

# Lyrical Sobriety

Tim McMorris

Have you seen, what's coming on the horizon, waking up to tomorrow's life,  
to find that the answer is gone, the answer is gone  
I'm bringin' it down, I'm bringin' it down, so turn it up

I'm here to bring a flow that puts a chill down your neck  
Ya' the kind you get when you start to feel that you can connect  
To the words of my rhyme, as you listen, one at a time  
They begin to take shape and bring an image into your mind

One that helps you to see cause in this world there's so many lies  
And so many people livin' in a phony disguise  
So now I'm here to help you out and bring about their decline  
By given you a rhyme that leaves you with a tingling spine

That reacts with your head, to wake up, what seemed like it was dead  
So you can stand up, with your hand up and repeat what I said  
To stop the media money makers that ruin society  
The ones who try to put a stop to lyrical sobriety

Yeah, and now there's so many complications  
And many people now in screwed up situations  
Because of what we let walk into our lives, through our ears and our eyes  
And yet we still act surprised

I will fight, I will fight so hard, to help you to see, but does anyone care  
?  
Does anyone care?  
I will fight, I will fight so hard, to help you to see, but does anyone care  
?  
Does anyone care... I think not cause' I still hear the guns go

Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, there's another one  
Another brother gone, another mother lost her son  
Another young life, wonder what he would have done  
But now he'll never have a chance to grow and be someone

I wish it were a story, but the lyrics are real  
And as I'm sitting pennin' out this rhyme I can't help but feel  
For the all the victims of our culture that we have created  
That's loves the brutal display of racism, violence and hatred

And I know a thousand songs, have said the same thing  
But we don't change; we don't listen to the message they bring  
We want to live it up, let someone else, undo what was done  
And so the cycle goes, I guess it makes a thousand-and-one

I wish now that I was done, but really I've just begun  
To dig into the corruption that's systematically run  
By the music corporations that are plaguing our nation  
That simply take a seat and watch the death of young aspiration

I will fight, I will fight so hard, to help you to see, but does anyone care  
?  
Does anyone care?  
I will fight, I will fight so hard, to help you to see, but does anyone care  
?  
Does anyone care?

But people still trippin, societies slippin', so here's some more

I tried to bring this message when I did hurting land,  
But now I see that you don't learn, or maybe don't understand  
Maybe the music was too slow, so I'll say it again  
But in a different way to reach all those who wouldn't extend

A kind word of gratitude some got nothing but attitude  
Say I'm hatin', well I am, we're not on the same latitude  
I shove it down your throat, cause' you shove it down mine  
I have to sit and listen to your garbage rhyme after rhyme

About the guns, sex, violence and glorified crime,  
Same old thing that's on the radio all of the time  
So though you came to get yours, now I'm here to get mine  
And if this makes it to the airwaves man that'll be fine

I don't expect it though cause' I'm only keeping it real  
I only sing and rap about the true things that I feel  
Someone has to bring flow that will keep you alert  
Someone to tell it like it is, even if it'll hurt

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Does anyone care?

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Does anyone care?

And now the radio plays a song and all of us will sing along  
Hypnotized, captivated, sitting back while were sedated  
With the beat of the new song, they spent a million dollars on  
A brand new artist once a week, just pluck another from the street

And children fall into the game; they grow up only wanting fame  
To be the people that they see, the radio and the TV  
Is what they're fed and now they'll be a victim of society  
And later as the kids go up we wonder why they self-destruct