

## In Memory Of...

Soulfly

Yo, life's web wants me in debt and tries to collect my breath as ransom in return for my soul's silhouette.  
How deep does shit get? Is it worth the Bentleys and jets in this jungle of sheer cons and devils with breasts. I mean does everything happen for a reason, the change of seasons, even the slugs screamin' to stop you from breathin'. It seems we're all a target in this mosh pit. The world be spinnin' lopsided, that's why I have my logic.

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast  
We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast  
So don't tell me how to act - how to be - how to live  
We are what we are - forever live or die  
Don't tell me how to act - how to be - how to live  
I am what I am from beginning to the end

My conspiracy theory threatens national security, speaking clearly, you assholes don't hear me. Walked the psychopath of Timothy Leary when cell therapy wasn't curing me, God put fear in me, scaring me. RIP  
Kamau Jahi, quiet warrior with dignity, still with me spiritually, forever in memory. Cut throat - who ill as me?  
Soulfly. Flight attendants ain't got shit on me. You reap what you sow, so I try my hardest to harvest good crops regardless if most artists are garbage - with godless content. To be honest, the chronic plus my fondness of alcoholic products held my spirit in bondage like convicts. Gettin' blunted wasn't pungent, overabundance of dumb shit had me living low-budget. Conflict. Indo had my mental growth stunted, cut friends out my circumference I used to run with. Rose above it. Fuck thuggin' and clubbin', I got one in the oven, plus my girl's talkin' husband - she buggin'. My method of flowin' expression through poem, salt of the Earth like the ocean - God's chosen spokesman. Creation to cremation, to be blatant - fuck Satan - paper chasin' motherfuckers facing damnation. Girls actin' fly with no interest in aviation - fuck station - radio waves is just radiation.

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast  
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You don't feel when I bleed, when I scream, when I feel  
We are what we are - forever live or die  
You don't know how I feel, what is real, what's the deal  
I am what I am from beginning to the end

Cutthroat Logic - the newest extension of the Soulfly Tribe from now until the day that I die. Can't you tell by the pain in my eyes that with this music I will bring my dream to life. Stripped the F out, losin' my mind, I wanna blow up right now but I know it takes time. Like slanging saxs to takin' elbows across the state lines, from 22's to tec 9's swag to kind. Underground to worldwide, I will never die, forever my words in my rhymes they gonna keep me alive. So onward I strive each and every day of my

life az I fight to keep  
K-RAB's dream alive. Forever my better half from fightin' to makin' cash. So  
me things in life are fucked up -  
wish I could take 'em back. But I live life with no regrets so I just look b  
ack on life and laugh.

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast  
We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast  
In memory of D-LOW I carry this pain  
We are what we are - I know you understand  
In memory of D-LOW I carved your name  
I am what I am from beginning to the end

Got Catholics in confession and 5-percenters studying lessons while the yout  
h smoke Buddha for blessing.  
I hear you fuckers on vinyl praising false idols - claiming Gods and dogs an  
d other fraud titles - to rival. My  
recital's laced with the Bible, life is just a time trial - I'm trying to ma  
ke the finals. March madness in the land  
of savages - I'm stranded, a magnet for static so I combat it diplomatic - n  
omadic - what I'm tatted - my  
cross my only baggage - roots go back to Africa, I'm not Asiatic. Brothas ma  
stered mathematics and still  
they can't add it. My quest isn't cabbage although it's nice to have it - ro  
ck the planet - like volcanic magma  
fragments - as my lava cools a lot of fools take me for granite. I just wann  
a meet the trinity and live for  
infinity - laugh at the enemy - when I get there who cares who remember me -  
on Earth. Since birth my  
dome had afro turf - ask the nurse - I heard a verse that said - "who's last  
is first" - so I keep my flesh  
humble 'cause I'm still-  
skinned like Rumpel - average a triple double and keep my game subtle - jam  
harder - than Vince on all ballers from bench to starter since I slaughter h  
oller - murda - on Shawn Carter -  
no honor with robbers - so I pray to my godfather and my conscience isn't bo  
thered by how I get my dollars.

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