

Yeah, we got something else to say, believe it or not
We don't claim to represent each element of hip-hop
I'm eloquent on the mic, flip language, that's what I do
Enlighten fresh subject matter and deliver it straight to you
In the vein of Pharaoh and Chuck D, I still feel lucky
To be able to share the vision and describe the way it struck me

Interrupting the senseless noise that ClearChannel services
Resurgence and revival to defeat this sense of worthlessness
And Dust

[scratches]

Well Dust completes the thought that I began
His words are drums, he's talking now, but can you understand?
Well I can, and there's a legion of fans that get it also
His audiomantic scratch patterns are all pro
Hit your torso full force, a course of future things to hear
Press your head against the speaker. Catch this double-feature
Make believers out of fence-riders and critics in one verse
But, yo, I got something to clear up first
See MC's are the mouthpiece and always the first to give props
To every person that's ever windmilled or knows how to uprock
But the b-boys could care less about the way you flow or rhyme
They don't even listen to any rap after 1989
So take the time. Take a minute and take a good look
They live inside the breaks and stay addicted to the "Good Foot"
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Should you ever meet one that says he has my album
Take a picture for me 'cause that's rare, one in a thousand
And graf-writers, well let's be honest
You don't really like my music and I can't read the words you're bombing
I mean, who am I kidding? I've seen burners that moved me
And I like to ride the train and let the pretty colors soothe me
But I don't vandalize, I'm afraid someone might shoot me
And I'm available if any of y'all ever need to speak through me
But I won't push it anymore, see I'm giving y'all some leeway
For now, I'll speak on behalf of myself and plus my DJ...