

Highs 2 Lows

Nujabes

Individual stars float in the ocean of God
Rocking a pinky ring of Saturn while I'm visiting Mars
Egos bigger than Jupiter are breaking the bars
Holding me back down to Earth to physical laws
Touching the moon, grace as I ready resume
Comets flying through space bringing possible doom
Blocking the sun, bring a holocaust on the world
I'm talking back to Father Time, Mother Earth is my girl
I got the wings of angels walking down the valley of death
Watching my step, 'cause The Devil's never one to respect
Come correct on the studio track, taking it back
To the pen and pad, I blast the original rap
Brother on the B-Boy tip, with Krylon spit
I tag the charts with the graphical hits
So who you fucking with, arm leg led to arm head
Snapping your neck back while you spit out a Pez
I be the original son of a bitch, hurting your wrist
'Cause you spinning my shit so much the needle skip
Flip to the rhythm and reminisce, remember the days of
'94 (Nine Four) hip-hop was a gift
Words out of her lips came straight from the heart
Never prepackaged or bought, void of negative thought
Peddle to consumers, magazines, and rumors
Commercial spots turn real artists to looters
Precise rap, rock and roll, nigga lets do this
I'll float through those break beats with my maneuvers

Yo regardless
While I be moving swiftly through darkness
Plotting, charting my path, I'm running, cutting my losses
Stumbling over unknown bumps and complications
And tribulations of my life of revelations(x2)

Speaking to scorpions making my heart turn to porcelain
That used to have a steady beat now its easily broken
My coast and train of thought stopped emotions
Welling at the core of my being causing commotion
Need to release, 'cause the stress will tear me to pieces
My love ceases and my thoughts break into leases
The height of my life, but the strife making me leave this
I can't beat this, going to God to defeat this
Will he help, or do I have to do this myself?
Alone and confused, the blues burden my health
My eyes remain closed 'cause my highs are lows
I'm feeling the blows of rain cause my pain is cold
Now who am I, a man or a pawn in life?
Living day to day, I pray am I wrong or right
Losing my mind so maybe you can help me find
The way to go so I can be leaving this pain behind
Trying to sleep, "Sleep is the cousin of death,"
Said a wise man from Queensbridge, on beats he blessed
Trying to rest, instead I rest my head
On a pillow of hardships, misery is the bed
On my back, I lie, I can see the skies
Through the glass ceiling, the reason tears drowning my eyes
And I can't move, grief won't let me think
My soul is dry; I crawl just to take a drink

I made you blink, think like a visible man
With mechanical hands trying to reach out to my fans

Yo regardless

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Yo viscosity of the hidden meaning between my words
Thicken the plot, I caught hidden rhythms and verse
I'm loading the hearse, you biting like a Dracula curse
I'm bringing the worst of hurt like a sermon in church
Pertaining to you, hurts just to listen to truth
So you'd rather listen to lies, so you're living to lose
I'm beginning to win, young man, master in sin
Battle within, looking at The Devil and grin
I'm flipping the script, walking on a journey and trip
On the gurney they missed, and the fact that life is a bitch
And I'm hating this shit, losing blood, making me crip
With stakes aside, bet, and I lost the grip
Searching for bliss, with the razor over my wrist
Needing a job but the drug test's checking my piss
I'm looking through a window and seeing the immaculate conception reborn
Peace in my core with seven swords, a knight in a war
Looking to the eyes of the lord, calculating what more
Seeing the signs of heaven nevermore
The last matador riding the pale horse, losing my course
Splitting the hairs, causing divorce
Marriage unborn, I havoc in song, I stumble upon
Lost jewels of thought, thought to be gone
Lost forever, I sever motherfuckers with letters
Written in script, forward to the rap that I rip
From the top of the lip, make a drink, take it and sip
Then I'm gulping the shit
Falling deeper in the abyss.