

I used to walk past a cemetery
On a pathway to my boys house to
Sit, get lifted and dream about
How we wanted to live. Irony
In actions. Fractions of honesty
Divide
People into factions
Those who will
And those that actually will
I guess things aren't what they used to be
Memory lane had the yellow bricks removed
And The pavements now seem stained
With cigarette ash and shards of broken
Glass

Smells like home

The sirens
A familiar melody. But doesn't sound the same
Without the nickelodeon theme tunes I would
To drown out sounds. Oh nostalgia
You wicked wicked temptress you

I remember

If not through the eyes of
The innocent who else could see potential
For limitless, second nature. survival
A mind set primitive
Adapt and discover, that
Pound coin won't stretch past that panda pop
These days... It's monkey see what monkey do
For the trees. Forest fires and friendly conversation
Searching Amazon for new ways to burn
The Bambu

Smoke filled lungs till
Speech slurs. streams of consciousness
Tangled. Gathered, with like minded
A demand for retribution if left with the roaches
Burned it's ooh ah ah ooh

We haven't come that far
Since evolution

Stand two feet
No alpha male
But still blessed with
Another tale of the hypocrite
Still blessed with the eyes of
The vigilant. See senses fall
To pensive states of temporary
Aspirations. Then pass it on, like
Tales around the camp fire
Unified in dream state
Then put the blind the blind folds
To our ear drums for session of ignorant bliss

Like I ain't really worried about nothing

I swear

I ain't really worried about nothing

I thought the grass would get greener
Once I came off the trees, seeking the high
Has me throwing away loose leaves like
Autumn. See me clearly, that same primitive
Thought we evolve from like Dar-winian theory
I wonder why we choose to stay in the dark
Like the pigment of Stevie's vision when it's
Hard to see our pigments as equals or

Any effort to engage your conscience
Must been seen as conscious
Accept the consequence
But never will I beg pardon on truth
The reality simian, but the fact are simple
It's human instinct. As humans
Instinctively we adapt to survive
Or destroy. Same difference

I wonder why we choose to stay in the dark
Like the pigment of Stevie's vision but some
Love the blind folds of ignorance
It's a shame to see, the spiralling direction
Of self expression. jaded eyes see
Only see jaded solutions

Money Money Money shall rain down
On our daughters and we shall applaud
And cheer like the the arches in their back
Coupled with the rhythmic patterns of
There gyrating hips can summon condensation

Honey Honey Honey brown skin will be bleached
To be appreciated. Hungry Hungry Hungry
Stomaches will call our brothers to arms
Over pussy weed money because it sells
And that's all we know

I am no martyr for a message
I'm no better but know better
One body, a shoulder to lean
A head and mouth to speak
Truths piercing your flesh
A leg or two to stand on
Whenever in need
And

They still got my niggas hanging from the trees
Can't see the truth when it's 6 feet deep

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