

the virile deity

Badass Buddha

Lyrics and Music by Michael Solem

Michael Solem: Vocals, guitar, bass programming, synth, drum and beat loops

India is where I'm from
Sanskrit says it's time for fun
Hot and sweaty and smokin' ganja
Tonight we gonna reach Nirvana
I'll take you to a higher state
On your left's a totem on your right's a snake
Just don't you think about which is which
Trust me baby karma is a bitch

Lay yourself down on my bed
And wrap this feather around your head
Take a deep breath and let in the air
There is no reason to despair
Because you know after the present time
I'll be yours and you'll be mine
Fucking for eternity
That baby's my string theory

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What would wise old Confucius say
About all of my goddamn badass ways
Yeah baby you just won't get enough
Surrounding you is transcendent love
Recite and chant and sing my tenet
On your way to enlightenment
My Dharma den has every sin
Honey that's where I'm gonna break you in

'cause I'm a

Badass Buddha

A white hot sharpshooter
I ain't got one head I got ten
A master of Zen
I am the sex incarnate
Don't mind my weight
I'm gonna come unto you
Until you're black and blue

'cause I'm a I'm a Badass Buddha Sexual tutor The virile deity Who's just here to please Sing along to my chant Raise your hands up and dance Feel my metaphysicality In the air you breathe Yeah I'm a Badass Buddha A white hot sharpshooter I ain't got one head I got ten A master of Zen I am the sex incarnate Don't mind my weight I'm gonna come unto you Until you're black and blue

Dominator Lyrics and Music by Michael Solem Michael Solem: Vocals, guitar, drum loops I am the Prince I want your sweat of Insolence Spilt on my bed I am your toy I want a stain A naughty boy Inside my brain Whose time has come Come on and find Now get it done My dirty mind Teach me to heel So we can be And make me squeal Utterly free Strike your fist Dominator And pistol whip Tighten the cord I feel your skin My only lord And stubbly chin My bloody flesh I feel you press Choking my breath Against my chest I'm sorrow bound And hold my mouth Until I'm bound To stuff my shout As you control Dominator My only soul Dominator I have no will to stop you now Desecrator The angels will not hear a sound Penetrator

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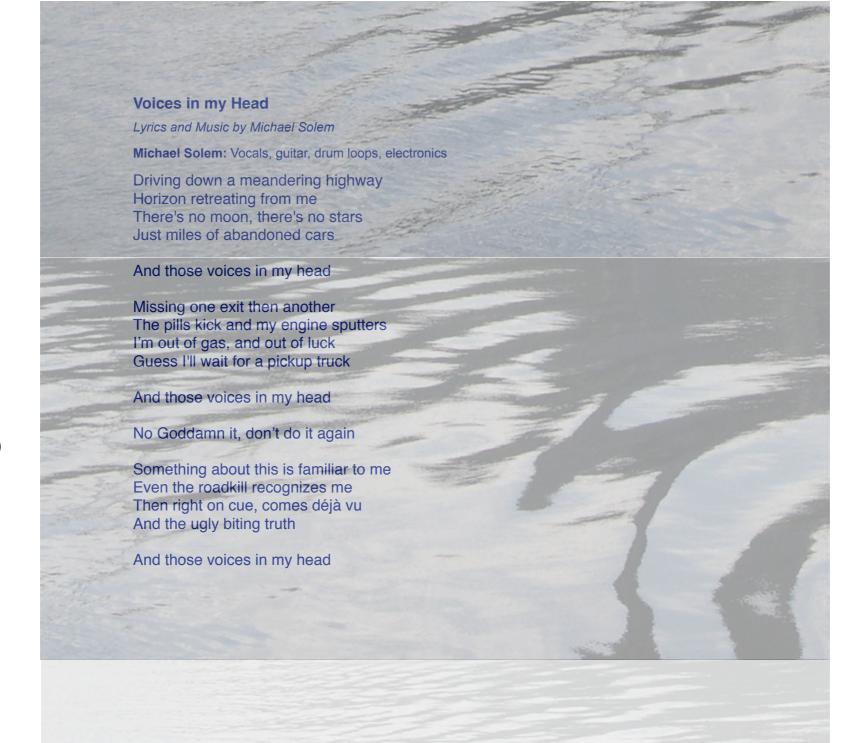
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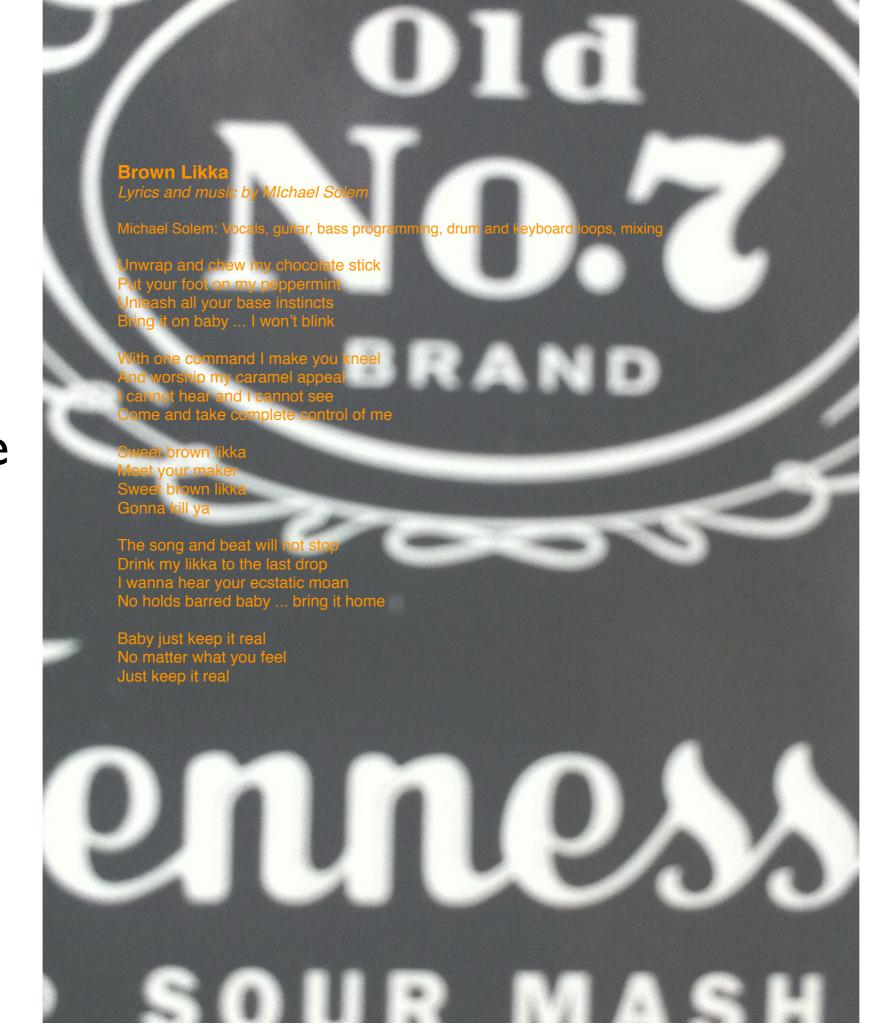
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My dirty mind



A pickup truck

R o a d k i I



Chocolate stick

E c s t a t i

Staccato Lyrics and music by Michael Solem Michael Solem: Vocals, guitar, bass drum programming, drum loops Come back here to me I said now come back here to me Come back here to me I said now come back here to me And let me drive my heart to yours Hear its voice crack until it pours Out the soulful secret desires That burn like embers on a funeral pyre But then you cut back Pitiless and cruel you cut back Everything I thought I knew was true That I thought was really you Just when we were reaching our love's apex A moment of sheer bliss I reach out my hand to you as I mount the peak A mountaineer staking a claim for keeps And then you cut back With cold abandon how you cut back All those heights as one we scaled In the end were to no avail I'm man who stands ten feet tall I got a house a motorcycle and a southern drawl I got everything that you could possibly want Leven got a dog that hunts Ah but you cut back Like a dickless coward you cut back There's a special place in hell for you Sorry baby but I'll be there too

A funeral pyre

Mama

Hey Mama

Lyrics and Music by Kanye West Michael Solem Wickles, guitars, synths and percussion

scream so

loud for you
'Cause I'm so provid of you, let
me tell you what I'm about to do
(Hey Mama)

I know I act a fool, but I promise you I'm going back to school Lapprediate It at you alive for me. I Just wont you to be proud of me. (Hey Mama)

want to rell the whole world about a friend of mine This little light of mine, I'm feelin' let it source

I'm resim take y'all back to them

talk about my momma
to Vall don't mind (Hey Mama)
to vall don't mind (Hey Mama)
to vall don't mind the move to me Chi

Late Decomber, harsh winter

You fix me we something that was qued for my soul ramous homemade chicken soup, can have another bowl

You work late nights just to keep

Monthly got the training wheels so tean keep on my bike And you would give me anything in this world.

Michael Jackson leather and the glove, but didn't give me a curl (Hev Mama)

And you never put no man over me, and I love you for that mommy can't you see Seven years old, caught you with tears in your eyes
Cause a nigga cheat and telling you lies, then I started to cry
(Hey Mama)
As we knelt on the kitchen floor, I said mommy I'm a love you 'till you don't hurt no more
And when I'm older, you ain't got to work no more
And I'm a get you that mansion that we couldn't afford (Hey Mama)
See your unbreakable, unmistakable, highly capable,

unmistakable, highly capable, lady that's making loot
A living legend too, just look at what heaven do, send us an angel, and I thank you

Forest Gump momma said, life was like a box of chocolates My momma told me go to school, get your doctorate Something to fall back on, you can profit with But still supported me when I did the opposite (How Mama) Now I feel like mere's things I gotta get, things I gotta do Just to prove to you, you was getting through Can the choir please, gimme a verse of you, eyes so beautiful, to me (Hey Mama) Can't you see, you're like a book of poetry, Maya Angelou, Nikki Giovanni Turn one page and there's my mommy (Hey Mama) Come on mommy just dance with me, let the whole world see you dance with thee Now when I say hey, y'all say

Now everybody answer me

my ends low
Second they get up you gon' get
that Benzo, tint the windows

that Benzo, tint the windows
Ride around the city and let your
friends know (Hov Mama)

Tell your job you gotta take 'em out

Since you brought me in this world let me take you out.
To a restaurant, upper echelon.
I'm a get you a Jag whateva else you want (Hey Mama)

Just tell me what kind of S-Type Donda West like Tell me the perfect color so t make it just light

It don't gotta be Mother's Day, or your birthday, for me to just call and say

Hey Mama, I want to scream so loud for you

'Cause I'm so proud of you, let me tell you what I'm about to do (Hey Mama)

You know I love you so, I'll never et you go

know no matter where you go I'm a love you M a m a

Pumping blood

Constellation

Lyrics and Music by Michael Solem Michael Solem: Vocals, guitars, synths, bass programming, percussion

... evenings in the low latitudes are think and heavy with sweat and passion the moon lets no young lover escape its view so he is caught staring at the night sky staring at stars spinning like ballerinas ...

You

The one and only son Come claim your chosen one Who waits for you wondering

Why

After all these years passed My heart stays in the past Pumping blood longingly for

You

The one and only son Come claim your chosen one On my back staring at

Stars

Spinning in the summer night I connect them in my mind Tracing a constellation of

You

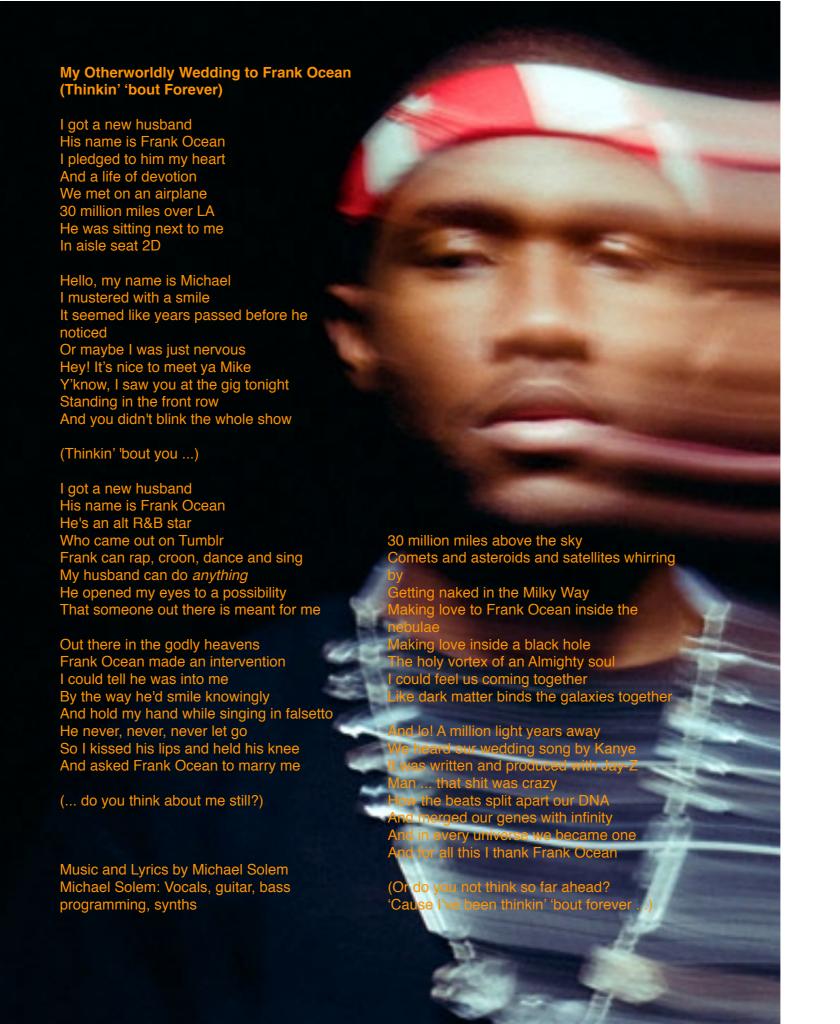
The one and only son Come claim your chosen one Faithfully yours eternally



Dirty Animal My life is full of regret My soul is full of contempt Just the sound of your speech Causes my ears to bleed Just the thought of your face Makes me quake with rage My flesh is cannibalized My blood is compromised You threw away my heart Without a second thought Then left me to plead In merciless misery You lied despite my trust With words so duplicitous Paws on the ground Barking like a hound Digging a hole You dirty animal Lyrics and Music by Michael Solem Michael Solem: Vocals, guitar, bass programming, drum loops.

Digging a hole

Alt R&B Star



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FREEZING WY



1, BLASS BLOCKA
2, DOMINATOR
3, VOITES IN MY HEAD
4, BROWN LINEA
5, STATTATO

PROJULTED, WRITTEN, AND APPRINCED BY MITHEL GOLEM,

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