

One day during meditation training  
I rose to a plain where there was utter silence  
I was bathed in light and suddenly time and space didn't exist  
Only absolute radiance  
So wonderful I could not understand why the master had not share it  
Then I felt... Enlightened?  
No because I did not sense the overwhelming bliss that one should feel  
I felt that... it was something like despair but greater  
And it had sorrow so intense I could not take it  
I could not go on, I failed  
Something was saying return to the addict

The international, unstoppable, immortal rhyme scholar  
Emcees nowadays they run around spittin' shit just to make a dollar  
Never made much sense to me, guess it's not in my heart  
Once your soul is for sale this is no longer art  
I push around a cart full of common sense in the dark  
You don't need skill to make it big, ask Bubba Sparxxx  
The trouble starts, between lack of skill and a trap door  
I'm kickin' rappers off the Dilated People's platform  
My omniscity is obvious not to the average eye  
My shattered skies, where my retired dreams will lie  
Walk up to the foundation of life, I'm kickin' down the pillars  
To stop our people from raisin' tomorrow's new born killers  
Two long winters, and a maze of summer times  
See more tragedy in front of me, I kick another rhyme  
Leavin' my brain bleedin' throughout the four seasons  
Receivin' the proceedings of my cerebrum then I'm retreatin' and this evenin'  
Will be the last sunset you witness  
Rippin' this track apart like cartilage and strength fitness  
My shit list, seem like it's grown to a mile long  
As I pile on stress to test my nerves and icons  
I'm like a python who lays patient in the night  
I await and observe my prey way before I strike