

Spirit World Rising (feat. Mike Kinsella)

(Daniel Johnston done by Mike Kinsella)

I have been to Abilene

The spirit world rising

I have seen in Abilene

The Devil has Texas

Young nigga from the Lene

I been, I seen

Dipped out about 18

Dipped out about 18

Round here grass ain't green

Gotta plan, gotta scheme

Come back racks on me

Come back racks on me

Feed my family

Bounce back trampoline

Now I think that's a dream

Yeah I think that's fantasy

Seems I can't just leave

I bring my past with me

Wherever on the map I be

My soul stay stuck in Abilene

(D. Johnston)

I have seen in Abilene

The Devil has Texas

Give 'Em Hell

(Mickey Matta)

Do you choose to die or rot in a prison cell?

Only few will live to tell

When they arrive, we wish them well

But if they want fire, we give 'em hell

(Plato III)

When the block is hot, the cool kids sweat they ass off

Summertime I was barefooted on the asphalt

Southwest and Catclaw, running into buildings

Where I'm from only way of making millions is a scratch-off

My niggas penny-pinching

If they catch a case on the paper chase

Shit, I don't see em any different

Nah, they just reacting to the tension

When the heat hit the street, the whole city is a kitchen

(Merk)

Flame out the glock

It claim bodies like a coroner

She saying all I talk about is paper and that I'm boring her

My gang partner smoke'ya the pump off in your cornea

His main broad a local, the jump off is a foreigner

I'm riding like life ain't nothing but pistols, bitches and hindsight

4way Seventh street holding the pen, still don't know what I'd write

If I could do it over again still do just what I like

Last kingdom Aethel big killa death proof BOW!

(hook, Matta)

(MoneyM!!I\$)

Kick back relax and let the paint drip

Nikes on my feet, I gotta stay crisp

9 double m it's slim I always stay with

Whole team can push out pounds, we like to stay fit

Stay there, don't come close we'll close case you

Leave no cases get smoked in rotation

So dangerous, hold up this hoe banging

And really I just wanna know what the hell y'all was thinking

(Blasé)

Trying to make a lot and turn it into a lot more

When they gon' learn, we ain't playing with these folks

Bitch, I'm a problem, you a goddamn joke

They gonna run it back like it's crack what I wrote

Swear that these raps hit the back of your nose

Swear that this nine ain't gon miss when it blow

I'm back in this hoe, I know they wish I was still gone

They just mad that I wouldn't put them on, but you know huh?

(hook, Matta)

(outro, Merk)

Wild wild west where the shit get crazy

4 way made me

4 bar baby

It's Alright, It's Okay

Don't wanna but I guess I have to

Woke up to see another day

Bear the cross like I bear some bad news

It's alright, yeah it's okay

It just goes on and on

Long gone's my fear of falling
I look down when I say
It's alright, it's okay

Aw fuck
Money dried up
I could grab the stick or I could get stuck
Thin ice like puck
Still I might try my luck
You can't step inside my chucks
Keep your eyes wide shut
This ain't what a night like
This is what my life like
Staring at the pie mouth wide cuz I never got the slice I want
Fuckers wonder why I stunt
If a nigga got 10 then he got 5 for the pump
Put the other 5 on a blunt
I ain't high for the fun
Niggas really die where I'm from
They found him in his ride with a gun
And a hole in the head
We all living close to the edge
Fuck it man we posed to be dead
Got us vying for crumbs
Can't count how many times I done tried but I'm done
I'm alive but I'm tired and I'm numb

Holiday

What's up Plato
What's good?
Oh, same ol, same ol'
Moving brick by brick like LEGO
New draco, gotta make dough
Remember Pedro? From the block in Waco?
We getting guap, counting pesos
Moving work in from the pueblo by the caseload

It's funny, I found gold but there ain't no rainbow
Chain glow but it ain't no halo
Still feels like there's something that I ain't know
I get high, but I stay low
I get by, but the pain grow

Let's take a holiday
So we can get away
A respite from this place
A temporary escape

Foot is on the gas, yeah we hitting the road
If don't nobody ask, then don't nobody know
Running from the past, we need somewhere to go
Years is going fast, but the days go so slow
Cup inside a cup, couple blunts to the face
Those with nothing to do, they got something to say
Let's fucking run it up, tired of running in place

Never Get Away

Girl you know I got love for ya
I would shed blood for ya
But there's someone else that I been thinking of
And if I don't see what's up, I may never be enough for ya

I ain't ready for no wedding rings
Nah I need some green, need some better things
There's a lot I ain't ever seen
Love something, let it go, time for me to spread my wings

(Hook, 333-Wish)
You can run
But you can't leave
No you'll never get away from me

Yeah whatever
Never say never
Cuz I been feeling like I could do better
Matter fact, think I already met her
That trip to Coachella
I ain't have the heart to tell ya baby

Women weed and weather
That's all I ever think about when we together
Yeah I know you was there for me whenever
But if I could, I would pack up and leave forever

(hook)

Where you going
I know where you've been
And we both know that you're coming back again

San Antonio to Austin
Young man exploring his options
Getting around like I'm Pac

Nah the party don't stop
We'd go months without talking
Always came back in the summer
Hit you up still got the same number
We be out til the sun up
Bad as you wanna it remind me why I love ya

(hook)

Going going back back to Cali
To meet up with ole girl in the Valley
We picked up where we left it off
Told her bout my ex and she say it prolly best if we don't even text at all
She prolly right, I'd be better off if I never called
And when you needed something I ain't get involved
But however small, you my hometown and I'm forever yours

(hook)

Where you going
I know where you've been
And we both know that you're coming back again

Summon the Based God

(Lil B)
What's up Plato
Can I get a plate though?
I said what's up Plato?
Can I get a plate though?
Lil B is my friend
We in a whole other place
Shout out to Texas
I got on Myspace
You in my circumference
You in my area
I got to spread that energy
If you want it, I'm here for you

They call me the plug
I might be the socket
Because when you want to stick something in
I got to shock ya

I know Lil B

(Plato III)

Heeeey, I know Lil B too

Look, hey, I know Lil B, I know the Based God
Two rawest rappers, don't quit your day job
No, this another hit, ahem, A-Rod
Hoes on my dick, I look like A-Rod look
The mind's so based
It's like 32 levels
In my face
It feel like 32 devils
Yeah but in this place
You gotta stay positive
Uh, thank you Based God
Yeah, you right, this how we gotta live

Man, wow, that's right
Ladies and gentlemen
You know Based God came and blessed us
Very rare, it's a golden collectible
Uh, thank you Based God
Uh, where you going though?
Is that your home?
Is that heaven...?

Heaven

One night I tried knocking on heaven's door
No answer, so I picked the locks, broke in and gave myself a tour
One step and not a second more
I was on an elevator to the seventh floor
In the blink of an eye, blinded by the light
I stepped to the side and tried finding my sight
My feet sunk in the ground, as I tumbled down
Water covered my body, I'm thinking I'm gonna drown

But I just floated around
Tried to soak up the sounds
Of the waves crashing
And the birds chirping
It was third person, out of body
Ladi da da ladi dadi
If you looking for me, this where you'll find me
I ain't going back and I ain't sorry

That's when, I felt something tapping on my neck
I looked to the left and saw the check
Then somebody grabbed me by the legs

Pulled me out the water and they said

“You look like a kid in a candy store
It was fun to watch but I can’t ignore”

Then they sent me back down and slammed the door
And said heaven is a luxury you can’t afford

Ouroboros

As the death get deadly, the head get heavy
Nothing for us, ouroboros, we make ends meet
Break bread like levee
Streets could be fed already

To mans on ledge when fire is fled, the edge ain’t edgy
Enough is plenty
Especially when stomach empty
Gotta know thy enemy
No weapon forged against me shall end me
Them come in forms of many
Like Beamer, Benz or Bentley
Pockets get green with envy

Man want every penny
Life is owned by Pepsi
Lays is owned by Pepsi
Quaker owned by Pepsi
Jemima owned by Pepsi

(hook x2)

Spend it all to get free
New whip, watch the boppers increase
Rat race only way to get cheese
Is a maze that don’t cease
In a place with no piece/peace

(Bridge, 333-Wish)

Staring up at a sky that we will never reach
Looking forward to a future that we might never see
We’re left to cry here, left to die here
And all we get is...
Staring up at a sky that we will never reach

(MoneyM!!!\$)

I’m a smooth operator, stop it baby
I’m a come through glock cocked with rabies
Reaching for my cock, might pop the neighbors

Gotta keep this thing hot, no time for safety
Tryna find a piece of mind, but my mind is crazy
No matter up and down, I'm still kinda lazy
Waiting for my time, you know that I'm impatient
Guess I'm just important when the spot is vacant
Please don't call me bitch, I got a lot I'm facing
They put warrants out, they got my heart racing
I been dormant now, bitches storming out
I'm bored in the house, it's a lot to take in
Blowing clouds like I'm Patrick Swayze
Figured out that most these people faking
Checked em on it, they just started hating
They don't listen trust me, they not gon change it
It's okay, I do my thing stay out the way
Smoking on killa got big killa on the way
He said he'll spill ya if you really wanna play
Straight out the gate aye yay aye aye

Sorry If I Dissed You

Contains samples from "Trailer Trash" performed by Modest Mouse, courtesy of Glacial Pace

My first homie from the block
When they real homies, they don't knock
Anything left in the fridge he gon eat it
Hear the microwave beep damn right I'd get heated

Still got this yearbook that I flip through
I don't know why you switched schools
But I know that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

13 pushing 30
When I saw your mugshot man it hurt me
Every night yeah we was in the streets shooting
Driveway lights on, no heat, we was hooping

With that same ol' spin move
Now I don't know where you been to
But I know that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

First job had a summer fling
After couple months, we was done with things
Heard you got cancer, I was so fucking scared
I just disappeared and pretended it wasn't there
Couldn't face it so I withdrew
Yeah, I know that was a dick move
And I know that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

15, shit I ain't know what to say
I figured we'd just talk when it went away
Years later and still I can't take it
Watching Me, Earl, and the Dying Girl and I'm shaking
Seeing everything that I didn't do
I'll never know what you went through
But I know that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

Looking for change up inside of the couch
That's when it clicked it was time to get out
She said I get it if you wanna leave me
But believe me that don't make it easy
I forget just to get through
Now, I don't miss when the rents due
But I know I that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

Man this town put me through the ringer
But the grass it ain't always greener
Don't know the next time that ima see you
Too busy tryna be a fucking rap singer
Little kid in a big room
I don't know what I got into
But I know that I miss you
And I'm sorry if I dissed you

American Idol

American idol
You've got all the money
Hot shot
Ain't nothing free
No it's not
But let freedom ring

American idol
You know you've got my vote
Always doing the least
But you earning the most

No, my life ain't perfect
As long as I keep working
One day I can be like you
fireworks

*All songs written by Ryan Silva (BMI)
Produced by Phillip Odom & Ryan Silva
Recorded and Mixed by Phillip Odom
Mastered by Will Yip
Additional production by Logan Burroughs on "Ouroboros"
Cover photo by Ryan Silva
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*Mickey Matta, Merk, Blasé – featured on 2
Money M!!I\$ – featured on 2, 8
333-Wish – featured on 5, 8
Lil B – featured on 6*

*Andrew Rodriguez - guitar on 3, 7
Chase Harris – guitar on 5, 6
Logan Burroughs – additional guitar on 7, synth on 9
Delwin Campbell – piano on 10
Kiley Harris – additional violin on 7*

In many ways, this album is a showcase of all the talent in my hometown of Abilene. It took just about every artist I know from my city to make this record happen and I want to thank them all for showing up and showing out. To Phil, Dust, Malc, Cody, D, Mickey, Andrew, Logan, Casper, Uriyah, Mar, Ryan, Matt... This isn't possible without you and you deserve the world. Also, none of this would be possible without years of love and support from my mama and Lora. I love you all. Until next time... - III