

# In Memory Of...

## Soulfly

Yo, life's web wants me in debt and tries to collect my breath as ransom in return for my soul's silhouette. how deep does shit get? is it worth the bentleys and jets in this jungle of sheer con Devils with breasts. I mean does everything happen for a reason, the change of seasons, even the slugs screamin' to stop you from breathin'. it seems we're all a target in this mosh pit. the wo E spinnin' lopsided, that's why I have my logic. We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

So don't tell me how to act - how to be - how to live

We are what we are - forever live or die

Don't tell me how to act - how to be - how to live

I am what I am from beginning to the end My conspiracy theory threatens national security, speaking clearly, you assholes don't hear me. walked the psychopath of timothy leary when cell therapy wasn't curing me, God put fear in me, sca

Me. rip kamau jahi, quiet warrior with dignity, still with me spiritually, forever in memory. cut throat - who ill as me? soulfly. flight attendants ain't got shit on me. you reap what you sow,

Try my hardest to harvest good crops regardless if most artists are garbage - with godless content. to be honest, the chronic plus my fondness of alcoholic products held my spirit in bondage lik

Victs. gettin' blunted wasn't pungent, overabundance of dumb shit had me living low-budget. conflict. indo had my mental growth stunted, cut friends out my circumference I used to run with. rose

E it. fuck thuggin' and clubbin', I got one in the oven, plus my girl's talkin' husband - she buggin'. my method of flowin' expression through poem, salt of the earth like the ocean - god's chos

Okesman. creation to crematio

N, to be blatant - fuck satan - paper chasin' motherfuckers facing damnation. girls actin' fly with no interest in aviation - fuck station - radio waves is just radiation.

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

You don't feel when I bleed, when I scream, when I feel

We are what we are - forever live or die

You don't know how I feel, what is real, what's the deal

I am what I am from beginning to the end Cutthroat logic - the newest extension of the soulfly tribe from now until the day that I die. can't you tell by the pain in my eyes that with this music I will bring my dream to life. stressed

Out, losin' my mind, I wanna blow up right now but I know it takes time. like slanging saxs to takin' elbows across the state lines, from 22's to tec 9's swag to kind. underground to worldwide, Ll never die, forever my words in my rhymes they gonna keep me alive. so onward I strive each and every day of my life az I fight to keep k-rab's dream alive. forever my better half from fightin

Makin' cash. some things in life are fucked up - wish I could take 'em back. but I live life with no regrets so I just look back on life and laugh. We are what we are - musical contrast/sound

clash/bomb blast

We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

In memory of d-low I carry this pain

We are what we are - I know you understand

In memory of d-low I carved your name

I am what I am from beginning to the end

Got catholics in confession and 5-percenters studying lessons while the youth smoke buddha for blessing. I hear you fuckers on vinyl praising false idols - claiming gods and dogs and other fraud

Es - to rival. my recital's laced with the bible, life is just a time trial - I'm trying to make the finals. march madness in the land of savages - I'm stranded, a magnet for static so I combat Plomatic - nomadic - what I'm tatted - my cross my only baggage - roots go back to africa, I'm not asiatic. brothas mastered mathematics and still they can't add it. my quest isn't cabbage altho T's nice to have it - rock the planet - like volcanic magma fragments - as my lava cools a lot of fools take me for granite. I just wanna meet the trinity and live for infinity - laugh at the en When I get there who cares who remember me - on earth. since birth my dome had afro turf - ask the nurse - I heard a verse that said - "who's last is first" - so I keep my flesh humbl

Use I'm still-skinned like rumple - ave

Rage a triple double and keep my game subtle - jam harder - than vince on all ballers from bench to starter since I slaughter holler - murda - on shawn carter - no honor with robbers - so I pray

Y godfather and my conscience isn't bothered by how I get my dollars. We are what we are - musical contrast/sound clash/bomb blast

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>