

Journey

Kurupt

I exist as an explorer
Inspired from the winds enchanted, organic intent which caresses the aura of
life and its winding roads
My home lies within the confines between the earth and the atmosphere's ozone
A nomad on the roam I walk through the park
Acknowledging tree shades, light to dark, and my mark can't be measured by miles or kilometers
My dreams I reach pinnacles of infinite heights, spiritual flights, cause' I
'm a wanderer
Possessed by an infinite journey
I go with the pace of my heart, my metronome is not in a hurry, life will surely lead you in the right direction
My soul is the compass of my intuition combined with reflections makes up my perception
I fly on the back of the sky, surfing on the thought plane
A matter inspired by my ancestors lives
So high, you don't know where you are
I see the goose prairie with my family
Contemplating the stars on our backs
This is not about where you want to be, but where you're at
And if you know that, and simply follow your own map?
Reality is in effect
So don't believe everything that you hear
I ponder the thought of life in other unseen atmospheres
Anything out of the ordinary is considered weird
I try to stay clear of them Earthlings and their peers
Trying to find thoughts fountain
With a backpack and a notebook, I sit on top of the olympic mountains
Negative thoughts, I drown them ascending the trail
Winding around the curves of rock, plotting the scale of destiny's surface
I will never fail
But my purpose is passed with worthless merchants and their distracting urges
I meditate to the medicinal music
Produced by the choir of tropical rainforest animals
Aware that I am only a student
The classroom of mother nature is the only witness
But life can leave you in an instant
And in the forest, it's the survival of the fittest

Traveling, babbling to my self
Not knowing where I am going
I follow the river that is showing me direction
I expand over the universe and converse with heaven
Hovering over gravity's dimension
Feeling freedom and justice
I metamorphosize
As a Native American
Hijack the Santa Maria and assassinate Columbus
Transcend my being back to present time
Sit on the porch with my parents and converse about life in the sunshine
Abort my mission for another expedition
Listening to birds cipher in tree tops as I beatbox to their wisdom
I stand on sacred ground that is engraved
For all the fallen journey men who pave the way for the present day
I stand alone with only my echo trying to act brave

Deciphering graffiti hit it by the Americans who decide the adventures in K
I puff on the peace pipe and watch the smoke sway
Aware that one day we will all pass away
But until that time
I will sit at the sea side
Unwind and continue to write rhymes
I'll praise the most high
Without that spirit, life would have no light
The guiding force that shines bright
Giving travelers their navigational insight
With my walking stick, I spit licks
Hop over the present and watch the apocalypse erase this in the year 2006
Back to the 206
Hop on a bus to the 604
Like a show in fourth world
Having them screaming for more in the front row
Remain humble
I transport to the Grand Canyon with an eighth of 'shrooms concealed in my j
ansport
I report into my notebook as the remedy
Conserve my energy into painting the present
Remembering the memories
Always remain in forward motion
I hold the pen of eternity as I script to the sound of the waves formed from
the ocean
Swim to the pace of the harmonic embrace
Tectonic plates shifting a subsonic rate in the Earth's outer face
Changes like the seasons
I converse with Orca whales about existence and the reason why we fight our
own kind when we all are breathing
A traveler who is with the everlasting journey and I'm leaving