

Release Part 1,2 & 3

Blackalicious

Prevalent melanin elephant bailing
And carrying sedatives that'll give average lettermen callouses
Wrecking with savageness, catalyst
battling rappers'll stagger right after the dagger is left in it
Cherish this Caliber (Release) Attica
Shatter your algebra with calculus (give it up)
Damage your pattern I'm pounding you so fabulous (give it up)
Enough is enough is enough and I'm busting up outta this shell
In eruption and rupture your structure the fuck with you (Release)
Up in you and cut you a costumer
Huffing and puffing, discussing absolutely nothing, disgusting
Plus I'm feeling me rushing up in your country percussion
No woman gets struck in the boundaries
Wake up if your lunging, I'm something, you're nothing (Release)
Now come see grunting, I'm hunting
For one emcees running
I'm stomping my foot through your army
They couldn't have stopped me with shoties
Oddity, why did he, why do these entire societies inside of societies
And survivors still remain alive (Release) emcees
Thriving to flow, opting to go
five hundred and fifty-five syllables to go
Split em' with subliminal intentional digital pro
Unlimited flow unriveted, inhibited, vindited
Now you can't get rid of it like (Release) business
Magnificent, intimate, in it with, in a minute, gonna be in a nicks
In it with a gig, big fat heads like eggs Benedict
Pigs lick shit, rip with words in a bismol energy
It's time I society beats release

Inner breathlessness, outer restlessness
By the time I caught up to freedom I was out of breath
Grandma asked me what I'm running for
I guess I'm out for the same thing the sun is sunning for
What mothers birth their youngens for
And some say Jesus coming for
For all I know the earth is spinning slow
Suns at half mast 'cause masses ain't aglow
On bended knee, prostrate before an altered tree
I've made the forest suit me
Tables and chairs
Papers and prayers
Matter versus spirit
A metal ladder
A wooden cross
A plastic bottle of water
A mandala encased in glass
A spirit encased in flesh
Sound from shaped hollows
The thickest of mucus released from heightened passion
A man that cries in his sleep
A truth that has gone out of fashion
A mode of expression
A paint splattered wall
A carton of cigarettes
A bouquet of corpses
A dying forest

A nurtured garden
A privatized prison
A candle with a broken wick
A puddle that reflects the sun
A piece of paper with my name on it
I'm surrounded
I surrender
All
All that I am I have been
All I have been has been a long time coming
I am becoming all that I am
The spittle that surrounds the mouth-piece of the flute
Unheard, yet felt
A gathered wetness
A quiet moisture
Sound trapped in a bubble
Released into wind
Wind fellows and land merchants
We are history's detergent
Water soluble, light particles, articles of cleansing breath
Articles amending death
These words are not tools of communication
They are shards of metal
Dropped from eight story windows
They are waterfalls and gas leaks
Aged thoughts rolled in tobacco leaf
The tools of a trade
Barbers barred, barred of barbers
Catch phrases and misunderstandings
But they are not what I feel when I am alone
Surrounded by everything and nothing
And there isn't a word or phrase to be caught
A verse to be recited
A man to de-fill my being in those moments
I am blankness, the contained center of an "O"
The pyramidal containment of an "A"
I stand in the middle of all that I have learned
All that I have memorized
All that I've known by heart
Unable to reach any of it
There is no sadness
There is no bliss
It is a forgotten memory
A memorable escape route that only is found by not looking
There, in the spine of the dictionary the words are worthless
They are a mere weight pressing against my thoughtlessness
But then, who else can speak of thoughtlessness with such confidence
Who else has learned to sling these ancient ideas
like dead rats held by their tails
so as not to infect this newly oiled skin
I can think of nothing heavier than an airplane
I can think of no greater conglomerate of steel and metal
I can think of nothing less likely to fly
There are no wings more weighted
I too have felt a heaviness
The stare of man guessing at my being
Yes I am homeless
A homeless man making offerings to the after-future
Sculpting rubber tree forests out of worn tires and shoe soles
A nation unified in exhale
A cloud of smoke
A native pipe ceremony
All the gathered cigarette butts piled in heaps

Snow covered mountains
Lipsticks smeared and shriveled
Offerings to an afterworld
Tattoo guns and plastic wrappers
Broken zippers and dead eyed dolls
It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me
I have seeded a forest of myself
Little books from tall trees
It matters not what this paper be made of
Give me notebooks made of human flesh
Dried on steel hooks and nooses
Make uses of use, uses of us
It's all overwhelming me, oak and elming me
I have seeded a forest of myself
Little books from tall trees
On bended knee
Prostrate before an altered tree
I've made the forest suit me
Tables and chairs
Papers and prayers
Matter vs. spirit, through meditation
I program my heart to beat breakbeats and hum basslines on exhalation

The heaven-sent benevolent medicine man reverend
Peddling deliverance that resemble amphetamines to
the residents in the meadow of pestilence
Who developed a chemical dependence on pessimism, now
Is he is, or is he ain't
The most distinctive speaker seeping through your sleepy speakers
Yes he is, oh, yes indeed
So distinguished, so close some people think he's half queer
Ain't no secret, people, trust me
It's mostly hustling
Moves me up strait
But just focus on the gun scene
Boasting and fussing
They both so unproductive
Suppose it go in my blood stream
Let me post this question
Ask anybody, just anybody
They'll tell you that the antibody to the petty
Potty mouth gots to be
Success at something
To be the best of something
And not to stress the dumb shit
Cause you ain't missing nothing
You got to

Motivate, accelerate, never wait, know your weight, throw away hate
Grow and make weight of your older dates
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, aim orchestrate fate
Just motivate, accelerate, never wait, show the way, no escape
Take hold and shift shape, live a longer day
Elevate, concentrate, get your focus straight, and orchestrate fate

Astrologist, colleges follow this through the metropolis
The dominant brown bomber, I'm in it, being prominent
Walking it, mean walking it, clean the scene, stalking it
Volcanic, got you all panicking, false canyon
And, awe wait, all day
Outlandish bandits be slandering what we mastering cause they can't catch us
They all pray for our downfall
Maybe one day, sike

You never get no balance if you're crooked so play right, snake
I'm mongoosing on you, stormtrooping through your form
Oncoming, onslaught, on one
Chopping you, I'll tomahawk, trauma hawk
Long running champ and rocking shit 'til i was born
You're a Tom Thumb and I'm King Kong Bundy
Strong thunder, all summer long, keep on coming
Dawn, dusk, night, morning
I'll bust tight poems
Raw, just mic zonin' you all
With the white motive, motivation

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