

Yesterday, forget it  
Tomorrow is, nada  
The present is, right here, through the breath, watch it  
Atheist Jesus piece, hangin' on a cross  
We sit and discuss God on lawn chairs  
About how we got here,  
What it is, what it isn't, shit  
Fate versus faith, scimmagin' with coincidence  
Leave out the market and hold up on the business end  
Focus on the genuine, with everything else, you can shed the skin  
I was a couple moves away from being dead  
In that ER overdosin', eyes bleedin' red  
I fell in love, made an album, got a buzz  
Lost it all, sobered up and guess what?  
Now we meet again  
And I'm back, finally just laughin'  
Expectations are resentments waiting to happen  
Studying the Dharma, Karma of a pastor and his practice  
Bahá'u'lláh Buddha, God, to the mountaintop and I'm traveling  
Learnin', yes, reflectin' on what matters  
People, permanence, lack of attachments  
It's space and time, a couple man-made distractions  
The measure of a spirit that no human can ever capture  
Church, this booth is my Vatican  
I don't control life, but I can control how I react to it  
Student of the breath, brick beats and balancin'  
Desire versus truth until I finally find happiness

I was put here to do something before I'm lyin' in that casket  
I'd be lyin' on the beat if I said I didn't know what that is  
The world's a stage and we play a character, I found him  
It took me 20 something years and a bunch of shitty sound checks  
I'm not gonna be content, until I find gratitude  
Regardless of my sales or the record deals they're handin' you  
If the next generation takes our legacy and samples you  
We'll have a bunch of mp3's and misled kids to pass 'em to  
I use my veins to create the color I paint from  
Delve into something 'til my heart becomes my paint brush  
I told my mama I'm not stoppin' 'til my name's up  
Thinkin' those comments on that blog is gonna save us  
Searchin' for everything but Gods and validation  
Get insecure and then we start blamin' the haters  
Used to look to women to fill a part of me that was vacant  
Truth, the only thing that I ever used in moderation  
So I stare into this paper instead of sitting at a cubicle  
Take all ugly shit inside and try to make it beautiful  
Use the cement from rock bottom and make it musical  
So the people can relate to where I've been,  
Where I'm going, what I've seen, what I've heard  
From the guts, fuck the glory  
Just a person on a porch putting it all into recording  
Many in my past and many that came before me  
I just keep walkin' my path and blessed to share my story