

The Anabolic Roar

Yeah.

It started in 2016. Manure at the gates.

Richmond was toxic, drowning in hate.

But they flipped the script. They changed the terrain.

Now it's time to do the exact same thing to your brain.

Let's go.

[Verse 1: The Cortisol Siege]

Yo, I'm living in the Frop, trapped in the deficits

Paying the tax to the planets, yeah, the seven hits.

The Indoctrination, the Social, the Fear

My Amygdala's the warrior, but the danger ain't near.

My Prefrontal Cortex? The CEO is gone

De-vascularized, lights out, nothing on.

It's Chemically Induced Stupidity, call it C.I.S.

A functional state where you can't find the bliss.

HPA Axis ringing like a red phone

Cortisol dripping, chilling in the bone.

We burning furniture just to keep the house warm

Trapped in the cycle, waiting for the storm.

Hypertonic muscles, yeah, I'm driving with the break

And the gas at the same time—that's a huge mistake.

[Chorus]

We need the Anabolic Roar.

Kick down the door.

Stop being a Loser, what you waiting for?

Fix the Biological Terrain, stop the pain.

It's the Phew Protocol running through the vein.

Sip the Up-Shake, let the spirit elevate.

From Moover to Zoomer, yeah, we dictate.

Say it with me now—PHEW.

We got work to do.

[Verse 2: The Broken Brakes & The Fix]

My brake lines were cut, I couldn't stop the car
The Seven Planets screaming, didn't get too far.
System down-regulated, antennas are missing
Couldn't hear the Anandamide, couldn't hear it hissing.
We don't want the shout, nah, we need the whisper
Retrograde signaling, making the vision crisper.
Use the Cryo-Lysis, freeze the trichome dead
Shatter the membrane, get the meds in the head.
Raw Cacao guard, stop the enzyme thief
Keep the bliss molecule, bring the relief.
We building receptors, yeah, we up-regulate
The Accountant is watching while we mediate.
Three roasts on the Antidote, alchemy in the fire
Compromised signals taking us higher.

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: The Waking Dream & The Horizon]

Now I'm in the passenger seat, let the dog point
Processing the trauma, yeah, I cleanse the joint.
Digestive tract of the heart, chewing on the hate
Turning it to Appreciation, clearing the slate.
Create a Desire Planet, watch the star explode
Open up the Wormhole, download the code.

Blank Source Energy filling up the space
We paying rent to Sourcey, winning the race.
No more stalled engine, no more toxic waste
The Twilight Tea resetting the taste.
Magnesium shield and the Ketone fuel
Scrubbing the stalactites, breaking every rule.
We crossing to the Srop, butterflies in flight
Spiritual Adulthood, stepping into light.

[Outro]

Yeah.

The training wheels are off.

Stop paying the tax.

Reclaim the brain.

It's the Apokalypsis. The Unveiling.

Don't be the branch that stopped photosynthesizing.

Last one to elevate is a rotten egg.

PHEW.