

There was a curious secretive streak in the man,  
which led to many dramatic effects - but left even his  
closest friends guessing as to what his exact plans might be.  
He pushed to an extreme, the axiom that the only safe plotter  
was he who plotted alone. I was nearer him than anyone else,  
and yet I always conscious of the gap between.

Say mayne, let me rap to you for a minute  
Say.. yeah, yea you - ay mayne, say you!  
Say! Say mayne! Say mayne!  
Say mayne let me rap to you for a minute  
Yeah I gotta holla at you, yeah  
Say what?

The QUESTION is how could a man like me  
Actually, a man that's free  
Of speech and the ability to reach, the masses  
Never not, know what to say I know how brainwaves operate  
Consistently and our ideas, FUEL our existence  
See if you can see if you can see if my resistance  
Against this oppressor, a passive aggressor  
Master professor, with every chance I get  
To, lure some sleepin people out the pit  
One, foot in the grave the other, foot in some shit  
Yo time waits for no man, especially not you  
Get yo' murk, this'll be yo' very first clue when  
WORDS, fail and actions take over you will see  
that them are no more you can take away freedom outcome  
THERE I WAS, in between my freedom and a slug  
When they, pull the plug  
I'ma walk through the light that's ahead of me  
Could've been, ANYONE instead of me so live and let it be  
Spoken like they said it to me  
Yo, say what's on yo' mind nigga, let the people see  
SOME speaker's on the podium, hit you with the sodium  
Go up in equipped without petroleum  
But I'm a +Project Blowedian+  
More complex than your Napoleon  
Okay, Double-A, never runnin out of things to

SAY, whatchu wanna SAY  
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY  
Just SAY, whatchu wanna SAY  
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY  
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Just SAY, whatchu wanna SAY  
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY

The QUESTION is how could a guy like me  
Actually, a mighty MC with the eye of a bee  
Conditioned to the same ol' conditionin  
Position in mid-air, limbo  
Once upon a time I didn't care but  
Now it's not that simple  
Maybe I, should refrain  
And let the unimaginative, non-creative ones give me some brains

Give me some brains  
SAY! Maybe I should rename the talk  
Run a lap with my trap while you backslide in the dark  
My choppers, OH my choppers  
Get me out of the worst work, blade choppers  
Save the hoppers, boppers  
Disballoon bar not a popper stopper  
Feel the dreams cash cropper copper steel wool  
Still pull chords  
Wrestled with these bullhorns  
With both arms, 'til they all submit  
Put the mic on B-LAST and let me say some shit

Never runnin out of things to say..  
Never runnin out of things to say, say, say mayne  
Say mayne! Y-yeah, ay mayne, SAY!  
Let me holla atchu  
Say mayne, yeah you, say  
Say what? What?  
Say, say what say what?  
Say what? Say what?  
Say why? Yeah  
Say when, aight when