

# Final Frontier

RJD2

Yeah, what up  
Welcome to the final frontier  
Soul Position  
RJD2 on the beats plus myself, Blueprint, on the  
rhymes

Live and direct

We're here  
The Final Frontier  
We're here  
The Final Frontier

We breathe adrenaline, elevate organically  
Life begins when the record spins and ends  
When blended into the next with scratches  
RJ constructs the canvas, I find a color that matches  
Outline the rhyme and increase the content  
Blueprint the piece that completes the concepts  
Sequence the song steps to make it more complex  
Soul Position in, sole possession of  
Poll position, hold your breath and listen  
While I resurrect these twenty-six letters  
A lesson to beginners that tend to pale in comparisson  
You're not ill, and if you are

Plus my freestyle is  
Take two hours and call me back with a new style

We're here  
The Final Frontier  
We're here  
The Final Frontier

elevate organically  
My pen like a turntable arm moves mechanically  
Even when the groove shifts or skips dramatically  
I accurately etch out my welded fine fantasy  
Across a skyline covered with sound  
I move into position like a cumulus cloud  
Acid rain slang still a part of my emosis  
My first demo, known to soak instrumentals  
With brainstorm, capable to break in the calm  
Created by strange tongues that praise the norm  
But while they make a living giving false testimony  
I often impress the ceremony with an exercise in exorcism  
First I ride the rhythm, then I spit a venomous  
Open mic sermon for the trife vermon  
That had a hard time learnin'  
How to properly prepare for the final frontier

We're here  
The Final Frontier  
We're here  
The Final Frontier

We breathe adrenaline, elevate organically

Escaping out of milk crates with modern-day tragedies  
Of lost verse, or crews you coulda looped first  
But refuse to do the work when the whistle blew  
So in a world dominated by the digital  
The metrinome I listen to beats inside of my chest  
It speeds up with a level of stress  
It's built to last, but analog at best  
Ingest another measurement of time served  
My lifeline swerves kinda like a sine curve  
Time blurs, during my breakneck ascend  
To apex and then slows during my lows  
Tone-deaf soundmen work my shows  
The ass of my artform's always exposed  
But I'm inspired by the front rows  
They're the reason I prepared for the final frontier

We're here  
The Final Frontier  
We're here  
The Final Frontier