

My Pen And Pad

Blackalicious

Here we go...here we go...

Back on the journey again, tool is the pad and pen
Cool is the fan as the wind, soothin' you after I send
True inter vision risen and driven while givin' you MY
Isms of intuition while niggaz is livin' a LIE
Syllables spill and I fly, high as a pittacle rhyme
Not to belittle a fool, but try to get into you my -
Lyrics inherited form awareness somewhere in the sky
Clearly you'll give them merit and cherish 'em better wit' time
There is none ever and on like rivers, so clever I shine
Verbal ambassador travel in this endeavor of mine
Never a anti-gangster, the ghetto is still on the mind
If I was, not rappin', a nigga might be up inside
All of you terraces, stealin' wallets and necklaces, I
give hella gratefulness for the blessin' share this and fly
Everywhere people outside the culture now try to deFINE
What it is, but it is MINE, such it is, love with BLIND
Vision but no division is vivid we livin' inside
Vicious vindictive and mental prisons from within the mind
I sit and find stillness from minutes is written the RHYME
Gettin' you smitten wit' it, particularly if you're a prime
Listener, listen up, twist it up like the lyrics was lime
Vintage is instant, so give it up when you hear it recited
Recite it at attention, relivin' tension and bendin' yo' spine
Sendin' you signals to get yo' internal system aligned
Lyrical pittacle, situation is critical
Syllable after syllable, Give It To You, deliver you my -
Intervals, sendin' you through dimensions who didn't know
Hidden in you, within you, when you get in the begin into it
Sentiments internets, couldn't send you yet signals you get
Rippin' through skin and through tissue, fix you elixirs that M
IGHT -

(lift your peripheral vision, the mystical wisdom that tends
to go into the infinite system of livin' and this is the ending
As well as the beginning of the Gift and his prime)
Mission the bliss is divine, Christen it, isn't it fine?
Listen and dissin' it, that's the incident innocent
Men and women hit, lyrics is killin' niggaz, they shivelin'
The predicaments thick, and it spills the wig of the ignorant l
yricist, puttin' fear in their spirit...
Yo, that's my time!

I know all you fellas have had a lady in your life that, you re
ally appreciated
and you wanted to do something special for her and, let her kno
w it

Well, I gotta lady like that, and I wrote this song to her...