

TRIUMPHANT.

*T*riumphant was written and recorded during 2019, the only songs penned post-pandemic being “Round Here” and “Genes (bonus track)”, both pertaining to social issues we face today. Originally, my motivation for writing the album was not only to bring back the feel of the 90’s Boom Bap vibe with Jack The Rip, but to write motivational material that would get you going, as simple as that. The soundscape isn’t just a throwback, we always gotta look towards the future of the culture.

The first song “Triumphant” was recorded in April 2019, right after my annual US tour. Back then I remember the urge to record something new, because as spiritually fulfilling as it is to play on stage with an unbelievable band (The Chee-Hoos), you’re still building on the same material much like a musical. Jack and I had exchanged messages for months prior to that, I marinated on that beat for 6 months. Once it was recorded, the rest came quite naturally, we just kept recording without setting any deadlines or limits (We got a few albums worth of material so look out!). Fast forward a year, we come home to Honolulu after a cancelled tour and also a scrapped plan to meet Jack and perform together in Chicago. Recalibrate. I had bumped the album for a year but not fully convinced. I heard flaws but was too scared to go in and fix them. Who can relate?

We’ve all lived through 2020 through intermittent hazes, in confusion, frustration, and anger. The timing didn’t feel right to release an album unless it pertained to **exactly** what was going on. During the past year, I was heavy into activism, then digging deeper to design with my hands, and eventually I found energy from a renewable source to put the finishing touches on the album. We shed some songs to put them on a B-side project, added some new bangers, and we’re finally here to witness the delivery of the album.

So sit back and enjoy! Jack The Rip and I (who share the same birthday) are really proud of this collection of works, and we hope you enjoy the whole album in its various incarnations.

Shing02! Jack The Rip

Shing02 thanks: Sahir Khan and Nikolas Draper Ivey for the amazing visuals, collaborators on promoting this album: Robin Calvo, Joseph Le and Team Red Pro, Kazu Kokubo, Futou Tomioka, HIJCK & J.Boogx, featured artists who colored the tracks perfectly: DJ Icewater, Nick Kurosawa, Rubén Torres Melero, and the overdubs that made the songs come alive: HIJCK, Zane Harp, and kb.

Jack The Rip thanks: Friends and family for their support over the years, my children Brenley and Harlan, my life partner Amber and last but not least Hip Hop for giving me the opportunity to make some dope music.

- 1. Triumphant***
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- 15. Genes (bonus track)***

Triumphant

I woke up, feeling like dropping a song
I just might dump it off on your front lawn
My mind travels like a pod in a time portal
Jack The Rip beats, lyrics on auto
Riding through savannah top speed with the
cheetahs
Floating cloud nine, plus smoke the hyenas
Trek across deserts with the camels
The Fourth Way esoteric spiritual battle
Reach the pyramids shining in the midst of the
rainforest
Came for the knowledge, far from a tourist
Jump to the islands and chilling with the elephants
Fly the flag, swag royal embellishments
High heater, beat seeker, dope dealer huh
Feeling the vibe make believers like a healer huh
Wearing gold with the teal that's how I feel
Nobody take away my victory, it's time to build
It's time to build

Triumphant
See something say something
Triumphant
We crew worldwide
Keep the beats bumping

Took my L's like a man who would understand
Got dirty with the fish, earned it with my own
hands
Life lessons, my body is the vessel
Eardrums hum, hell come raise decibels
Catch loops with the hoops like a lasso
Aim for the goal can't wait for no raffle
I've been going off-road for a minute RAV4
Been working for a life I could die for
Besides all the havoc, I'm gonna have it

Made to custom in the highest order, bestowed honor
Once upon a rhyme I did dream about
Traveling the globe as flora and fauna
Whichever the wind blows, I'ma go with it
The chest cavity tugs for the road, innit
Kind of beautiful the way the tale unfolds
Yearning for the future for the stories untold

Triumphant
See something say something
Triumphant
We crew worldwide
Keep the beats bumping

I'm woke now never going back to sleep mode
Take my laptop but I don't give a bleep though
What I do give is drawn out my blood quantum
One hundred loyal to the game you want some?
Sweat don't lie, perspire till expired
Dripping on the ground and your eyes inspired
Razor sharp focus on the prey you better pray
Have mercy on a soul, live another day
What you say what you will, destiny reveals
Only the pure get to see beyond the dollar bills
The work put in to the climb up the incline
Thighs burning, mind never giving in, why?
The reason is the only reason I'm still alive
Otherwise a dead man in a line of fire
I've seen a thing or two to get my brain all wired
Running naked in the wild what my heart desires

Triumphant
See something say something
Triumphant
We crew worldwide
Keep the beats bumping

The Boom Bap

Return of the hypnotic, the head nodding
Raw beats coming straight for your noggin
To get your neck snapped, or get your neck strap
Seat belt and fall back, the flight leaves at ten
On command of the man in the cockpit
Once it goes airborne, too late to stop it
Or get off mid-route in a parachute
The vagabond index on the shutter to shoot
On sight anything that moves
Caught in a frame engrained in the brain
Scene déjà vu, soon to be reality
You can feel it in your bone marrow
Show up in your melanin
Suddenly change skin color like chameleon
Fill in the shade approx eight billion
I'm really on one, if there ever was one
If you couldn't place it, then seems you're in luck
son

Here comes the
The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom boom bap

On a boat playing hanafuda catching barracuda
Eating manapua, heads going who dat?
My bread and butter is the fodder to to my
Cannon can it be the beat the father to the style
Brother from another planet
Manifesting independent elements
If they come looking, tell 'em where it went
Never had to follow any trends to stay relevant
And the bill crisp on my cap go gallivant
Around the world no referral and
End up in a rural setting

Day getting darker and the bulbs come alive
In a festival, and the best of all
It feels like a home away from home in a metamorphosis
The music is the universal antidote
To the poisonous air from the catacombs
Got beats sweeter than a summer cantaloupe
We don't abandon hope, and we gotta come dope for the

The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom boom bap

Fresh from the vine, pick of the litter
Got the energy direct from this letter divine
The goddess is the hottest since the birth of supernovas
You can see it in the fire in the apple of my eye huh
She makes me wanna hit the studio and lay it down
Put the words together make a dinosaur run around
Using infinitely flowing source of motivation
Harness powers that are strong enough to move a nation
Information is the building block of innovation
Human nature is a well-spring of inspiration
It's apparent through surface of intentions
If the clarity reflects the depths of dedication
Only some are ready for the change in elevation
You can come up at your own risk, invitation
Open to the generation of the breakbeats
The head bop, chin drop, give a nod to the

The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom bap
The boom boom bap

Kingsway

Backstage green room looking in the mirror
Game face born ready king, bring terror
Dare I say, Lord forgive the debtors
When I walk down the path, shed feathers
Grab the water and the towel last song is on
Before I step out and enter the red zone
The spotlight on the stand and the microphone
And the smoke dances like snakes on roam
Think about the windy road that I took yeah
Bad weather, muddy tracks just to get here
Sometimes the nightmares a lil' too weird
Till I had to kick 'em out and say no fear
Turn the knob on the last door of the corridor
Hear the crowd chant your name like a matador
The beast is nothing but a metaphor
For me to conquer the night and let it fall
And let it fall

This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say
This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say

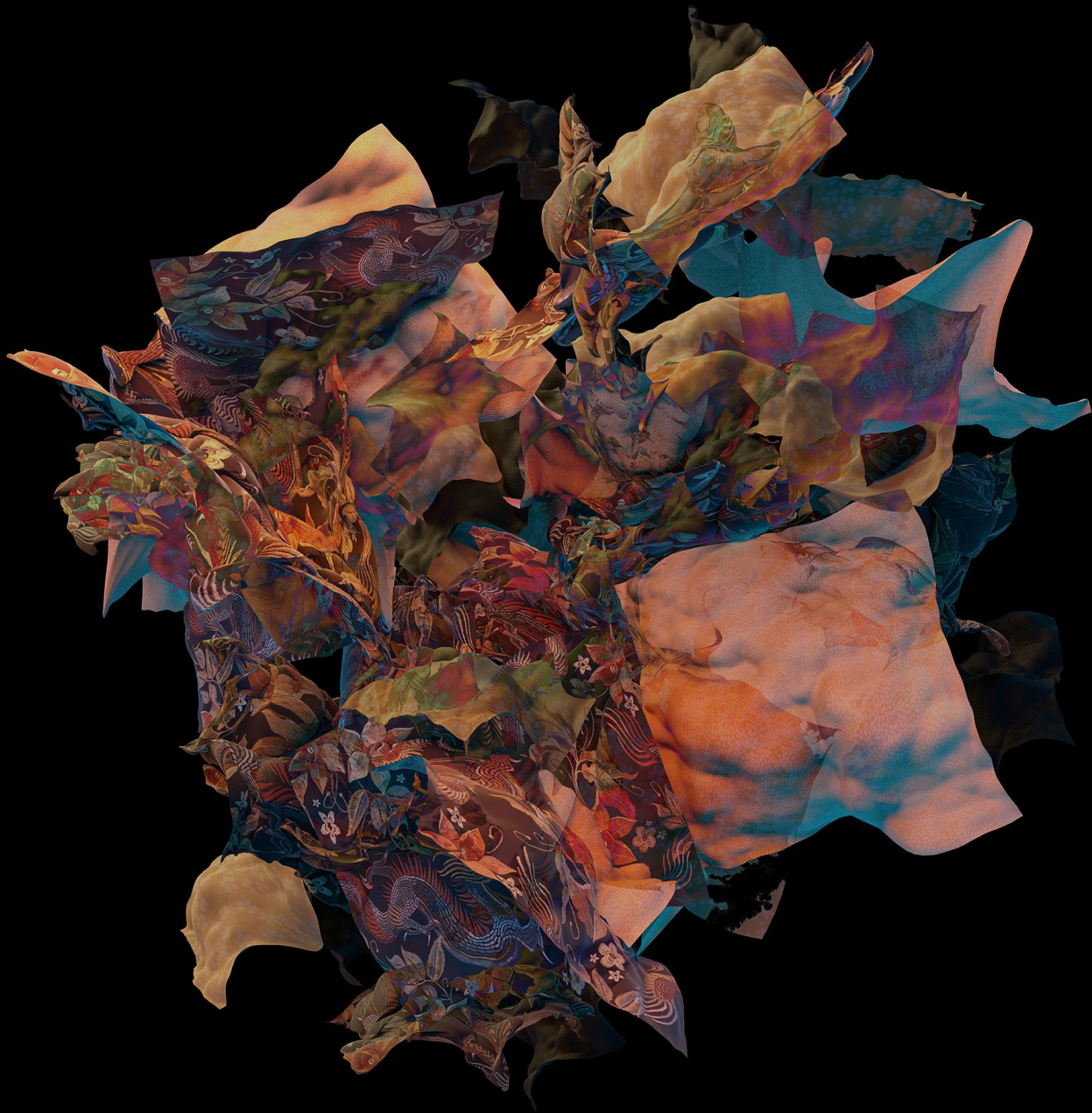
Hands up, mass palm reader
Feeder of electricity the voltmeter
Jumping up and down like a mega-quake reader
Put 'em in a trance real quick, on repeat uh
They wanna see you breakdance like a madman
Rock to the riddim like a slave to the caravan
Hold it down, own it now, never let the sound
simmer
How, hit the power button heaven bound
Only way is to go up in a vortex
Not coming back war chest full of raw text
Security flex pecs paid due respect
My unchecked intellect in full effect

See the bodies on the floor swaying back and forth
Smiles on their faces eyes fixed on the source
Still a legend in the making feel the force
The court rise for the show, for you and yours

This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say
This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say

All done steam beads on the ceiling now
Minds blown outer body start filing out
They can talk about it, how the band came together
Like glue it's all documented
From every angle in the room imaginable
Analog to digital, the zoom attaching a tool to put the
Focus on the player, prime time entertainer
Take turns doing solo total innovator
The cadence is the fingerprints of masters
It's not about who can be the fastest
Or the baddest for that matter
It's a wrap that the people would rather hear facts
over chatter
The ripple is present in the atmosphere
Amplified to the max in the amphitheater
We're the answer to questions sparked in the dark
We're the fuel to the quest for the inner god

This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say
This is the Kingsway
And all my Queens say



In the Mood

I gotta get in the MOOD ooh, M double-O D
Work shift M-O-D-E
I gotta make my M-O-V-E
Hello, I want some L-O, L-O

See me chillin', Kool like Moe Dee
Flip some records, spin some oldies
All around me, happening slowly
Hands be folding like clothing
Own it, to be honest
The correspondence is a chore
And opposite of pure, for sure
Sick of being sick, is this the year of the boar?
'Cause highs are high, and the lows are low
Like Chomolungma to the Mariana
From the pinnacle to the trenches with wana
Act like I wanna, but trapped in a sauna
Man in the mirror, persona non grata
Karma transformer, sentence your honor
Running dropping commas,
Come check my M-O, always been stay on the dolo
Don't care to lead, never follow

Get in the MOOD ooh, M double-O D
Work shift M-O-D-E
I gotta make my M-O-V-E
Hello, I want some L-O, L-O

Ping like sonar, color thin on the toner
Still making art, true mark of a loner
People say hold up, for what I'ma hole up
Where? in the lab writing poems till the sun up
None other than the feeling of finishing a song
Then bump it in the truck or a van so advanced
It feels like I came from the future in a saucer
Flying through the clouds so awesome
Sometimes I yawn and the voice goes hah
It's contagious, teary eyed, can't see far
And all I wanna do is lie horizontal
With the ceiling and my feelings in a bottle
Maybe take a swig fight off the lethargy
Reload, arrow in a circle, letter G
Notice me at the table centerpiece
Nocturnal centipede

I gotta get in the MOOD ooh, M double-O D
Night shift M-O-D-E
I gotta make my M-O-V-E
Hello, I want some L-O, L-O

On the Run

Jumped the gun, already on the run
Rise with the sun, locks in a bun and air in abundance
Take it in deep and soak it in your lungs, lungs
Life full of wonders, sweet like rum
Taste on my tongue
And even if I won, not a one-and-done
X-years young and still having fun
We all get stung every now and then
But that was then, it was them
Now it's zen no revenge no pretend
Not everything black and white like pandas
Gray shades on a film gradient, candid
Luminance hit the corners and far borders
Fond memories the darkest
Youth is a privilege reckless abandon
Did it really all just happen in random
I'm like in awe that we met in a phantom
Ship on the water while singing the anthem
Clear the mental and the sinus
Exercise mind, body, and spirit for the finest
Moment in our memory that define us
Your highness, rare breed a fine pedigree
So let it breathe
So let it breathe

Exhale, inhale
Accelerate, exhilarate
Exhale, inhale
Accelerate

Exhale, inhale
Accelerate, exhilarate
Exhale, inhale
Accelerate

Excel to the next level
Feet hurt like hell, speak of the devil
Manifesting spells coloring books of cloud pastels
Pant till your face turn blue passed out
In the middle of the mission
Blurred vision to the top of the hill and limbs maxed out
Sweat running down torso
Gushing like falls so clinging on false hope
Next step one less till the last step
But the staircase is an old trail mixtape
Dilapidated meaning long time since they made it
And also the fact they oughta maintain it
Imagine all the people coming motivated
Every morn then I felt my fatigue faded
Into oblivion, second wind beneath my wings now
Bring it on, I'm a champion
Winning run batting in a ninth inning rally
Chance to show more spine than a library
Soiling the one pair of soles that I carry
Solitude is my best friend like a caddie

Exhale, inhale
Accelerate, exhilarate
Exhale, inhale
Accelerate

Exhale, inhale
Accelerate, exhilarate
Exhale, inhale
Accelerate



Shadytown

Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground
Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground

Tent city packed like shantytown
Just a stone's throw from the fancy town
Outside the bar crowd sipping on a cold shandy
Frothing on them rocks, wrong kind of ice candy
From the handyman with the opening gambit
The pawn shop, one-stop for black market bandits
The business is brisk, fine and dandy
Driving five deep with the feet still sandy
The beats cracking on the portable speaker
Where do they charge it? nobody knows either
Neck bob like pigeons in unison
Birds with the night vision def not innocent
Everything is undercover double agents
Merch-hawking peddlers, any shade of Asian
Motley crew of sneaker pimps and hustlers
Tech nerds, preachers, and loyal customers

Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground
Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground

It's like a number out of service, I can't call it
I'm a player not a ref, but my knowledge is solid
Navigate law and order, young soul feelin' older
Each passing cold shoulder, all sorts of odor
Parking lot staircase smelling like a urinal
Officer walks by heads down, a funeral
Public enemy numero uno, who knows
The kid went from finessing corners to rocking at
the Blue Note

Eagle eyes glazed like bowls looking devilish
Sitting pretty on the other side of privilege
I seen roaches cyphering around food scraps with
beverage
Feral cats in Point Panic running back streets
Lobster ramen with Kraft cheese at Walgreens
Eating somewhere between booze and Whole Foods
Live off of kombucha scoby and tofu

Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground
Shadytown, shadytown
All the drama in the underground

Nocturna

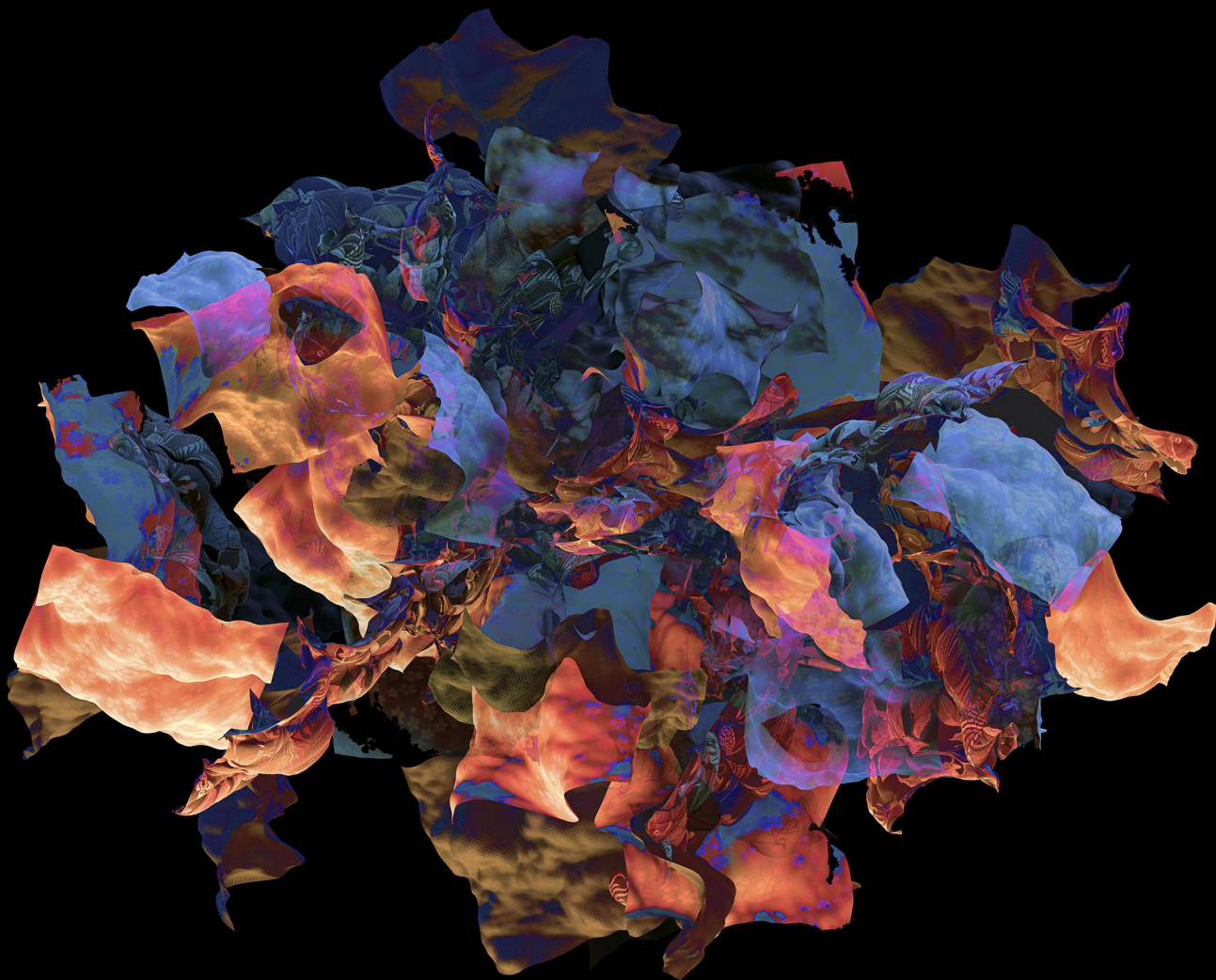
This is a song for the nightfall
Don't ever play me during the day, fast forward got it?
Like a vampire waiting for the right job
Once I get my shift started, I write logs
Twilight gives way to the indigo darkness
And reigns over concrete walls
Fast quicksands in the hourglass is flipped
Game suspended from dusk to dawn
On these streets different set of rules
'Cause you can get outsmarted by the sketchiest dudes
You try to play it cool to win back
What you lost double down, young fella still lose
Stay awake on the first ring, never snooze
Whoever you choose to cruise with
Move swift and slick with the quickness
What's the business
Fnesse is the key to win this

I love the color of the sky, infinite black
I love the color of the sky, infinite black
It gives me the love and I'm giving it back

This is a song for the night vibes
Well past your bedtime stay up to write rhymes
Ski mask black overalls type lives
Everyday stress trapped in a tight bind
A la vice grip on a yearbook
Old school lyrical gift leave 'em all shook uh
What you all might have heard through the grape-vine
Black gold coming straight down the pipeline
I don't plan to go where the caskets are
Anytime soon I'm not an ass kisser
Which means staying alive with soul in tact

You can bet your bottom credit on that yessir
So come test me tho, but don't ask me no
Silly questions at the banquet that's what's up
Pass me the salt, ground pepper at the festival
Dip like plastisol, and my mind is all

I love the color of the sky, infinite black
I love the color of the sky, infinite black
It gives me the love and I'm giving it back



Summons

You never seen it coming
The spirits that we summon
Bugs are tripping, the birds are humming
Going nuts like almond, the earth is drumming
Tree barks are burning, red hot like oven
Now tell me

You know the lowest of the lawless
Their eyes house the godless
Run the gauntlet with execution so flawless
Leave 'em pitted like olives
Cross 'em up, diagonals, rows and columns
We got problems all around every o'clock
Short handed but ready to give whatever we got
Back to back, stacks of black masks en masse
Coming to dinner
Guess who will greet with iron sinners
The dark force is strong to break the bond
The virus thrive in chaos, savants recognize this
The payoff is gone by dawn
Betrayal is the price of kindness, be warned
The way wizards wield the wand
Radio silence is felt, palpable to tight palms
No grace left to weigh an ounce of qualms
Squash with the blade dome split like wontons

You never seen it coming
The spirits that we summon
Bugs are tripping, the birds are humming
Going nuts like almond, the earth is drumming
Tree barks are burning, red hot like oven
Now tell me
Tree barks are burning, red hot like oven
Now tell me

Collab in the labyrinth, cooking up concoctions
Unavailable in auctions
Uncharted areas proceed with caution
Too late to backtrack now, smoke and arson
Clues evident, revving in the wind
Hear the hovering, closing in the cabin on the rim
The crater was a large bowl the size of a village
Indicative of the impact and the pillage of lives
Painted vivid in the eyes in the divots
Exhibit A a helmet, melted with the rivets
This type of weaponry, designed to be exemplary
No witnesses left and charred to collective memory
Heightened sensory overrides the protocol
Calling audibles dropping all types of quotables
Live by the sword keep the code waterproof
Die a thousand deaths, remain honorable

You never seen it coming
The spirits that we summon
Bugs are tripping, the birds are humming
Going nuts like almond, the earth is drumming
Tree barks are burning, red hot like oven
Now tell me
Tree barks are burning, red hot like oven
Now tell me

We are the ones
We are the ones
We are the ones
We are the ones we've been waiting for

Chanbara

Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
That's the sound of clashing katanas

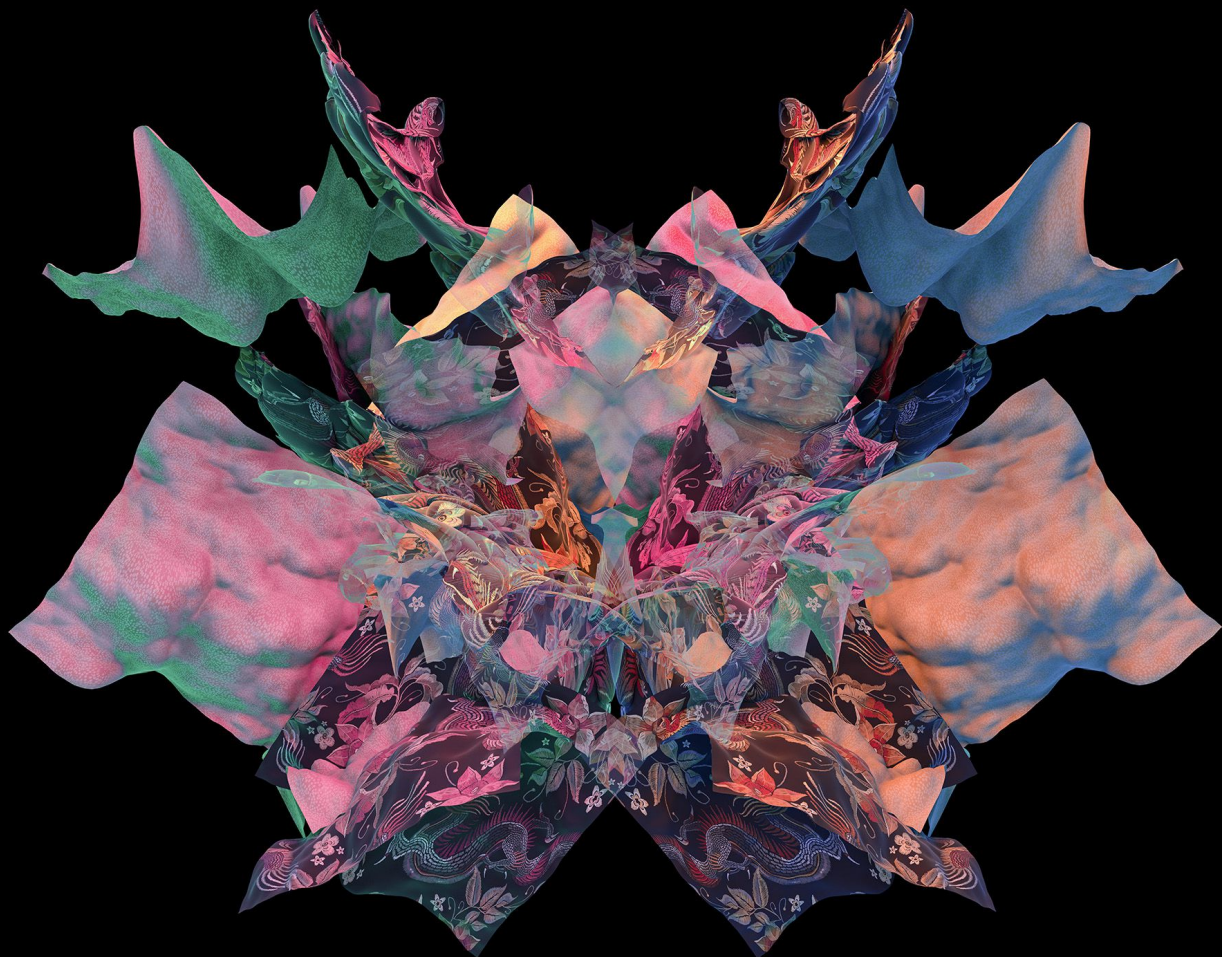
Start from tatara, ironsand harvested from the
riverbed
Melted into carbon-infused tama-hagane
Burning in the furnace for three days straight
Then folded and hammered, repeated-ly
No impurities, sharpened with impunity
'Cause if it ever touches your flesh
It peels on both sides of the edge
So clean it might heal
If put back together right away
Unless you wanna bleed til the end go right ahead
Your wife and kid will wake up to a wrong kind of
mourning
This sword is known to make orphans
No wolf, just cub left in the wilderness
It's awful but I'll wait for his bitterness
To come and avenge for his father's death
Keep an eye on my farthest threat

Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
That's the sound of clashing katanas

The wave pattern along the blade is the clay
Heated and cooled to a hard martensite
Say in a battle if the sword were to snap in twine
Bad news for your spine that's why
My build is far superior, the heart soft and flexible
But the skin tough and durable
The combination is the genius behind
The fiercest forged weapon ever known to man
Damn, but the one with the thumb on the handle
Must learn to stay calm and stand like a candle
In a storm looming that's guaranteed to
Take many forms and attack from all angles
The shadow men, coming out the woodwork
So adamant I don't get it, like clockwork
There's no good or evil, only strong or feeble
If we both live, see you in the sequel

Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
Chanbara chan chan bara bara
That's the sound of clashing katanas

Come get it if you wanna



Aorta

Gimme the hard-hitting drums
I'm about to pounce on it
Bounce on a crack of a snare
A wild cat mauling on a young set of stare
I bring justice to beats with a vengeance
Back in the eighth grade I knew I had a penchant
For the flair falsetto woo
For life of me, can't imagine sitting back in the room
Stir it up behind your sternum
Make you wanna break a chair or something
Turn the lump in your throat to a pumpkin
Tired of the fluff I want sandpaper 100 grit
Give the most foul callous mouth a fit
Now or never, speak clear or keep your lips shut
forever
The dirtiest skin, the most beautiful leather

Aorta, aorta
Flow major artery
It's a part of me
You're the target of my archery

Gimme the god forsaking ball on a 4th and goal
Punch it in through offensive lines
Facts no fantasy, 44 Rathman, a verbal harassment
A lyrical hassassin, a has-been, but still is and will be
Meet your day of reckoning kind of tension
Pay the max possible fine type attention
Soul on liquid nitro, on detention till further notice
Deep down you know this
The thorn of suspicion had turned into a reason to
believe
One listen is enough to get you fiend
Rich bastards got you tired of the green pastures
I'm out to hit the treacherous path till I'm captured
Never be captured

Aorta, aorta
Flow major artery
It's a part of me
You're the target of my archery

‘Round Here

The only thing we murder is the beats ‘round here
Unless it’s coming from the cops
It’s peace ‘round here
Cease fire for the lost ones
When we reminisce over you
Raise the fists overdue

The melting pot, red hot spilled over to the streets
Blood boiled and my stomach in a knot
Some think it’s halloween
Jack sparrow with an axe, bow, and an arrow
Like that kid on Tatooine
Mind playing tricks on the irony of throwing
Bricks to buildings, destroy to build things
Android sheep meeping like bots
Lurking in the trailer, bad actors in a lot
So everybody got a point
Thank god it’s not a gun in your face, or get sprayed
by mace
What is it about race?
Skin color is a rich history you can never erase

The only thing we murder is the beats ‘round here
Unless it’s coming from the cops
It’s peace ‘round here
Cease fire for the lost ones
When we reminisce over you
Raise the fists overdue

It’s more than a deep memory
Genes dominant, confront the cold enemy
Call it role rage by the men in uniform
Cross burning on the lawn of the office, men
uniformed
They wanna turn back the clock on the progress
6 Million and one ways to protest
The cold testament, to the four horsemen
Prophecy self-fulfilling, wonder why they can’t stand
the kneeling
Can’t breathe, stuffed pocket in a breeze
Lint screen full of torn tea bags and forgotten receipts
All crumpled up after getting soaked in defeat
But we made like dried petals and rose to our feet
Defiant, still in the grill of adversity
Injustice reached a new level of absurdity
We know what a life’s worth, don’t tell us otherwise
We fight on the other side of televised

The only thing we murder is the beats ‘round here
Unless it’s coming from the cops
It’s peace ‘round here
Cease fire for the lost ones
When we reminisce over you
Raise the fists overdue

Back on Track

Give thanks to the heavens, salutations
I'm visualizing, pursuing, realizing
'Cause I got more wild ideas than spots on Dalmatians
The way I post-process feeds of information
Infrared can't be seen in the spectrum
The bandwidth of a Niagara, Victoria
Just got back from Planet Euphoria
I learned the Hardaway, Warrior I got skills to build
Pay the motherhugging dues and the bills at the same time
Score at will but I'm happy dropping dimes
Verses undefined, ah I leave the space so you can read between the rhymes
Ya these are the words that go together well, my belle
Let my own sweat, blood, and tears stain my belt
When the worlds collide I put it in my chest pocket
Sip it when it brews, forget whatever set of rules

Back on track
Back on track
I run laps on the beats
And I'm back on track

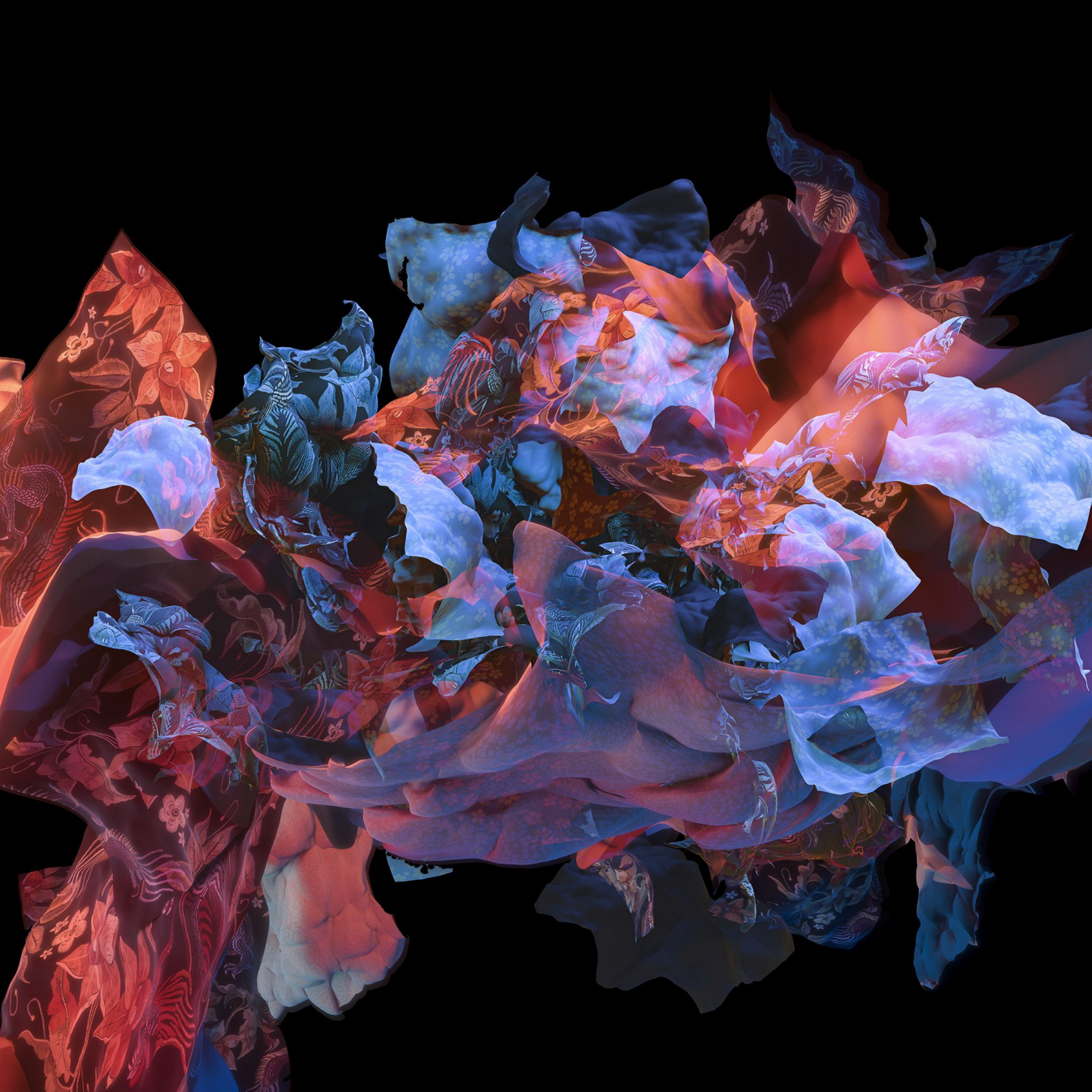
Back on track
Back on track
Jack The Rip on the beats
And I'm back on track

Swallow the taste of my own medicine
Any chance I can satisfy my musical fetishes
I got principles, feeling invincible
MC, every part of poetry is edible
My skull is a spinning crucible
Resurrect without the crucifix
Who would think more critical
Than the self in the mirror blacker than a marker
Fat tip with the ink drip, brain fart let it rip
Reverberate your vertebrae, got you by the spine tingling
Signal all the way to the coccyx
Flow is numbing anesthetic
But the pain is a slow process of ridding the body of toxins
Truth I'm painting when I splatter colors
Act like I'm out of life in a matter of hours
The universe is random acts of kindness and violence
Balance and guidance the science to get

Back on track
Back on track
I run laps on the beats
And I'm back on track

Back on track
Back on track
Jack The Rip on the beats
And I'm back on track

I took a little break and I'm back on track
I got distracted but I'm back on track
You can make 'em wait 'cause I'm back on track
You know I'm never late and I'm back on track



Homage

East coasting walking up 6 Ave
From the Lower East Side to Union Square
Now wondering where the giant steps and the
Shadows of the legends went
I can smell it on the limestone walls that seen it all
Pull it up on on my screen like a scene recalled
I can take the L-Train Brooklyn bound
Or keep stomping till Grand Central underground
In the tunnel hear the echo of the street performer
Guitar case with some coins in it, drop a bill, a
comma
Paused for a smile but she didn't want an auto-focus
on her
I keep it moving so I bought a bottle of water
Can you believe it only one dollar
Four quarters did the job, shot like a baller
Respect tip the cap to the bronx bombers
Pay homage, cold winters, long hot summers
Pay homage, cold winters, long hot summers

Hommage
Hommage
Hommage
Hommage

Bless the Mecca of the microphone down to Tribeca
One two checker, the main stage wrecker
Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9, I hiphop uni-versity alumni
Some nights just slower than average
I can take the pen and tame the savage
For the sake of saving the day it vanished
Into a vacuum, data mismanaged
Gotham begotten by ghosts of the eras past
You can't build without a foundation, errant path
The weight of history blended in gravity
Keeps me grounded on the asphalt
Traveling backwards in axis
All you gotta do is call the taxi
Take you back to origins
Somber mood I'm always in
Pay homage in the crates sound foraging
Pay homage in the crates sound foraging

Hommage
Hommage
Hommage
Hommage

Shine on Me

I wonder when's the next time she will shine on me
I curse the clouds blocking me shouting blasphemy
At night is she warming up to another hemisphere
And I'm here mind wandering plenty

Now she visiting me in my dreams
Vivid as can be and lucid in my daily routine
Everything I see losing its sheen
A glimmer of hope, nope yet to be seen
Jealousy is a flame that is hard to extinguish
A stagnant pool, cue ball a little English
Baby don't you know that patience is a virtue
Anything to the contrary can hurt you
In the long run, going crazy
No matter how many times it got rained on me
I need my sunshine
When you don't come around, my plants die
Wish I could live like bonsai
Remember sun-kissed skin and I'm feeling oozy
Missing a piece in the puzzle should I lose it
In my pocket and I looked around everywhere
Only to find it later, a round silver-wear

I wonder when's the next time she will shine on me
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I can't look at you more than a second
You're too bright and my eyes are naked
Wanna stare, would I make it
But when I do you leave an imprint
On my iris the film negative
Man I gotta run to develop it
Few more hours if not days of agony, it's evident
The wait is killing me softly

I better find another way to be dealing with anomaly
In a situation room staring at the monitor
With members of the cabinet calming the nerves
Overwhelmed with the magical phenomena
Colors fade to ripple of a domino effect of
A butterfly flapping in the wind
Basking in the sun more elusive than a basket and a win
I caught a glimpse but I haven't heard since
Chances are slim, forecast looking grim

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The globe we be chilling on, glow like a mirror ball
Flow is on minimal, three minute intervals
I understand now, exchange is subliminal
Even if you know the face, you don't even know the fate
It's like having four seasons in seven days
Spring, summer, fall, winter on a Saturday
I had to leave behind the joint living in a daze
Heaven gave me lemons, I made lemonade
I had to make and take a stand I can sell
You were hoping you can have her to yourself
She can give enough shine to everybody in vicinity
On top of that, light every home in this city
I'm on the corner of chaos and certainty
The only thing that I'm sure is my urgency
I gotta get my pass stamped at the embassy
Now I'm sitting in the row, exit in emergency

Genes (bonus track)

You know they coming for us
Protect us, Horus the son of Osiris
They say it's for the virus
Shoot 'em up, Wild West on the scene
Frontier of vaccines
They're fiends for the genes
What they want? It must be the genes
Is that really what they want?
It must be the genes
Must be the genes
Must be the genes

The air CRISPR it's easy as 1-2-3
Command C + Command V
What you didn't know you can't Command Z
I'm ghost like Casper
Every time the media exacerbate
You can tell by they way they're never late
To jump on top of it like a trampoline
Sponsored by Big Pharma triple beam wet dream
Perform CPR soon after PCR, spin doctors busier
Does it really reflect the physiological reality
Gotta question it, future of medicine personalized
and burglarized tombs, it's all good
'Til they start acting like master controller of a
channel like
Satellite fleets slowly mapping out, geological
deposits in
Area resembling human specimens
What they looking for, needle in a haystack
When they done, bet you can't say jack

I remain elusive of state authoritative
Stay natural and native, fight intrusive, invasive
What doesn't kill you will make you stronger
In the realm of the venom inside your hunger
Ya Protect ya neck, economics of genomics
Protect ya sect, the databank of genes is your roots and
your history
Forefathers, mothers in every single cell in your entity
From your skin to the bone to the blood to the plasma
Phantasmagoria in laboratories
Don't let them define your health
With the science of disease
Susceptibility to debilitating ailments
The only thing keeping you alive is the payments
Preemptive strike is preventative treatment
Realize there's no cure
Only healing by nourishment, pure breathing

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1. Triumphant
 2. The Boom Bap
 3. Kingsway
 4. In the Mood
 5. On the Run
 6. Shadytown
 7. Nocturna
 8. Summons
 9. Chanbara
 10. Aorta
 11. 'Round Here
 12. Back on Track
 13. Homage
 14. Shine on Me
 15. Genes (bonus track)

Produced by Jack The Rip
Written by Shing02

Scratches by DJ Icewater on 2, 3, 6, 7, 13
Chorus by Nick Kurosawa on 10
Flute by Rubén Torres Melero on 13
Overdub by HIJCK on 2, 3, 12
Overdub by kb on 3, 4, 5, 11, 15
Overdub by Zane Harp on 6, 7, 12

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