The Codework – by Agent Psyte / C. Shelton, Atlas / K. Shelton

Concentrate, focus… do the codework.

(Atlas) I concentrate on my response rate, watch the beat and the speed of my heart consummate to become one, I love some and trust none, understand where you coming from son, I was one, a child left for dead, breast fed off the streets, ‘til I found a better means to release the beef, got lost in the beat, tossed off my feet, this is what the codework had taught to me… do your homework or you’ll probably be, an alcoholic on the curb or high on speed. Too ashamed to plant your feet, plant your seed, cuz you still can’t write or read. When I was 19, I suppose it was likely, that most of my so called friends didn’t like me, cuz I wanted out to do the right thing, I’ve walked the town and seen how dark the night can be. Now I won’t stop ‘til I reach the top, and I’m in the halls of the tallest Kings, it’s the codework that shall reveal all the answers to me.

(Psyte) Some people deceive, some people believe, some people retreat, some people just bleed, all people have greed, most people spread seed, and some of ‘em are doing the bad deeds. There’s only a few like me, the pedigree, who get up on stage and eat these emcees, these rap whores who spread deceit, well I’ll tell you what you need, the courage to break free! To say what needs to be said, to bleed when it’s time to be bled, to make the blues when all you see is red, now check the levels before you raise your head, cuz this is for the dead, a code of living… the codework of giving for free, it’s required to truly see the truth in these other emcees – now you see – I’m revolutionary! You got no chance you see, no chance to last in this worldwide catastrophe. The water is poisoned so even the Holy Anointed will catch disease, they so scared you see, cuz they lack the faculties to calrify… Rebellion! is the people’s cry, to leave the past behind and our anger aside, but it turns out we missed our chance to cash in alright…

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