

Counting heads as I enter the room  
Straight check the ration, but it's cool, it's cool  
I'll be kicking rhymes in a self-fulfilling state  
Until the consequence fades away  
A shout out to my lady, Gwendolyn Brooks  
She kicks the poetry, I add the hooks  
We're here together to send a message  
That not too much has changed, bring it in  
Word, I grip the microphone, pass from the left  
I want the bass up so I can feel it in my chest  
Dig this accusation, not a brand new thought  
Just to finer point in life that can't be taught  
I got to focus on my attention on the real thing  
Never realizing till it passes what it is, what it could be  
Janis says get it while you can and this is true  
Cause it may not be tomorrow but we die soon  
We die soon  
I'm gonna tell it to, gonna set it straight  
So I can pass it on to you, watch it circulate, formulate  
Rhymes, ideas, like a lit J  
Passed around, found people got vices these days  
You can shoot H in the veins or popping pills  
But on the microphone I'm executing mad skills  
I can spot a hundred thousand ways to avoid, avoid the truth  
Because it may not be tomorrow but we die soon  
Cruising listening to smooth jazz  
Realizing lost my passion pazzazz for life  
I'm under pressure and I'm not sure  
But it looks like Lady Death is gonna come at her own leisure  
Live it up, give it up, life's unpredictable  
Gotta make sure not a second is dull  
The throw down, the show down at high noon  
It may not be this minute we die soon, lid