,  
The spirit that we got reflect the Son - he hot  
An onslaught never amounts to too much -what I am taught  
Negativity encompass what I've accomplished,  
Pin-pointed,  
Passing it off to whoever want it,  
Feelings demonstrated, bruised, battered and scattered,  
My life's patterned off the one's scaling fine line,  
Reality struck,  
It stuck now until a past time-line,  
The circumstances,  
Taking our chances,  
Ruins to rubble,  
Day to day life, no picnic,  
We all struggle,  
To which degree do I turn?  
I'm in a whirlwind spiral in a funnel, twisting me and my girlfriend,  
Broken dreams persistent,  
Insistent of spiritual assistance,  
Futile,  
While the whole mass laugh but few smile,  
Volcanic,  
Erupt a sporadic circle tornado,  
An addict breathing static,  
Passion it off,  
Now who got it?

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