

Check the Blueprints

Kero One

Check The Blueprints

* first single; send corrections to the typist Slowly and steadily MC's are fallin off like leprosy

Instead build immunity and spread insight through community

These fundamentals, form the krux of longevity

When melodies are looped and vocals harmonize in unity

Now its 99 and aint a damn thing changed

Some seek fame as wealth manipulates the brain

Let me, paint this picture, your minds the canvas

Many claim their real and later flake like dandruff

Cause 1 out of 10 stick to their words

The other 9 stick to my nikes and get rubbed out on the curb

Lets be real, we're paper chasin' for financial backing

But theres a thin line defined by need and greed many are passing

Known as crossing over for exposure some embark

Or cars, jewels and shit that wont exist when we depart

Crews, don't snooze, or eyes become bruised

This goes out to those that slept knew the deal or were confused.

Check the blueprint. So MC's, take it back to lyricism

Producers, pour out your heart into the rhythm

DJ's pay bills develop skills

And respect the architecht as we begin to build

And check the blueprint, to keep the culture alive

And check the blueprint so as an artist you can survive

And check the blueprint I speak these words without frills. So respect the architect as we begin
to build

Clutchin my pen tight strugglin to portray the right depiction

I'm punchin the wall of writers block, loathing for recognition

Nowadays your not heard, unless your posing an image

With watered down lyrics that appeal to most who listen

Instead i'll water the roots so branches will replenish

Expanding elements that pioneers started building

Hiphop houses, so many free loading MC's

I feel theres only a few tenants who've been paying their fees

360 degrees what goes around comes back

I'm smoking mics as I inhale lies and exhale facts

Unfold the blueprints, the plans for improvement

Bridging gaps between the mind, ball point pen and the clueless

Innovation is useless once you forget the essence

So respect the architect. pick up your pens and start sketchin

Pick up your pens and start sketching. So MC's, take it back to lyricism

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And check the blueprint so as an artist you can survive
And check the blueprint I speak these words without frills
So respect the architect as we begin
to build
As I open my slanty eyes to this place called earth
I contemplate how music has lost artistic worth
And I'm shrivled up in my niche like the scrotum when its freezing
With bags under my eyes on account of too much sleeping
Because of these lies in rap that I can't feel
Leaving me dazed with the phrase "i keep it real"
How many times have you heard this being fed through your ears
I'd rather be fed in the mouth, to shit it out from the rear
Claiming their underground but underwater their wrinkling
And me like water buoys to that level I'm never sinking
Sink your teeth into my words hard enough to be lispin'
Then when finished biting them, find your front teeth missing
I see em sippin fine wines in spas, to match their image
Gimmicks. I flap my jaws and their squads diminished
I don't mess with glocks but metaphorically in speech
I'd like to pump em' with more shots than diabetics receive
Then in a better place may they peacefully rest
In hopes that next time the blueprints they'll manifest
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