

•RUMINATIONS OF A ROGUE PROPHET• By Truth

So  
this is always the way it happens.

At first  
they love you.

Then they're gonna ridicule you.

Then they always want a fight. And then you  
win.

But at this point...

I'm

beginning

to feel like

I'm GOD again.

with  
the dust blow off my soul. scuffs brushed off boots. plus  
a robustproof heart that robust and bleeds blue, thus

all roads lead to the vein  
that select few can explain what it means to live life on  
the the thin line between being THAT GUY with a healthy self esteem, or  
the self proclaimed hero with an ego to feed. and I'm  
on the thin line between entitlement and greed. and

I'm feeling like I should probably just copyright my own destiny  
one  
just as,

if not more, prodigious as what Jesus did absent  
what happened after the historical REMIX – I'm on  
the thin line  
between the Christ and the PHEONIX...

and I'm feeling like I'm GOD again. And

we came

WAY too close to being nobodies.

We

dangled on  
the precipice of what pathetic is. And  
I know

the distinction  
between fantasies and prophetic moments, but at this moment  
I'm taking onus in advance over

yet

another late night at Logan close to

closing. And  
Über drivers are crucial parts of our maneuvers.

You would know

if you and your people were the

people that the people place their hope in, thus  
you can't afford to depart in the same car you drove in, so

heavy

is

the head  
that wears

the crown but at  
this point, all the eateries are FIVE star now. and you're not  
sure if Martin Luther knew what he was missing but  
you know it's real when the whole team's gotta

enter through the kitchen at

the African-Italian clambakes sir  
names and  
handshakes and we know the house chefs on first name basis, just

LAST NIGHT

I had check the maître d' for acting racist,  
then

we rose a toast to what comes next. we're somewhere on the thin

line between carefree and  
careless...

and we're the product of what became of Clarence 13X, thus

the urgent zest to manifest GOD in the flesh. But  
there's two things I've learned.

And that's that you  
ain't never  
gon' win if you don't. and

you ain't never  
gon' SEE if you won't. and it's a long journey

from the heart to the mind, but  
if you're SMART

you'll trust the stars to align at the point where your pride  
and your insight

CONVERGE on

the thin line between your wants and what you think  
you deserve.

and it's a

hard pill to swallow. But it only hurts worse  
if you don't quench your thirst first.

And understand if  
you're familiar with the bubble burst. Cursed as  
the first fruit of a set of degenerate loins. and

now it's come to the point that the two of y'all just  
act as if you've never met – and somehow you convince yourself that you're okay with  
that. but

the pain does peak. and you do feel inclined to cry but

every time

the tears dry before they reach your cheek. and only fools miss something they never had. so you found affection

on the thin line between a dollar and a bag. where the LOVE was BOTH

the LAW and the transgression. so you slapped a price tag on EVERY bond that you had. but that's just the cause and effect when a father never calls into question the cause for affection. So

you can blame the cards you've been dealt, or embrace your heart-less hand, become that heartless man, and make your way out. So

the plan called for two zones, a Grand-Am, and a flip phone. from there,

the young fella JUST BURNED through the chirp era. From there

I got a taste of what depression is.

I had to

eat a life bid right in the height of a recession. so

I'd prefer if you reserve your judgements and your questions.

'cause it's been presumed often

that I'm detached and standoffish. but I was schooled by

JAMAICANS who bump fists and don't shake hands – I was trained to embrace the birth pains and remain flexible.

because it's he who sacrifices who slices through life. he who

recognizes  
the thin

line between the lamb and the knife. and when it's  
organic you won't ever have to fake it. It won't matter even if the  
process was contaminated.

So at THIS POINT

it's still principal over pleasure. still jewels to pull from the sweet  
spots between the questions and the answers.

and I'm in the sweet spot between the questions and the answers. and

I'm feeling like I'm GOD again.