



"Living life, a speedster's dream, soaring like an eagle's scream,
Struck by life's thunder, didn't blunder, splitting plunders in a stream.
High as Denver's peaks, my vibes inject, no needle's prick,
Echoing Lennon, a Beatle's trick, now legendary, not just slick.

In the vein of Smith and Cudi, spacely strides in cosmic muddle,
Brooklyn's voice, 'Gimme the loot,' in life's intricate puzzle.
Tailored not in gang attire, but in Italian boots so grand,
Ignorance ain't bliss no more, as Wallace preached across the land.

Positivity from negatives, no team debates, just creation's hand,
Player in life's game, declaring independence, a new brand.
Waiting for a change, Mayer's Wonderland, but we must stand,
In black like Cash, walking lines, seeking truths in sands.

Poetry and music, a divine merge, line by line,
Dante's guide in Virgil, the Inferno's edge, angels' sign.

Einstein's riddle, $E=mc^2$, a dime's worth in time,
Angelic guidance, dodging perils, a heavenly climb.

Rising from falls, reality's dreams, a Moses scene,
Parting seas of red, a team's stealthy glean.
Half-baked till bread's unleavened, our journey's keen,
Join the golden Lady, climbing heaven's serene.

In the world of bits and blockchain, a new art form's birth,
Coding rhythms, binary beats, tech's vast worth.
Jersey's soil, nurturing roots, learning's thirst,
Ord's library, a knowledge haven, intellect's burst.

In this digital era, where pixels blend with Poe's tone,
We weave a tapestry of bytes, in a space we've grown.
Educating, elevating, in cyberspace we're thrown,
Our journey, a blend of past and future, eternally shown."

INPATIENT WITH WAITING IN HELL I ALMOST FELL...
BUT I AM BACK IN BLACK LIKE THE MAN JOHN CASH
WALKING THE LINE UNTIL THE END OF TIME
UNTIL I FIGURE OUT HOW JESUS THE CHRIST
TURNED THAT H2O INTO WINE.

THESE WORDS COME LINE BY LINE,
LIKE POETRY AND MUSIC INFINITELY DEVINE.
I SAW DANTE AND MY HOMIE VIRGIL WAS MY GUIDE,
THE iNFERNO WAS NEAR
MY ANGELS WERE IN MY OUTFIELD,
BACK WHEN THEY WERE IN ANAHEIM.

E EQUALS MC SQUARED AS TWO NICKELS
MAKES A DIME EVERY TIME.
IF YOU COULDN'T TELL THAT'S WORD
TO MY GUY AL FROM PRINCETON
THEORIES ARE ALL RELATIVE

OFF ON THAT HIGHWAY TO HELL...
HAD ANGELS ON MY SHOULDERS
GOT OFF THE LAST EXIT BEFORE hades
DID NOT EVEN DWELL.

RISE ONLY FROM FALL,
till the in becomes the all..

REALITIES FROM DREAMS,
LIKE MOSES, WE PART THE SEA OF RED,

ESCAPE WITH THE TEAM. HALF BAKED FOREVER
UNTIL THE BREAD IS UNLEAVENED...
JOIN THE LADY WE ALL KNOW,
GLITTERING GOLD, ON THE STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN..."