

# MATRE

Song: **Co-Written**

Album: **Easter Sunday**

Verse 1

The pencil leads my wrist  
Fingers tightly twist  
A vehicle out of control  
Ghost-ride the script  
With  
Mental doors open  
Like my skulls broken  
The word-winged falcon  
Watch my thoughts... lift  
The rocket ship drifts  
Launched from my desk  
A reconnaissance mission for conscious from the abyss  
What lies beyond concepts and gist?  
And how much of me can I see through constant head-trips?  
Experiment with emptiness  
Becoming real is a risk  
Move my ego out the way and God steps on disc  
Yes Yes  
And then I blow myself a kiss  
And receive it when my lyrics  
Find an ear entrance  
'Cause it's like we used to say when we were kids  
It's true  
"I'm rubber you're glue say it to me it sticks to you"  
And vice versa  
So I write a nice verse  
And move...  
A crowd  
It boomerangs around  
I'm hit by my own groove  
See, this simply can't exist if you don't hear it  
And the moment that it reaches you  
Your mind designs my lyrics  
Into information through your mental processing

So my rhymes only a seed pollinated by your perception  
Ill right?  
But it's true for real  
It's like  
A word without an ear would have no place to go  
So my major collaborator's opposite the stereo  
And what I'm spittin's co-written by all you hearing the flow  
C'mon.

#### Chorus

And I'm so glad I'm alive  
But I need y'all now  
Rocking you helps me get by  
And when we get down  
I can hear this fear subside  
Is that what freedom sounds... like?  
Sounds just about right  
Now thank God we're partying tonight.

#### Verse 2

I did a run-out in heaven  
Came back with a piece of it  
Now I'm supposed to trip about how I'm releasing it  
Licensing and leasing it, royalties to reap from it  
How good of a deal did I get and how much can I keep from it?  
Naw... trip out man that's crazy  
A Gift is meant to give out  
It wasn't made for sale, see  
It was made to trade for what you jacked on your visit  
To the other side  
Then entered into this life with it  
Yeah, the money's cool, I need it  
It'll pay for my meals  
But I only brought one block  
Here to this bridge we're trying to build  
And every worker in the mill  
With every kind of earthly skill  
Is needed in order to complete a way to what is real,  
It's like the Universe itself is a mind  
And each one of us has a piece of it attached to our spine  
So, we make the Universe as much as it makes us

Our imaginations co-create that which creates us  
The source of all things, which some call God,  
Is understood and experienced through the medium of thought  
So God is trying to meet itself  
And our mind's the meeting spot  
All existence co-written  
Freestyled non-stop.

Chorus (X 2)