

## How Eye One The Write Too Think

Eyedeas

It took me a while to realize we were on the same page  
I was getting tired of reading it aloud in different ways  
I ain't the only person that's traveled through this maze  
Not really sure whether it was me or them that was craaaaaazy  
Digging a hole in every single system, lit the candle to envision  
What's lost in this position, crossing out superstition  
Sitting in a time machine. A bleeding mind dreams  
Of beating my esteem to give the crime scene shining bling.  
I'm no longer a boy scout... Cause punching myself in the face  
Won't necessarily get the voice out!  
That's something no one ever took the time to point out  
But I had to learn to whisper before I could enjoy shouting  
Periodically I feel like I've wasted my breath  
And all I've got to show for is paper stained ink  
But I ain't really trippin' at the end of the day...  
Cause life is experience and this is how eye won't write too  
think!