Audio Visual

J-Live

Ayyo I see y'all through these speakers and headphones
Bobbin to the beat, anticipating a poem
In the streets and boulevards or parts unknown
Your office, warehouse, or restricted zone
At your friends place, or comfort of your own home
Whether ya' just arrived or about to get gone
Whether ya' eating breakfast or about to bone
With your spouse, with your peeps or on your own
You see me? Not likely, not on TV
Despite that though I show you something in 3D
It's not that hard, but it's not that easy
I paint a picture in your mind with each rhyme
They say my words write a thousand pictures
A thousand scriptures, couldn't prophesize
How the images hit the spot where the best light
In the house be, just to show all y'all what I see

Some see with the eyes, and
Some see with the hands, I'm
Hoping you see with your ears
If you understand,
From the chosen track down to the vocals on it
It's just live thoughts recorded
So that you can own it
Some see with the eyes, and
Some see with the hands, I'm
Hoping you see with your ears
If you understand
The type of music people frame up on your wall
This is the audio-visual for all of y'all

Ayyo I see y'all average, 'C' average rappers
Please, pass the mic', cause you barely passed the class
I was new school late, I be old school early
My classics kicked the head of the class' ass
With all sales final, accepted "as is"
It's no checks written that my rhymes can't cash
Like Cassius Ali, I leave you leaking excuses
Like you wouldn't hit a man with glasses
But despite these four eyes
I still paint a picture with words
That be a sight for sore eyes
Sample a cliche to touche hearts and minds
If you get the point, you see things my way
Not like you need some quote-en-quote Coke bottles
You just be rocking a pair, sweating your role model
The vocab' chump change I maintain
It's what your mind would hope to obtain if it struck lotto
I guess in that way we see things differently
We at the same vantage point seeing different things
Y'all see yourselves as struggling starving artists
I take advantage of the progress the struggle brings
Y'all see yourselves as bubbling pop rock stars
I see so many bubbles popped I never got far
The only stars I know is in the sky, in a child's eye
That's why I just try to describe what I see

Yo, y'all saw bootleggers stealing music killing me
I saw fans keeping the buzz healing me
In fact, I see 'em at the show they feeling me
That's why I'm still in the field, even without a deal
These ain't the last days but they say they soon to be
People's audio-visuals in the name of unity
I see poison pushers in they own community
Saying "Fuck It" that's they only opportunity
I see grown folks acting just like little kids
And little kids thinking that's what they should grow to be
I see herbs outside wishing they were killers
And I see killers inside wishing they were free
I see gods, and we build on how we see degrees in the light
Food for thought like Apple Jacks we eat what we like
But hopefully we like what we need
And the truth is the light
If its right, you could see

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