

Sapient-Postoral of Harvest

My most recent memory of true calm was the beach,
Beginning of The Remedy Tour, curiosity was in reach,
But not more than the swamp like environments neighboring the
shores,
Unheated glass passes through my feet as effortless as the water
dancing over pores,
My infatuation with nature was almost enough to keep me from
wanting more and more.

Nonetheless, I digressed to the city with a tendency to be
unimpressed by the concrete surface making it more difficult for
people to dig deeper and truly understand a 'life purpose'
Everyone subtly performing for each other,
Coulrophobic, but the biggest clowns in the circus
As they walk past the homeless riddled streets, and wonder if
spending hundreds on a bag was worth it,
Of course someone would tell em that its okay because 'no one is
perfect'
But how long are will excuses outweigh the nervous feeling of
being left behind,
Manifesting itself into a desire for wealth but lack of
motivation to execute a real grind.

How long will it take for the lifeless desert of media experts
to admit to their clients that it doesn't actually matter,
As there are billionaires with no care on the number of
followers liking the pictures from the fair or commenting on
their hair,
Yet, they eat off platinum platters and laugh at our obsessions
with these retractors Separating us from the reality so sought
after when we question the action of 'presidents' and cancel
pastors for sins greater than those of the congregation... But I

guess we're all just actors running through open meadows of
flowers to greet the love of our lives,
Sadly love has been replaced with attention and the worth of
lives is now measured in the form of expenses.

How long will I prefer to work with speakers blasted while
plastered and intoxicated on some of the best A-graded grinded
Mary Jane,
Cuz if it's any less I'd probably go insane tryna continuously
explain the same set of common sense I've been pushin' on y'all
since the first time I wrote down my pain on a page,
Doin my best to avoid rage but with every new age I can feel the
anger raise,
But I just focus on every stream of income I create from
scratch,
Got people scratchin' their heads pondering on why I stopped
wandering the streets of Atlanta,
But the truth is I just got tired of the ball fondlin', ass
kissin' and constantly hearin' 'Can ya?' without offering a
dollar sign when I answer.

I'm asking 'how long' and others are livin' life as if theirs
had a sequel,
Maybe it does, but hopefully by then you'll stop tryna impress
people who you don't even care for outside of social media.

Howeva, it's fine...honestly whateva
My lines are cleva enough to take me on trips beyond the Georgia
Pines and take refuge in the grandest of mountains,
Waterfalls acting as nature's fountains as I mediate
Just to be interrupted by accountants wondering when imma make
the announcement that I've been signed...
But one signature can't deter the amount of checks that Silence
has brought to the bank...

Just for them to read my name, mispronounce it and give me a fake look of happiness because they never seen a nigga in such bummy outifts take so much money from their pockets.