Always Shine (feat. Lupe Fiasco & Bilal)

Robert Glasper

Your inner heart, your inner my mind
You're the star that will always shine
Forever you'll be with meUh, it go like
You ever see the inner depths of a man's soul?
Or ninja turtles pouring out of manholes?
This is balance
Between a comic and a conscious, that's the challenge
Between the solitary and the conference that I examines
That I imagine was a figure
Would be the start of world peace and the transformation of niggas
Like the transubstantiation of liquor
But that's just turnin' them into blood
And we'll be right back where we was
Not a peace-sign, but a fascination with scissors
So I can cut
Myself off from the calculations of empress, empires, and the sinners
For advancement of human suffering
And other things trying to impede my publishing and editorials
That's gon' bring it back to us again
A boomerang minus Halle Barry and Eddie and everybody fucking and huh'
Shotgun
Even though independent cars ain't got one
I got some and more to spare
No more despair
My motor-ware don't match my motivate to mate
Also I drive to stay alive and ride this over there
My momma so mad, so no alcohol in here
I'm Aries Spears on my Jay-Z shit
Affion on the Drake skit
Now how many more can I make with just one voice
They might call it fake shit
This some deep shit
It's my me impersonatin' we shit
Vicariously in every rap I speak with
I hope you're speakin' for me, if I'm ever speechless
Cause I'mma be you
Even though you're not here to be with
I hope I see these gangsters actin' like teachers
Wake up out they sleep, dare to dream
In a world so Martin Luther King-less
And to my hero Heron, Gil Scott
In a discourse with Baldwin

On a jet plane with no fear for fallin'
But wishin' it never lands
Reminiscent of the dream time
Presently en route to the rise of the machine time
Magazine times
With coffee more sugar and milk than coffee
Aborted rhymes, rotten beats, and failed hooks
Roads as bumpy as braille books
Fail cools, bad French, and mad push at the door
Gourmet food at the starving soiree
A choice of one easy woman at a time
I'll take three the hard way
Trying to be as abstract as possible
And vulgar, the more shocking the more profitable
A baby fed molten gold
And sat upon a pedestal promote getting called 24 carot souls
How to describe this
Insightful remarks such as the best thing I've ever heard is silence
Some more technically impressive
In a faux Spanish romantic hues of a Marxist dialectic
Pleasing to the critics, but pointless is the common passerby
Might as well not even exist, not even a bit
In the event of my demise give everything I prize to the poor
And to the oppressors, I leave a war
And so on and so forth

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