

# Life After Mental

Grits

I keep comin' at you  
Lyrical raptures capture you  
Only if your soul is ready  
I comin' after you  
Bodysnatchin' you and dismantlin' your crew  
It's Tennesseans wit nouns and verbs agreein'  
Wit higher being  
Sendin' messages  
Spreadin' through your chest it's just  
Blessings from conception rearrangin' your perception  
This planetary lyricist  
At least that's what the Source quotes  
Resurrectin' hip-hop on a higher plateau  
We crept low  
Movin' slow with intention to blow  
Carry loads of flows for those who doubt and didn't know  
And circumstances deep in crime intense seat back in the  
Center of my body structure  
Ready to rupture  
At times I sat back to think again and again  
How I broke the golden rule by doing business with friends  
My mind traveled paths on a search to be free  
Suspicion felt corruption had a piece of Gotee  
Success had me stressed like the G-Mo-B  
Cee-Lo's verse on "Thought Process" was the description of me  
But then again I caught the vision that was given within  
As a child rockin' mirrors wishin' I was Rakim  
On stage  
Engagin' state to state  
Rampages, airplay, videos, and stretch black limos  
The dream that seemed impossible  
But now I'm doin' show for thousands  
Savin' souls through least  
Lacin' spirits concrete  
And the belief that I inject on beats  
Deplete  
God's word that is instilled in me  
To the masses 'til I feel my mission here is complete  
And it's essential  
That this is my life after mental

Mental's over  
It's the dawn of a new day  
Out with the old  
Different messages to relay  
Mental's gone  
It's time to do it up again  
The past is behind  
Life after will begin

Now let's talk  
Gather to see who can talk the most noise on an album  
You the listeners decide the outcome  
How come  
It's our second record without Mental... gettin' the recognition it deserved  
This Christian industry is gettin' on my nerve  
Serves us right for thinkin' they would believe our vision

Give us proper support  
But when it got hectic  
Mission abort  
Poor sports is what they called us  
Now that's crazy  
All cause we wanted to be pushed  
Not ambushed and pulled  
Off the shelves for being ourselves  
Unlike no one else  
But still they made comparisons  
How Un-American  
Strivin' in the midst of warzones and red tape  
They try to hold us back  
But it's the black in me that makes me create  
Colorful collages hang on the walls of garages  
No mirages  
What you see is what you get  
Ah, that's that hit  
Ah shoots you know I'm in cohorts  
With the higher power  
Sprinkle me with spirital showers  
Drinks anyone  
Pourin' glasses of Tang  
If you're drinkin' from me, the flavor's lemon meringue  
I'ma be me despite the shackles of the industry  
Bump they last chances  
God engineers my circumstances  
And hey  
I think I like that  
He's the one I confine in  
Never dealin' shady and lettin' the enemy slide in  
This rap game is all I got to maintain  
It keeps me sane in my life  
After mental

[Chorus x2]