

Best Of Your... featuring Pan (Whodis) 03:36

My emotions carry the weight of this beat
Cos words are the proof of the truth that I speak
And food for thought these are the weapons that I seek
Keep in mind in one sentence your essence I greet
I'm careful what I say and convey in my speech
So that we don't hesitate and arise from our sleep
So that we can elevate from the stones in our street
And learn from the blessings life lessons can teach
Wear your heart and your soul exposed on your sleeve
Even memories like scars of dreams stolen by thieves
Like fires that burn cold ice cannot freeze
These things are reminders but don't wallow in sleaze
Be thankful for the lines engraved upon your check
Showing your age and the company you keep
The path that you followed that was led by your feet
What you think you will find so be careful what you seek

This is the second verse so I think I reckon first
I'll quench your thirst with some of these spoken words
See I don't nickel and dime I'm one of these vocal birds
I'm quick to question why and I don't mingle my words
Even though a single sentence hurts
Coz a slip of the tongue can cause a vicious crime
See I wrote this rhyme for superficial fickle minds
What you throw out comes back every single wicked time
This lesson most people will learn to keep and find
The art of how to graciously speak your mind
But tempers that flare only signals what works
And where we crossed the line the mark in the dirt
These are the lessons these lyrics rebirth
For us these vessels these pillars of earth
We settlers unearth what heavenly wisdom we worth
We learn from the mistakes that we seldom avert

Now if I could show you every walk mille or centimetre
Every step on my own or accompanied in a two seater
Every song I tried to write for play on a loud speaker
Every tear that I shed made life a little sweeter
Artists we like haemophiliacs
It ain't funny that we like brittle bone bleeders
Watch as our feelings get crushed
Cos we are all blessed by being sensitive to the touch
Not much escape us like what we feeling and such
We see with our emotions and speak with our heart
Like stark raving mad lunatics in a park
Can't force us to change it's in our blood it's in our art

Music by: L. Raimondi ▪ Lyrics by: B. Amansure & J. Grundbacher ▪ Produced by: Al R (aka J Guelara) ▪
Lead vocals on chorus by: J. Grundbacher ▪ Bass by: T. Schiavano ▪ Recorded at: Souloud Studio
(Bern) by Meisterbeatz & Pan & Tonee's crib by Tonee ▪ Mixed by: Jan Stehle at Studiomamma.ch,
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