

Do you ever go outside at night
Look up into the sky, into the big, immense sky
And think to yourself, "that's a big sky, like an inkwell."
In a city that's been waiting the blow
Since big butts and teen spirit
Many make music, you hear it
Secluded in the upper left, dominantly gray
Shaded skies any other day
Sorta like the bay
Just a little bit wetter and cold in the winter
Proximity to water make the soul a little gentler
Out of town they don't be knowing about the best kept
Aint nothing better than the summer in the Northwest
Microphone check: 1-206
Who just spoke through the smoke can I get a quick fix to lift
This eye to the level of the needle in the sky
Looking over the sound against the shores of the Suicide Capital
Bust a magical dust, grammatically adjust the satellite
What makes Seattle tight
The fruit's a bit ripe in spite of all the mold
And last second changes of plans like on hold
And prodigal sons whose model is run whenever possible
Watch Mr. Officer shoot before he aims and claims self defense
In the name of the citizen free
SPD's spread the city like an STD
I'm rolling Rainier bugging "Let's get free"
While the people sleep, I'ma speak 'till they wake

Now let me push my pen to create

The beats, rhymes in life
Each time I write
The fire ignites, I light the sky
There's an infinite Inkwell
High above the city
Dip the pen steadily, sing the melody

Your beats, rhymes in life
Each time I write
The fire ignites, I light the sky
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They paved rock candy and put up a parking lot
It was a spot for a minute was hotter
Then the cops lit it up when the thugs fist the cuffs
And the mayor was quick to up and pin it on hip-hop
Shows got dropped when the cinder block crushed
What's left of the scene grows up from the dust
There must have been many times over-
frustrated to watch the downfall of those who could have made it
While some waited for the next Mix-a-lot to flow
Others made moves, said "Shit, we ought to grow"
But time moves slow when the clock's overweight
Eating those who wait, as opposed to create
But those who make bread do not break the mold

I was only nineteen, but my rhymes were bold
And when things got for real I got up in the bowl
And put them in to practice all that I was told
Wicked's eye that came up and showed up
We call ourselves fate and ironically, it was
Became the last kid still writing at 9 to 5
In B-town Syphus we can't even justify
Moved to the city, started posing as a journalist
To get press passes and ask kids for murder so we prove instead
Put down the pen, picked up the mic
Taken from competitors heads
And when I got done severing severable losers
Started getting down with hella producers
Main group welcomed me into the big house, but they didn't feel the city so
they moved back south
And other dudes weren't even worth it to work with
And if I see wonders about to be word a worth I'll jot
Begin 2 double zero 1, the struggle just begun to bear fruit
At the end of a troubling youth
Sobs have got me
To speak over beats like the key to unlock me
And I'll be damned
10 years to the summer I began I'm still up in the lab
And while the people sleep I'ma speak 'till they wake
Now let me push this pen to create
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The fire ignites!