Fragmentation

Grits

A mere fragmentation, chip off the old block,
With the insulated tubing of a football sock, with stripes being levels of a chievement,
Rolling up my sleeves, went and tried to get mine,
This I found, fine: that I write rhymes for days; please, no praise,
The latest craze is what's leaking from the deacon speaking freaking words l ike the Miami nightclub,
What's all the hubbub, Bub?
Got all the bits and particles of my articles, piece in the puzzle,
Searching for the reason to guzzle, drinking juice that ain't theirs,
Cold as ice from my stares,
Fein broken-hearted fit in non-members credit card,
They weigh in, swearing they're gonna stay in.

With my spiritual blessings I'm a spendthrift not a tightwad,
Keeping pressure off my chest, peaceful sleeping like "Goodnight God,"
And slumber-chopping, lumbar-propelled, posture-crushing mainframe,
Playing brain games to maintain, perpetuate the same thing,
We are the world, we are the children,
Throw your hands to the ceiling,
These fragmentations with high standards, aspirations,
Using vocal complications, keeping on-air deceit,
Thinking to yourself, "They're so unique,"
Keep your mouth shut, you better not speak 'til my entire satieties satisfie d society,
My variety is gaining notoriety.

Ah, that was "Fragmentation" on your FM dial - W. F. R. A. G.

Show me that emcee coming closer in comparison,
Embarrassing himself, trying to stand within my sphere with metaphoric grind or fantasised rhymes,
Trapped in the biz of making hits with greatest misses,
I'm a lyricist of past and current times, in multitudes hearing "Mental,"
Fools salute Christian complications in the way I administer medication,
Calls at congregations to collapse the detonation,
Facing the fragmentation of breaking down of spirit by supernatural chemical s, reaction to my lyrics,
How do you want it? East, north, west, or south?
And let this rhythm see from Tennessee's beat gang,
They turned you out.

18 Avenue, South Side, this style was compiled,
A reminder - what you facing is simply bonafide Southern pride,
Hails from Jacksonville, Florida, to Douglas, Georgia, to Birmingham, Alabam a,
Now Deville I reside,
Some may say this style is simplistic; they got it twisted, they missed it,
Though they may dis it, there's millions in ghettos listening,
Tasting my vocal mystic, my flavours come in linguistics.

My last part of a song ya'll might find odd,
I'm here under the assumption that some of y'all might find God,
That's the only reason Grits loads clips and shoot verses: to further the ki ngdom and give the ode,
You guys in hearses,
Shot breeze, now outing thousand five from the beginning,

The beat will fade out, but first you'll hear it thinning,
Complete thought is needed to follow this mental poetry,
Three dimensional images appeal close to spiritually if you're hearing me, n
ot with your ears but in your heart,
Make connections with proper grounding, your chest is pounding from these fr
agmentated-sounding, compound, round elements,
Natural-born thrillers wrought in Oliver Stone flicks.

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