

Due Process

Reflection Eternal

Yo, from Pittsburgh to Pelan this type shit we be on
When we on inside a cassette deck of your Neon
Or in your Navigator whippin with the CD on
Lone Catalysts, rockin to the break d-awn
Make a sucker new jack be gone
He kick his shit, I be like: Yo, you puttin me on?
You wanna battle? Out to Rawls: pick me a beat to freak on
Somethin with a lotta bass and some highs to tweet on
The drums, I give it a run, you know, turn the heat on
Up in the kitchen, then you'll delisc' on
Who put me in a top position, J. Sands dishin
No look like Ron Strickland
Make the average MC contemplate, just sittin
Down, the wax spin like merry-go-round
While I format the verbs and nouns through underground
Now what you're lookin for you have found
So now bump to the sound properly laid and mixed down
By no other than my brother, although from different mother
J. Rawls with Sands on the mic, so take cover
The sound makes you bounce like flubber, Ludacris, Danny Glover
"Lethal Weapon", so while you're checkin

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At the same time, livin in life, givin enlightenment
Seeing eye for the blind
Through the darkness of the industry we ministry

I go on like etcetera
And blast my way out the plethora of replicas
Cats steady actin extra
And they parts is non-speakin
My skills go without and beyond speakin
Address your congregation like a deacon
Seekin converts, my convo is a honour and a pleasure
You seeing me is like Geraldo seein Al Capone's treasure
You the don of mediocracy, I'm the indispensable hero of hiphoprisy
Stoppin your flow like bureaucracy
Due process, you got blessed by the best of the population
Word to Black Shawn, I Chuck D your whole operation
And shut it down, cut it down like rain forest
You see Talib Kweli when you look up the illest in the thesaurus
I'm the definition of special edition with rack and pinion steering
To make my handlin more smooth than aloe and lanolin
"Manifesto"-spittin, my stiletto's hittin
On a ghetto mission to keep it fabulous like a Lone Catalysts composition

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On a level of metaphors with lives, life seems to depreciate
Like automobiles from its original state
I'm inter boro with registered plates pushin the weight of my spirit
Passin the limit of speed, rhymes per minute
Cerebral engine is infinite
Class, the third eye high beams illuminates the distance

The pressure on pedals accelerates, racin the currents of winds
Makin the intangible bend with aerodynamics and panoramic visionin
I see the world we livin in, five gallons of knowledge
A tank full filled with lessons
My temperature guage measures all of the blessings
For the miles I'm stretchin
Passin what is hot and what you got for all you cats on the list
Cause us to be the Catalysts
Of a new era, correctin errors
Learn to love it or leave it alone
Recitin these Nubian poems
From NYC to ATL we got continuous flows

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