

## Stir Of Echoes

J-Live

Ayo, the hotter the summer, the cooler the fall  
The lesser you stress her, the quicker she call  
Now whether you short, or whether she tall  
The later you bust, the louder she bawl  
Now that was for them, this is for y'all  
The more for the little store, the less for the mall  
The smarter your plan, the better for all  
You fail in the plan, you plannin' to fall  
United we stand, divided we fall  
The quicker they come, the harder they fall  
You straddle defense, pickin' a brawl  
You loved by none, hated by all  
See eloquent words, never the wise  
Keeping it simple, teaching it real  
Live by the sword, die by the sword  
Swinging for justice, f\*\*k how you feel  
Rappers with deals, tuck in they shines  
Fuck the chains, I'm talkin' 'bout rhymes  
Maybe they got 'em and maybe they don't  
Maybe they spit 'em and maybe they won't  
Nevertheless, f\*\*kin' with mine  
Never the best, better with time  
Movin' the body, sparkin' the mind  
Keepin' the real heads pressin' rewind

I feel good! Ahooooooooo! About Hip-Hop! (4x)  
I feel good!

Ayo, you feelin' the song, you happy it's yours  
You diggin' the cadence, you heard it before  
You know it's the freak for many emcees  
Maybe ya Kool Keith or maybe it's Breeze  
Maybe ya Flava Flav or maybe it's Meli Mel  
Or Maybe it's Run or maybe it's L.L.  
I'm makin' it mine, ya dissin' it fine  
Don't take it too personal, it's only a rhyme  
A minute has passed, a sucker was born  
One minute you're here, next minute you're gone  
If you can predict the shit I'ma say  
Initial my name, you know that it's justice  
I saw your mistake, don't take it too far  
Take kindness for weakness, the man for a star  
With either extreme, you're mentally dead,  
Take heed to the words, J-Live has just spoken  
Ya did it again, you thought I was jokin'  
You tryin' to fix, but you know it is broken  
You need to sit back, nod your head to the track  
And check out the lyrics so you can react

Like this!

Okay, just relax, get very comfortable  
Relax, trust me, close your eyes, now just listen for a moment  
Listen to the sounds of the room around you  
Remember that you are in a studio, a recording studio,  
With your name on one mat  
You're in the mic booth, you look around

It's one huge empty mic booth  
You notice that the walls are painted in black  
The mic is black, the windows tinted black  
And all you can see is a very old computer screen  
Five letters flashing on and off  
You can barely see what the letters spell  
You lean closer to the screen, the letters become clearer  
And the word is rhyme

Ayo I'm trapped in the mind of a mad man literally  
It's not a metaphor kid, pay attention  
Reporting to you live from this first dimension  
In the real crowded room, I just want some attention  
And since you lack the bright, like high beams at night  
The silence of the noise is deafenin' to hear  
My lack long vision is the jack of a position  
But I can't tell if I'm in the front of the rear  
Formless I don't know if I'm a circle or square  
Let alone solid liquid or air  
I'm completing myself  
But can't confirm or deny if I'm actually here  
That's quite a f\*\*ked-up predicament, yeah  
I fell at home but I gotta escape  
This paradox in a box, I'm intent to solve this mystery  
I'm made up of dreams and nightmares  
Soliloquies, dialogues, arguments  
Fantasies, memories, imagery, symmetry, alcohol, history  
Love, life, death, joy, remorse and sympathy  
Actions, wishes, reactin' and hopin'  
But everytime the beat comes the door opens  
The out-of-our-body experience is showing me  
Jettin' from the exit, the entrance, the outlet  
I'm strapplin' through veins, blood vessels and muscle tissue  
Till it goes pitch black, and I still don't know if I'm out yet  
I wake up from the blackout, finish with the race  
Confined in a two-dimensional blank space  
Looking back on my original birth place  
Now taking the shape of a young black face  
Parts of my physical erased and replaced  
What was sight and sound is now feel and taste  
I \*\*tal a fruit punch laced with toothpaste  
I'm shot from a cannon with amazing grace  
My identity revealed with the mystery solved  
I see my purpose in life as I travel through time  
Ridin' the beat through audio wires recording venaire  
Waves hit your minds, I'm a J-Live rhyme