

Help

Wax

Yeah man
I just want to be happy
And make music
Etcetera...

Yo

When people ask me why I do this I stand there and appear so clueless
I don't I just feel it in my bones, feels like the whole worlds got the last
name "Jones"
And the music, is an enchanting breeze
Rustling through family trees
Making them have dancing leaves that fall off and start planting seeds

Yeah...

Yeah, and the new ones grow and the old ones die and the new young flow and
they don't know why but they grow so high 'till they get they own spot tower
ing up in the sky then they wither
And like fresh tear drops their seeds fall and create next year's crops

The cycle of music, we learn from the old but we write with a new twist
And as we evolve we made it
A universal language we all created, I-
Really think we're all related
Sibling rivalry is the cause of hatred

Never met EOM but we're peas in a pod
And the reason is God

Oh I...
Wrote this all by myself
But I...
But it feels like I had help

Oh I...
Wrote this all by myself
But I...
But it feels like I had help

From...

This person, thing or being
That they call God
Heads in the church, they all nod

Yeah

Like we're in agreement
Facts like these don't appear in the cement
No hard truth, just time
No hard proof, just rhyme

No reason
Just rhythm
Season to season we're just livin'...

And we-
Wake up every morning
Equipped with the tools of the time we were born in
And these tools we use to keep buildin'
Be- come second nature to the children

Passed down from a dad to a kid
I ain't invent the wheel, but I'm glad someone did, 'cause if they did not t
hen time would just stop
There'd be no jazz, rock & roll or hip-hop

But we got infinite sums of choices
We've come a long way since just drums and voices man...
This can't be random
To well planned for nobody to have a hand in

Never met EOM but he seems like a friend now
Digital, musical pen-pal

Oh I...
Wrote this all by myself
But I...
But it feels like I had help

Oh I...
Wrote this all by myself
But I...
But it feels like I had help

Man...

Yeah
I wrote this all by myself
But I know that I had help

Yeah I wrote this by myself but I know, in my soul, that I had a little help
from somethin' much bigger than me
G-o-d or whatever he be

I don't know man, I don't know fam
Freestyle going to get with the program
No man...
Can do it any better than me, a veteran emcee in the place to be

We do the...
Freestyle
Going off the green-mile
That's what suckers do
What wack motherfuckers do

I mean, who are you to test me?
I'm cool like Nestea
And sweet like Nestlé...

Chocolate when I'm rocking it...

[rest is incomprehensible due to music fade out]