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, Münchenbuchsee BE