

I ain't a prophet ain't a peasant, ain't a messenger
but I got a message - can I message ya? lesson 1
know thyself - ya consciousness is everything and if
ya married to the ~~roads~~ cuz - wheres ya wedding ring
I'm elegant wid everything I spit cellophone the mouths
of heavens // while I demonstrate a hit // I been around
stealthy 27 years look cuzi im missing // that why
I write songs with the sickest precision // but I cant
help thinking my luck is running thinner than the most
anorexic competition winner // I sipah licka becaz the pain
is off the victor jigga // ~~It~~ like my worst enemy
could be my biggest victor // if I get it together like
India but everything aint Irie until my soul leaves
where we are!