

I have a blunt instrument, and I speak bluntly into it.
Some call it micro but I happen to think it's infinite.
I put a lot on the table, and we'll see how far it gets.
It's good for you, you're gonna sit until you finish it.
You've decided my fate with a phone hanging in the balance between your ear and shoulder.
Why don't I do you a favor and push my soft left cheek into your closed fist, while you smolder.
Step right up everyone, I'm handing out pieces of myself.
Try and grab for it maybe you'll find a peace there for yourself.
And when you're tired of hoping and looking for the answers, just turn this track up and try to forget all your cancers.
Tugging and burning at your life lines, pulling you under.
Trying to drown water logged mind.
Who's fault is it, who cares, we've got bigger fish to fry.
The authorities have been alerted, all we can do now is try.
But that really won't fix anything we need a guarantee on success.
I won't stop pushing until I hear you grab for your first breath.
I'm begging to be your crutch, your security blanket, your hot soup on a cold night.
Your landing pad, your open ear, I want to be the arms you look for to hold you tight.
I've found a dry spot to land on, I'm not perfect that's why I've been branded a beginner.
I've got a big heart to stand on, three syllables, one plan, one God, one man, listener.

Now we've all got the internet, but we're blind to the idea we've been caught in-a-net.
It's not like it's an evil, but is it necessary to constantly be able to email your people.
We're in the age of communication and I can appreciate it's greatness,
but it takes a toll on a nation who can't face each other and say this:
Hey your fired, I don't think we should see each other anymore.
By the way I'm pregnant, here's a link to check out all your latest scores.
I just wanted to drop you a little note and let you know your being evicted.
Hi, I know I'm a stranger, but check out my website, make sure your 18, it's restricted.
It's your lucky day you've won a car, don't believe me, how about a vacation.
You can now sit at home in your big fluffy thighs and order groceries.

ceries from the gas station.

So when you're tired of convincing people that you're not here to play,

just turn this track down with hopes that it will all go away.

See I'm a firm believer in practicing your beliefs until your feet hurt.

But I don't believe that I have to beat you over the head until you see dirt.

I won't say the words you think I should say, wearing a catch phrase t-shirt.

I'm my own person, I'm not perfect, I don't even mind if you label me a jerk.

Using raps as your personal tool is not an epiphany that you decided to copy write.

So stop pushing sand bags around my feet, dry your tears, let's hold hands and fight.

And we can start by throwing a few dubba-

yas, wave our gats, techs, shotties and nines.

See I'm just like you, I'm a listener, I'm a hit single, I'm your holy beats and rhymes.

It's pure insanity how some people literally say nothing and always claim vocabulary,

and they swear they're the excrement.

Hi, my names charmin I'm here to wipe your profanity.