

# Imperial Sound (feat. Saul Williams)

## Torae

Praise  
I just don't understand how things got so  
out of hand  
Tell me  
I'm back for another go 'round on this  
merry-go-round  
I'm livin', pennin' and givin' you imperial  
sound  
Turn the booth to a burial ground, I  
hommie everything  
The James Holmes of the poems, I shotty  
every...  
Every beat is the bang, every ringer I rang  
Every Tweeter, every speaker say I'm doin'  
my thang  
The units I slang, move it, remain, crew is  
the same  
Out in Hollywood swingin', shit is Kool &  
the Gang  
My Balmain's got gratuitous hang, it's  
grown man sag  
Traded the thots for stocks, that's grown  
man swag  
Tryna provide answers like Sway searchin'  
his Siri  
With Kanye at his side, now can you feel  
me?  
This shit is that crucial, it's ever fuck me or  
act neutral  
Cause they'd rather shoot you than salute  
you  
I mean I couldn't figure a better way to set  
it off  
Been goin' on for a minute, I've been  
spittin'  
Yeah, this that imperial sound shit  
Sing it, though  
Let's get back to it  
Since that last LP, I might have gained  
some fans  
They was on the Posturepedic, had a  
change of plans

Don't let the money change you when it's  
    changin' hands  
I've been a stand-up guy, never changed my  
    stance  
    I never came to dance, I spit legend  
Believe we should reign the city, no kick  
    steppin'  
My kicks epic, your clique retched, your  
    bitch ratchet  
I'm a solo album away from a hat trick,  
    you can't match it  
You ain't catch it don't mean I ain't pen it  
I can quote some dope shit, I can't force  
    'em to get it  
    Can't force 'em to listen, it's more  
    awesomely written  
Need the pen, the pad, the track best force  
    'em, I've been in  
They say pressure bust pipes and make  
    diamonds  
Shit I'm tryna lay the pipe, bustin' cake  
    rhymin'  
    That's real talk, man  
    And so there you have it  
Goin' on for a while, I've been wildin',  
    Coney Island  
Yeah, I'm feelin' like it's time to get into  
    this LP  
But before we get right there, I got my guy  
    Sean Taylor with me  
I'ma let Sean talk to 'yall for a minute, get  
    it  
    Imperial grace of the lexicon  
    Words are chosen even, and we are not  
The space to ponder, the breath within the  
    trumpet  
Muted voice, still music, muted minds  
    provoke thought  
    The meaning of meaning  
    Lovesick poet drunk off enunciation,  
    staggering through universes of belief  
    Premeditation, self preservation  
A man should, no matter how mundane the  
    practice  
Young girl taps his shoulder to ask daddy  
    what that is, aww baby  
    He's just sleeping  
The uniformed men that surround him never  
    question what they're policing

Your place in this story, rent, owning or  
leasing  
When Black lives are capital, they were  
lowercased  
Mispronounced a whole system you fuckin'  
faced

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>