

Cracks In The Surface

Flobots

The water level's rising, the water level's rising
Everyone alive sing: Who will turn the tide?
Bring about land grabs sand bags bring 'em out
It's hard to yell with the Atlantic in your mouth.

Cracks in the surface, cracks in the surface, tick tick tick tick,
Cracks in the surface, cracks in the surface, tick tick tick tick.

One becomes two becomes three becomes four
Our sound waves run your city like parkour
Provokin' encores but we know you want more
That's what we're doing this for.

Four becomes three becomes two becomes one
The metamorphosis cannot be undone
We burst forth from the land toward the sun
And transform, the advance has begun.

Like Mary J I'm obliged to hollerate and prophesy
Nostradamus on the topics often dropped on open mics
When both sides are vocalized the crowd spits the dopest lines
Efforts gain significance like overdrives of dopamine.

These narcissists forget to do their exercise, confused by what success implies
Name drop successive tries in drive thrus to get extra fries
Emancipating free speech when I run my mouth terminal cancer patients say 'Hey when's the C.D. coming out?'

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Rhyming enigma I keep 'em guessing
My rhymes are like ribbons when I wrap the present
Recapture lessons, the ancestors prefaced
In deference to how we break it down to the essence
'Cause there're cracks in the surface, nobody wants to see 'em
Strategic war games don't call 'em human beings
They call 'em like they want 'em for a prop in their battle rap
But Solomon and Math will dap after play the track backwards
Because there's too much death energy
Let it be a muse sing to your best enemy
Never let it be your task master, let's finish things alive with oppression
and disaster diminishing.

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Break, them, down. Break, them, down. Break, them down...
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