

# The Complete Discography of RyanrealAF

## 1.0 Introduction: The Artistry of RyanrealAF

This document provides a comprehensive overview of the works of RyanrealAF, an artist whose music is characterized by a blend of raw, street-level narrative, intellectual rigor, and unflinching emotional honesty. His discography stands as a testament to an artist deeply engaged with the power of language, rhythm, and personal history. RyanrealAF's unique approach is marked by a fusion of spoken word poetry, classic hip-hop cadence, and detailed musical direction that transforms each track into a cinematic experience. This creative output is often accompanied by a deep theoretical framework that explores the mechanics of lyrical and rhythmic communication, bridging the gap between visceral expression and linguistic analysis. This commitment to storytelling is most profoundly realized in the collaborative nature of some of the artist's most significant works.

## 2.0 The Collaborative Sagas

Collaboration holds strategic importance in RyanrealAF's body of work, serving as a vehicle to build expansive, shared universes. This section delves into two distinct, narrative-driven sagas where the artist's voice intertwines with the stories and writings of his collaborators, creating a multi-layered mythos rich with personal and symbolic weight. The first of these major collaborations unfolds through a creative partnership with the artist Emily.

### 2.1 The Emily Saga: A Mythos in Motion

This collection of work, developed with a collaborator named Emily, documents a creative "dance" that evolves from soft, romantic questioning into a direct confrontation with darker, more complex themes. It is a chronicle of a mythos being built and challenged in real-time through poetic exchange.

#### 2.1.1 Context: *The Genesis of a Partnership*

The collaboration between RyanrealAF and Emily began with the casual sharing of pre-existing poetry. Most of Emily's pieces, including "What If?" and "Emily's Music Box," were written long before the two met. RyanrealAF responded instinctively to these works, seeing them as "portals" into her inner world and weaving his own verses into them to create responsive duets. A pivotal shift occurred with the poem "Sweet Evilness." It stands as the only piece written by Emily *after* they began their collaboration, crafted as a direct answer to Ryan's question, "What if it goes darker?". This work marks a turning point in their creative dynamic. In it, Emily moves beyond being a source of inspiration and fully engages with the darker themes Ryan introduced. The arc of their partnership is thus one of evolution: from Emily as a "muse" to a "co-architect" of their shared, unfolding mythos.

#### 2.1.2 Track: "What If?" (with Emily)

**Background** This song was the "spark" that ignited the artistic partnership. Based on a pre-existing poem Emily wrote to an imaginary muse, its themes of dreams creating life and

wishes bending time resonated deeply with RyanrealAF. He responded by weaving his own verses into the original text, transforming it into a duet. The final song explores a love powerful enough to bend the rules of reality and time, questioning whether their connection was predestined by a cosmic, reality-altering wish.

*Emily's Poem: "What if?"*

I know not what transformation will arise. I know not if tomorrow's you will be closer to, or further from, a forever by my side. Here in the sunshine happy and free, I know only how it feels looking up at you, as you're looking down at me. What if that dream you had, just the other day, created a life known as me, long ago and far away? What if so powerful that wish, that it went backwards in time, creating a circumstance where just by happenstance, my parents loved me from each other just for you? What if? What if that is the reason for me? So many lives changed because of my existence, so many lives exist, because you wished for a world with me in it. What if? What if this ripple in time, was because it mattered so much to eternity, that you knew true loves divine? So you would know what true love should feel like, what it should look like, what it should sound, smell, and taste like. What if? What if I was calculated so carefully, that my little hand would fit in yours perfectly? Electric currents peaceful warm. What if divine intervention ensured, I would grow only until my lips met yours? Barefoot on cold tiptoes. What if? What if every tear, every year I cried, was orchestrated by God in heaven, by careful design? What if all the broken, what if all the shame, was meant to rip me open, to release lifetimes worth of pain? What if? Perhaps it was all so the awareness I found, could be used to teach you to soar, with both feet on the ground? What if that's how loved you are? What if? What if you're so loved, that nothing like facts, science, or time, could stop the creation, of what was once just in your mind? What if? What if the entire universe, and the heavens above, broke all of its rules with the blessings of God? Who ordered the changing of reality. Who cosigned, on rewriting nature's history. So you could have your dreams fulfilled in me? What if? Can you imagine that? What if, this is true as well, manifested in you, for my dreams fulfilled? What if your life, is the answered dream, the granted wish that was wished by me? Your pretty little gypsy girl? What if?

*Ryan's Rebuttal: "What if?"*

I don't know if tomorrow brings you closer, Or if you're meant to drift somewhere else, But right here, right now, I'm feeling that pull— A beat that don't break, steady as hell. Yeah, in this wild streetlight glow, I only know the fire when I'm locked on you, That electric hum that carries me through, While I'm out here looking up, And you're staring back, steady, too. What if that dream you had, that flash in your head, Breathed me into life like a fuse lit hot, Stretching through time, reaching back, Just so we could meet in this one shot? What if that craving, that fierce, raw wish, Cut through the years, cut through the fog, And by some rough, cosmic twist, I'm here to love you like this, fucked up full of flaws? What if? What if my whole damn existence, every breath, Had roots buried deeper than I could ever know, All these hearts broke, while some glued?, Just 'cause you wanted me, to make you whole? What if? What if every scar, every battle I fought, Wasn't just chaos, luck, or a twisted plot, But a ruthless plan, some hard design, To tear me open and realign? What if I'm built for this, cut from steel, So the grit of my soul finds yours for real? And every tear, every fight I carried, Forged me fierce and steady, raw and ready. What if? Maybe all that pain, every damn shame, Was there to break me, light my flame, Till I stood

tall, till I was free, Just so we could fly as one, rooted in the pull of the stars above.What if?What if this bond, raw and real, Is bigger than logic, fate, or feel, So strong it ripped through space and time, Just to taste what we got—this fire, this climb?What if?What if the universe, the street, the stars aligned, Bent all its rules, let the laws unwind, So love could hit hard, the way it's meant to be, Scrawled in raw ink on eternity?So tell me—can you see it now, feel that ride? Dreaming each other alive like fate's raw guide, Your rambling man, his streetwise sway, Standing here, raw, no words left to say—Just what if?

*Final Song: "What If?"*

**Emily** I know not what transformation will arise. I know not if tomorrow's you will be closer to, or further from, a forever by my side.**Ryan** Tomorrow ain't promised, no crystal ball here, Just feelin' this heat while I'm standin' near. If forever's the game, I'm all in to play, Ready to ride, come whatever may.**Emily** Here in the sunshine happy and free, I know only how it feels looking up at you, as you're looking down at me.**Ryan** Sun's hittin' hard when I'm locked in that gaze, Whole damn world fades in your rays. Just us, no bullshit in between, Me lookin' up, you my one true queen.**Hook** What (what) WHAT IF!?!?**Emily** WHAT IF!? that dream you had, just the other day, created a life known as me, long ago and far away?**Ryan** Maybe that dream spun me up from the dust, Reached through the years, bridged the rust. Born outta somethin' you wished in the dark, And now here we are, igniting that spark.**Emily** WHAT IF!? so powerful that wish, that it went backwards in time, creating a circumstance where just by happenstance, my parents loved me from each other just for you?**Ryan** Maybe fate's got a twisted hand, playin' deep, Brought me through just for you to keep. They loved, they fought, just to get me here, So I could be the one standin' near.**Hook** (Repeat)**Emily** WHAT IF!? that is the reason for me? So many lives changed because of my existence, so many lives exist, because you wished for a world with me in it.**Ryan** If I'm here 'cause you needed me that fierce, Then I'm a ripple through the lives I pierce. Made from a wish to be flesh and bone, Just so you ain't facin' this life alone.**Emily** WHAT IF!? this ripple in time, was because it mattered so much to eternity, that you knew true loves divine?**Ryan** Maybe time broke, just to bring me close, Love so real, it's more than most. So you'd know that fire, raw and clear, What true love looks like, standin' right here.**Hook** (Repeat)**Emily** So you would know what true love should feel like, what it should look like, what it should sound, smell, and taste like.**Ryan** Love so strong you feel it in your bones, Every breath, every touch, down to your toes. All senses blazin', can't fake this fire, It's raw, it's real—this love's entire.**Hook** (Repeat)**Emily** WHAT IF!? I was calculated so carefully, that my little hand would fit in yours perfectly? Electric currents peaceful warm.**Ryan** WHAT IF!? destiny drew it all in sync, My hand in yours, perfect like ink. Electric runnin', calm yet wild, Like fate snapped together, us reconciled.**Emily** WHAT IF!? divine intervention ensured, I would grow only until my lips met yours? Barefoot on cold tiptoes.**Ryan** Maybe heaven set the limit just so, Stopped me right here, close but slow. On tiptoes, breathin' in this fate, This moment raw, it's sealed by weight.**Emily** WHAT IF!? every tear, every year I cried, was orchestrated by God in heaven, by careful design?**Ryan** Every tear shed, like steps on a path, Paid in full, no need to look back. All that pain shaped me for you, Made me raw, real, ready, and true.**Emily** WHAT IF!? all the broken, WHAT IF!? all the shame, was meant to rip me open, to release lifetimes worth of pain?**Ryan** If pain was the ticket, then I paid the toll, Broke me open, made me whole. Scars left behind, but here I stand, Soul raw, real, no blood on my

hands.**Emily** Perhaps it was all so the awareness I found, could be used to teach you to soar, with both feet on the ground? WHAT IF!? that's how loved you are?**Ryan** Maybe all I learned turned wings to roots, Teachin' you strength that stays, takes root. Flyin' grounded, ain't gotta fall, That's love, deep, real, strong as stone wall.**Hook** (Repeat)**Emily** WHAT IF!? you're so loved, that nothing like facts, science, or time, could stop the creation, of what was once just in your mind?**Ryan** Love so real it throws laws out the door, Breakin' rules 'cause this ain't folklore. Reality shifted, just to make us two, Proof that what's felt ain't bound to the view.**Emily** WHAT IF!? the entire universe, and the heavens above, broke all of its rules with the blessings of God?**Ryan** Maybe God looked down, gave a silent nod, Bent every rule, like "it's cool, go ahead." The universe shiftin', just to align, So I could have you, raw and divine.**Emily** Who ordered the changing of reality. Who cosigned, on rewriting nature's history. So you could have your dreams fulfilled in me?**Ryan** Somebody signed off, flipped the game, Bent history's script for love's name. Reality re-inked, just so we could be, All 'cause you dared to dream of me.**Emily** WHAT IF!?? Can you imagine that?**Ryan** WHAT IF!?, yeah? Could it be real? Every piece fallin', no need to conceal. Dreamin' it now, solid and tough, Feels like somethin' crafted rough.**Emily** WHAT IF!?, this is true as well, manifested in you, for my dreams fulfilled?**Ryan** Yeah, WHAT IF!? this all lines up just right, Me here 'cause of you, my light in the night? Your dreams alive, breathin' in me, A wish come true, a destiny set free.**Emily** WHAT IF!? your life, is the answered dream, the granted wish that was wished by me? Your pretty little gypsy girl?**Ryan** If I'm that dream, here I am, no regrets, Your gypsy girl, takin' every bet. Together in this, fate's got a say, Livin' that life, no price to pay

#### 2.1.3 Track: "Sweet Evilness" (Emily's Response)

**Background** This piece is Emily's direct answer to Ryan's probing question, "What if it goes dark?". It represents a "full creative confrontation" where she moves beyond romantic fantasy and fully embraces a darker, more powerful persona within their shared narrative. In this poem, she claims the role of a "sorceress, dark and divine," a puppet master who controls fate, enjoys inflicting pain, and asserts that her sweet voice belies a soul that is anything but.

#### Poem: "Sweet Evilness"

What if it goes dark? Oh, my perceptive little puppet, I knew you'd figure out the truth. Let's get into this ruckus. Let's play a game, my willing fool. What if your words are full of power? What if they create the power too? I'll keep you thinking every hour. I'll make you sicker than the flu. What if? What if reality bends when you speak, causing me to spend my days in plot? Fantasy gone wrong, your future bleak. I control when the bomb sets off. What if I spend each night crafting? What if I'm a sorceress, dark and divine, laughing as I sit reflecting the ways I've kept you on the line? What if? What if you never asked me why? Were you never before warned? You follow a sundress just to die? Pretty faces won't cause you harm. The chosen horse comes in the night. You better guard your city gates. This pretty gift is the sharpest knife. Wanting me is a fatal mistake. What if? What if I'm behind every dark day? Let's continue down your rabbit hole. I'm the reason each love wouldn't stay. I'm the ice that turned love cold. Let's turn the twisted up a bit. Raise the heat. Let's make it hot. Let me fine tune my evilness. My voice is sweet. My soul is not. What if? You admit you're addicted to my chaos. I told you once I'm like a drug. Any progress you made, you lost it. I'll take the air right out your lungs. What if I put down

this wall between us? Remove the only safety you have. Hypnotic as a pulsing drum, the heat increases, the iron slams. What if? Your skin blisters, I can smell you roast As you follow me to hell But it's the pain you love the most Along the way I cast my spell You fall in time as we dance close What other powers will you create? One taste of me, your future's toast Now that it's the darkness I embrace What if? What if I set you as my victim, and from your pain my pleasure takes? What if you tell the world my secret, that the innocent and sweet I fake? Tell them my soul is full of darkness and I feast on misery. What if your friends believe the madness? It's the lies I tell and which they feed. What if? What if now I'm the muse of pain? What if I get aroused when grown men cry? Your pain excites me, it's my favorite game. What if the truth is full of lies? What if the spell is the rhythm, beat, and rhyme? A weapon in my arsenal for war. What if this has been in place longer than time? I've been practicing my victory roar. What if? What if it's my life's work to crush you, to keep you back from the real fight? It's my mission just to cut you. In poetic justice, nothing's right. What if the stakes are high this time? You're the keeper of the gate. What if it's you holding the whole world's light? What if I know your secret fate? What if? What if I'm a custom-crafted vision, perfectly designed with you in mind? You've been trained to love toxic women. I never work alone, you'll find. I got monkeys and I have minions. Infiltrating house and home. What if it's the survival of the legions defeating you is our ticket home? What if? I've been sent here to crush your spirit. I'll make sure the truth you never find. You won't be judged upon your merit. I'll keep control of your body and mind. What if you follow me into the fire? Eyes wide open, though they hurt. Follow me like I'm a piper and you're the offering that's to be burnt. What if? From the myth-making with Emily, the discography shifts dramatically to the grounded, raw narrative of the Skittlez arc.

## 2.2 The Skittlez Arc: A Chronicle of Survival

This body of work is a raw, documentary-style project that chronicles the true story of Sheena "Skittlez" Blair. Here, RyanrealAF takes on the role of a "griot"—a storyteller for marginalized voices—giving testament to a life lived on the fringes of society.

### 2.2.1 Context: "*The Wrong Side of the Tracks*"

The prose narrative by Sheena Blair, also known as **Skittlez**, is a harrowing account of survival on the streets of Santa Barbara. Accompanied by her companion **Bandit**, a raccoon she considers family, Skittlez navigates a brutal cycle of homelessness. Her story introduces her partner, **Black**, a man whose own struggles with addiction and the law lead the system to deem him a "liability," but whom Skittlez sees as her partner in survival and the only person who truly has her back. The central conflict of the narrative is the constant, devastating cycle of finding and building temporary shelters—from camps to a hand-built cabin—only to face repeated, callous evictions by social support systems. Skittlez documents a series of profound betrayals by housing groups and caseworkers who offer help with conditions that are impossible to meet, such as demanding she abandon Black. These institutions, meant to provide a safety net, repeatedly pull the rug out from under her, leaving her with less than she had before. "The Wrong Side of the Tracks" is a powerful indictment of systemic failure and the illusion of help offered to the unhoused. Its core themes are the profound resilience required to survive in the face of repeated trauma, the bureaucratic cruelty that punishes those it claims to serve, and the defiant act of telling one's own story when the world has tried to render you invisible.

## 2.2.2 Track: "Still here"

**Background** RyanrealAF wrote this song explicitly for Skittlez after reading her story. It is framed not for sympathy, but as a "reckoning" and a "resurrection" of a voice that the system attempted to silence. The track serves as a chronicle of her survival and a testament to her unbreakable spirit. **Musical Direction** The song's sonic landscape is defined by an "Industrial echo, low synths, train FX," creating a sound that is both haunting and relentlessly powerful, mirroring the grit of the narrative. **Lyrical Analysis** The lyrics directly reference the people, events, and themes from Skittlez's story. The track immediately establishes her unique identity ("raccoon on her shoulder, hell in her lungs") and her bond with Black ("half devil, half savior, heart bruised but lit"). The hook powerfully chronicles the cycle of systemic betrayal she endured: "They broke her home," "They changed the locks," "Called her a risk." By repeatedly chanting "Still here," the song transforms her survival from a passive state into an act of active, defiant rebellion.

### *Lyrics*

**Spoken Word Intro** This ain't just a story—it's a reckoning. A chronicle of what happens when love survives where the system fails, when fire builds homes the world keeps tearing down. Skittlez didn't fall through the cracks—she lived in 'em. Slept between society's blind spots with a raccoon for a witness and a man they called broken, but who carried her through storms. This piece ain't here for sympathy. It's here for remembrance. For resurrection. For every voice that got hushed behind case files and compliance checklists. You're about to hear truth carved from gravel, stitched in struggle, baptized in betrayal—and still, she rises. Still, she's here. **Verse 1** Skittlez—raccoon on her shoulder, hell in her lungs, Not homeless—she holy, where the wild things run. Black—half devil, half savior, heart bruised but lit, Society tossed him, but she saw the grit. I'm the griot—RyanrealAF, myth-stitchin' the pain, Turnin' back-alley blues into lyrical flame. **Hook** They broke her home. (Still here.) Burned what she built. (Still here.) Cut off her love. (Still here.) Tried to erase her—she reappeared. (Still. Here.) They changed the locks. (Still here.) Flipped the script. (Still here.) Called her a risk. (Still here.) She carved her name in ash and grit. (Still. Here.) **Verse 2** Santa Barbara lookin' like Eden in disguise, But its fruit is bitter—truth in palm tree lies. She learned to vanish, sleep with one eye open, Buildin' homes from hurt and hope unspoken. Every plank was protest. Every tarp a prayer. System said "progress," then bulldozed her care. **Bridge** They offered help laced with rules and chains. Said love like hers was too wild for frames. "Leave him," they said, "He holds you back." But they never saw the fire in the cracks. She bent their rules just to keep him near. Lived in silence. But she was always clear. **Verse 3** Case manager smirks. Outreach talks in circles. Promise you heaven—leave you in hurdles. She stood up, asked why. Doors slammed fast. They don't like rebels who remember their past. Kicked her out like trash in the dead of night. But she walked tall—no tears, just fight. **Hook** They broke her home. (Still here.) Burned what she built. (Still here.) Cut off her love. (Still here.) Tried to erase her—she reappeared. (Still. Here.) They changed the locks. (Still here.) Flipped the script. (Still here.) Called her a risk. (Still here.) She carved her name in ash and grit. (Still. Here.) **Final Verse** Stars above didn't care—but they watched. Concrete bed, soul half-caught. She kept goin'—not for hope, but defiance. Not for faith, but the silence in riots. You ask why she stays? 'Cause the myth ain't done. She's the

flame. I'm the flint. Together—we run.**Outro** They tore her down. They called it progress. But she's still burnin'. Still echoing through the tracks. And now... she got a mic.

#### 2.2.3 Track: "Skittlez and Black"

**Background** This track is a narrative duet that gives voice to the central relationship in Skittlez's story, exploring the deep, complicated bond between her and Black. It functions as a testament to their love in the face of immense external pressure and systemic opposition. **Musical Direction** The song is set to a "gritty, raw beat." It features two distinct vocal roles: a "Bass male vocal" (RyanrealAF) who acts as a narrator or griot, framing their struggle and resilience, and an "Ethereal Female Vocal" representing Skittlez's perspective and her unwavering devotion to Black. **Lyrical Analysis** The song explores the "unconventional" and "crazy" love between Skittlez and Black, portraying it not as a liability, but as a source of profound strength and freedom. Skittlez's verses, delivered with an ethereal quality, celebrate Black's "wild side" and "craziness" as the very qualities that make him glow and set her spirit free. RyanrealAF's grounded, bass-heavy narration contextualizes their love as a force forged in pain, asserting that "no love's built without pain" and that together they will "rise in due time." The contrast between the two vocal styles mirrors the relationship itself: her transcendent love and his grounding, protective presence.

#### *Lyrics*

**Spoken word Intro: Bass male vocal** (Instrumental intro fades in, gritty, raw beat) Yo, it's Ryan real A F, from the depths of the street, Skittlez and Black, they face the heat but never retreat. Through the struggle they'll rise, stronger with each fight, They'll find their way, even in the darkest night. **Rap Verse 1: Ethereal Female Vocal** Yo, Black, listen up, gotta speak my truth I'm Skittlez and I'm here to tell you, no dispute You may be crazy, but damn, you're one of a kind This love I have for you, yeah, it's hard to define. **Spoken word Chorus: Ethereal Female Vocal** Black, my love for you, it's outta control Crazy as you may be, you got my heart and soul Skittlez loves your wild side, it's plain to see You're the only one who sets my spirit free. **Spoken word hook: Bass Male vocal** Yo, it's Ryan real A F, from the depths of the street, Skittlez and Black, they face the heat but never retreat. Through the struggle they'll rise, stronger with each fight, They'll find their way, even in the darkest night. **Rap Verse: Ethereal Female Vocal** You're a whirlwind, Black, always on the go But your craziness, it's what makes you glow You're unpredictable, never know what you'll do But that's what I adore, it's what drew me to you. **Spoken word Chorus: Ethereal Female Vocal** Black, my love for you, it's outta control Crazy as you may be, you got my heart and soul Skittlez loves your wild side, it's plain to see You're the only one who sets my spirit free. **Rap Verse: Ethereal Female Vocal** You keep me on my toes, never a dull moment Your crazy antics got me totally open But beneath that wild exterior, I see your heart And it's that love, Black, that sets us apart. **Spoken word hook: Bass Male vocal** (Repeat) **Rap Verse: Ethereal Female Vocal** So let's embrace the madness, together we'll ride Through life's ups and downs, side by side Skittlez and Black, a duo like no other Our love's crazy, but it's real, no need to smother. **Spoken word Chorus: Ethereal Female Vocal** Black, my love for you, it's outta control Crazy as you may be, you got my heart and soul Skittlez loves your wild side, it's plain to see You're the only one who sets my spirit free. **Spoken word hook: Bass Male vocal** This is Ryan real A F, no love's built without pain, Skittlez and

Black, I see y'all dance in the rain. Every scar y'all earned, every tear y'all shed, Will shape the crown you wear, keep liftin' your heads. Ryan real A F, speakin' real from the grime, Skittlez and Black, y'all gon' rise in due time. Through the fights and the hurt, you both gon' see, Stronger together, it's just how it's meant to be.**Spoken word Outro: ethereal female vocal** So, Black, listen close, hear these words I say Skittlez loves your crazy ass, every single day Our love is unconventional, but it's pure and true Black, my love for you, it'll always stay true.Having explored these deep narrative collaborations, we now turn to the broader collection of the artist's standalone works.

### 3.0 Core Discography: Standalone Works

The following collection represents the breadth of RyanrealAF's solo artistic output, showcasing a wide range of musical styles and thematic concerns, from sharp social commentary to deeply personal philosophy. These tracks demonstrate the artist's versatility and commitment to a raw, unflinching lyrical perspective. The tracks are presented in alphabetical order.

"Ashley and Raven"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** Set to a dark, cinematic beat, "Ashley and Raven" positions the listener as a voyeuristic witness to a narrative of shifting power dynamics. The dominant female vocal is not merely a feature but the sonic embodiment of the titular "heavy-hitter queens" who seize control of the story. The track chronicles a journey from a chaotic, performative public fight to an intense private encounter, contrasting fleeting aggression with unapologetic self-possession. The lyrics deconstruct notions of toughness, positing that true power lies not in loud displays of rage but in the quiet, confident command of one's own space and desires. It's a celebration of women who own their bodies and author their own narratives without apology.**Lyrics** Spoken Ladies and Gentlemen I present to you, Ashley and Ravens, night to remember.**Intro** She roared like thunder, vanished in vain—while goddesses danced in the midnight rain.**Verse 1** Second time out, gates still echo my name Disturbed concert—frontline, back in the game Shorty by my side, barely a hundred ten Name don't matter, she ain't make it to the endLine long, mood charged, war drum in the crowd One chick walks past, calls her out loud "Slut"—said it slick with venom in her breath Lil' thing turned, like she summoned her own deathNo pause, no talk, no flex—just bang Pounced on that chick like a wolf off the chain Crowd went wild, fists, hair, pure rage But me? I slipped solo, front-row to backstage**Refrain 1** She roared like thunder, vanished in vain—while goddesses danced in the midnight rain. Thought she was fire, thought she was flame—couldn't handle the storm, just played the game.**Verse 2** Barstool throne, sippin' still, eyein' the scene Then two queens glide by—gothic and mean Laced in black, curves that commanded the space Girdles, skirts, dark lips on full displayCaught me staring, they spun on a dime Posted up, one each side—perfect crime Ashley on the right, mouth like a blade Said, "Raven thinks we should take you and slay" I laughed, "Bet," like I meant it right then They said, "Drop your number, we'll hit you again" Two weeks passed—I forgot that night Then they call: "You off work? Cool. We ride." **Refrain 2** While she played braveheart and lost her claim—two heavy-hitter queens lit a whole new flame. When the pretty ones flee, the real ones remain—dancing with shadows, dripping in game.**Verse 3** Walk in they crib, and the walls got voice Full murals of them—no shame, no choice Woods, blood, showers, erotic pain Ashley licking crimson like it's part of the rainI said, "What the—" but stepped in

deeper Backroom vibe: predator meets reaper Whips, cuffs, wax, ice, control Feather to flame, they swallowed me wholeHandcuffed tight, heartbeat fast Switchin' roles—pain then a sensual blast Raven on the left, Ashley in command Queens of power play, grip like brands**Refrain 3** She roared like thunder, vanished in vain—while goddesses danced in the midnight rain. These big girls don't beg, they reign—discipline and pleasure, tangled in chains.**Verse 4** I ain't submissive, I don't fold, don't bow But that mix of hurt and heaven? Yeah, I allow Taught me a lesson 'bout trust and thrill That size ain't weakness—it's depth, it's willGoth chicks knew to ride the flame Own their bodies, own the game While that dime-piece faded, scared of play These goddesses owned the whole damn stage**Refrain 4** She roared like thunder, vanished in vain—while goddesses danced in the midnight rain. She dipped out scared, missed the campaign—Ashley and Raven? They carved their name.**Outro** Ain't always the pretty ones who leave a mark... It's the wild ones in the dark— The queens who bring the spark.

"Beautifully Broken"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** With a cinematic backdrop of dusty strings and distant sirens, "Beautifully Broken" functions as an anthem of resilience. The soulful, gritty vocal performance is crucial, embodying the "battle-worn gold" quality described in the lyrics. The song tells the story of Halo and Luna, two survivors who reject societal labels of "shattered" and "leftovers." The central theme is a defiant reclamation of imperfection, arguing that true beauty and strength are "born in the mess." The track's power lies in its refusal to seek pity or fixing; instead, it celebrates scars as "scripture" and cracks as portals for light, transforming trauma into a source of profound strength and clarity.**Lyrics** **Intro** They called him Halo, but there was nothin' saintly 'bout his path. Born where prayers go unheard and hope's just another hustle. He ain't fall from grace—he crawled from fire, Draggin' broken dreams like chains through the mire.**Refrain** Don't fix me—I'm built like this, A puzzle of pain, a chaos kiss. I glow through the damage, fuck the fears Beautifully broken despite all the tears.**Verse 1** Concrete cradle, raised by the grind, Every scar a scripture, every loss redesigned. Mama gone ghost, pops was a shadow, Learned to hustle peace from pain in the back alleys of sorrow. He ain't polished—he's battleworn gold, With a heart that limps and a story untold. But when life bent him, it ain't break him—it tuned him, Like a weapon forged in grief, where the silence consumes him.**Pre-Chorus** "Don't fix the cracks," he said, "they let the light through." Each fracture's a passage, every bruise is a clue. He don't wear masks—he wear the truth loud, A king in exile, with his chin still proud.**Hook** We the ones they tossed, now we rise from the ash, Beautifully broken, with a soul built to clash. Don't need your kingdom—we kings of the street, Crowned in chaos, with fire at our feet.**Verse 2** He met Luna in the shelter, eyes like midnight glass, Said her dreams got stolen, but she's takin' 'em back. Two ghosts with heartbeat—drifters, not lost, Linked by the scars and the price of the cost. They ain't kiss for comfort, they kissed for survival, A ritual of ruin, not some fairytale revival. Together they climbed out the void hand in hand, Two souls stitched in silence, tryin' to understand.**Refrain** Don't fix me—I'm built like this, A puzzle of pain, a chaos kiss. I glow through the damage, fuck the fears Beautifully broken despite all the tears.**Pre-Chorus** "No shame in shatterin'," she whispered like rain, "Some of us break to escape the chain." They ain't need to be whole, just aligned in the fight, Fuel for each other in the heart of the night.**Hook** We the ones they tossed, now we rise from the ash, Beautifully broken, with a soul built to clash. Don't need your kingdom—we kings of the street, Crowned in

chaos, with fire at our feet.**Bridge** The world labeled 'em shattered, leftovers, freaks— But they danced in the wreckage, kissed on cracked concrete. Beauty ain't in perfection, it's born in the mess, In the raw, the flawed, the ones under stress.**Refrain** Don't fix me—I'm built like this, A puzzle of pain, a chaos kiss. I glow through the damage, fuck the fears Beautifully broken despite all the tears.**Outro** He ain't fall—he rose through ruin. She ain't run—she raged into truth. Together? They redefined what it means to be bulletproof. Not clean. Not pure. But real. Beautifully. Broken.

"border prophecy"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track unfolds over a minimalist and eerie ambient beat that sounds like "wind in ruins," creating a desolate, mythic soundscape. The vocal delivery is a deliberate fusion of Shakespearean cadence and street grit, a stylistic choice that elevates the narrative from a simple anecdote into a modern fable. "border prophecy" recounts a surreal night at the border with two powerful female figures, Star and Lex, who "bend space" and "move with ghosts." The story is one of quiet, confident power, where presence alone is enough to rewrite reality. By blending high artifice in its delivery with a raw, grounded setting, the track makes a powerful argument for a kind of street-level magic that operates outside of conventional laws.**Lyrics** **Intro** We don't run, We Run Shit. The Border adventures, A Darkened Prophecy.**Verse 1** So there I lay, soul weary beneath neon's hum, A pilgrim by the 7-Eleven's gate, where the night spoke in static. One in the morn, eyes heavy, limbs like stone, Then—like fate summoned in heels—two femmes arrive."You got juice?" one asks, fire in her laugh. A nod, a cord, and a glow. We spark up, Smoke curling like incense in a street-born cathedral. A track plays low—gospel of the gutter.Then, without pause, they ask, "You ridin'?" I rise—not with question, but knowing. "Let's go."They write laws. We bend space. We move with ghosts, we set the pace.**Verse 2** Not your average muses—nah. One named Star, loud like sirens, hips preaching. Her flame? Unashamed. Other one? Call her Lex. Silent, sleek, scent of chess and danger. She ain't talk much—but the world listened.They took me south—to the border's mouth. Night alive, food court buzzin', music grooving. We post up like legends unrecognized.Security tries to flex. Star don't blink. "You forget we know where you sleep in TJ, fool?" She hurls heat like a warlock in heels. Guard fades like a bad memory. Lex leans close, lips barely part."We run it."They write laws. We bend space. We move with ghosts, we set the pace.**Verse 3** Later—I need the head, but I'm trapped in the booth, Boxed in like a pawn at the board's edge. So I rise—no shame, no sorry, Walk the damn table in the next booth over. Cups crash, plates scatter. I drop down clean. "We run it," I smirk.The world was bending around us, Like time knew who to bow to.They write laws. We bend space. We move with ghosts, we set the pace.**Verse 4** Sun up. We scoop a stray dude on the way. He and Star slip inside some department store. Lex and I? We stay, watching bags like thrones. Uber pulls up—clock ticking. Star and the stray still lost in fabric and perfume.So we bounce. Just us. Just right.Try the same motel. Gatekeeper ain't feelin' us. Says our saga's too loud for repeat business. I step up, flash that grin soaked in hood scripture. Speak soft. Mean hard.He folds. We enter.**Verse 5** Room hums like prophecy fulfilled. Lex, in the hush, reaches. Fingertips trace the story carved in my palms. Whispers: "Didn't think your hands would feel this... right."A pause thick as scripture. No halos. No lies. Just gravity.They write laws. We bend space. We move with ghosts, we set the pace.

"Certified Cockblock Exterminator"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** Driven by an upbeat, funky G-Funk beat, this track leverages the genre's inherent swagger to construct a playful but authoritative persona. The high-pitched synth lead and groovy bassline create a soundscape of confident, laid-back control. The song casts the narrator as a "professional" licensed to remove social obstacles, using the metaphor of pest control to frame the act of clearing out negative energy. The musical choice is key; the relaxed, funky vibe strips the "extermination" of any real menace, reframing it as a smooth, necessary, and almost heroic act of vibe curation. It's a humorous and confident track about taking control of a social situation to ensure progress is not impeded.  
**Lyrics** **Intro** The vibe was 100 till you walked in the room. Now the energy is lower than a tomb.  
**Verse 1** I see the tactical maneuver, the 'accidental' spill. You're trying to kill the spirit, trying to kill the thrill. But I got the credentials, I got the license too. To remove the obstacle... and baby, that's you.  
**Pre-Hook** I'm a professional, I work with precision. Clearing the static so we got the vision.  
**Hook** Certified exterminator, cleaning up the block. You can't stop the timing, you can't stop the clock. Exterminator, making room for the heat. If you're just a hurdle, get off of the street.  
**Outro** I'll send you the invoice for the relocation. You're welcome.

"Gaslighter's Delight"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track weaponizes silence to create a chilling dissection of psychological manipulation. The musical direction—minimal drums, a "slow-creep bass," and vast, empty space—is not merely atmospheric; it is thematic. The "accusatory" silence mirrors the psychological void the manipulator creates, forcing the listener to lean in and question what is real. This aligns with the artist's Codex, using sonic texture to create "Embodied Meaning." The dry, unforgiving vocal delivery places the narrator's reclaimed clarity at the forefront. The song is a stark, bitter acknowledgment of a manipulator's tactics, with the hook, "I wasn't wrong about anything... except you," serving as a final, defiant reclamation of sanity.  
**Lyrics** **Intro** You ever argue with someone and realize halfway through you're not debating facts—you're defending your eyesight. That's when you know. Drop it.  
**Hook** I doubted my sight, my memory too, While you lied with a smile like it's nothing new. Now the picture's sharp, no distortion, no hue—I wasn't wrong about anything... except you.  
**Verse 1** You didn't just lie, you coached my doubt, Had me explaining my tone while you sneaking out. Every question met with a sideways grin, Like truth was a game and I was playing to win. You said "that never happened," calm as a priest, While my gut was screaming like it saw a beast. I kept notes in my head, you rewrote the scene, Had me apologizing for shit you didn't mean. I checked dates, texts, pauses in speech, Why your story stretch thin every time I reach. You weren't slick—you were patient and cruel, Turning love into a logic puzzle with missing rules.  
**Pre-Hook** You don't break someone fast—you sand them down. Smile by smile. Word by word.  
**Hook** I doubted my sight, my memory too, While you lied with a smile like it's nothing new. Now the picture's sharp, no distortion, no hue—I wasn't wrong about anything... except you.  
**Verse 2** You called it love when I caught you slipping, Called me "insecure" when the mask was ripping. Every boundary I set got flipped to a flaw, Every time I stood firm, you moved the law. You weaponized calm, made chaos look clean, Had me doubting instincts that been sharp since sixteen. I wasn't paranoid—you were just rehearsed, Had lies so smooth they deserved a verse. I thought honesty stuttered, turns out it just waits, While manipulation shows up early and

states its case. You didn't beat me with volume or rage— You whispered long enough to fog the page.**Bridge** Funny thing about clarity— it doesn't shout. It just arrives and suddenly you stop explaining yourself.**Hook** I doubted my sight, my memory too, While you lied with a smile like it's nothing new. Now the picture's sharp, no distortion, no hue— I wasn't wrong about anything... ...except you. Except you.**Outro** Gaslighter's delight is thinking the fire won't notice who struck the match. I noticed.

"Grit and GRACE"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track's brilliance lies in its sonic paradox: the fusion of harsh, distorted Industrial Rock textures with a soaring, elegant orchestral string section. This musical clash perfectly embodies the song's central theme—the necessary duality of struggle and poise. The industrial elements represent the "grit for the climb" and the hardness of the concrete, while the sweeping strings give voice to the "grace for the fall." Lyrically, the song is an anthem of holistic resilience, arguing that true strength is not the absence of brokenness but the ability to remain whole in spirit despite being in pieces. The music doesn't just accompany this message; it proves it by demonstrating how two opposing forces can combine to create a singular, powerful whole.**Lyrics** **Intro** Dirt under the nails, silk on the skin. The battle outside and the quiet within.**Verse 1** The concrete is hard but the water is deep. Promises made that I'm struggling to keep. Grinding the gears just to find the rhythm. Living in the cage but I am the prism.**Pre-Hook** The grit is the foundation, the grace is the tower. Combining the struggle to find the power.**Hook** Grit for the climb, Grace for the fall. I'm standing upright through it all. Grit in the heart, Grace in the soul. The pieces are broken but the spirit is whole.**Outro** You need the pressure to make the diamond.

"guerilla marketing"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** Set against a hollow drill beat punctuated by "glitching sirens," this track reframes homelessness as a radical act of entrepreneurship. The sonic environment is critical; the sirens and tense rhythm place the listener in the state of perpetual emergency that defines the narrator's existence. His intense, steady delivery positions him not as a victim but as the "creative director of the American gutter." The track is a masterclass in thematic synthesis, applying the language of branding ("brand identity," "market validation," "pivot") to the act of survival. This is the "Grit Gospel" in practice: using a controlled, intelligent framework to deliver an uncomfortable truth about systemic failure, forcing the listener to see the "startup in survival mode" instead of just a man in the filth.**Lyrics** **Intro** GUERRILLA... echoes and glitches: GUERRILLA... Mmmarketing... GUERRILLA (Guerrilla) MARKETING.**Verse 1** I ain't panhandling—I'm positioning. Product: Me. The message is a paradox. My delivery system? No tinted Benz, no boardwalk. Just the damp concrete under the overpass, Preaching "Blue Lives Matter" to a congregation of junkies. My voice, a frequency too raw to get washed down the storm drain.I'm not the "shadow" your headlights glaze over. I'm the creative director of the American gutter— My campaign ain't for the suburbs. It's for the forgotten, the twitching, the ones who see God in a flickering lighter. My office? This patch of pissstained earth. Best damn focus group you could ever fear.**Hook** This ain't begging, it's a rebrand from the rubble! GUERRILLA MARKETING FOR THE SOUL! You see a man in the filth? I see a startup in survival mode. GUERRILLA (Guerrilla) MARKETING**Verse 2** You see this cardboard? It ain't

trash. It's a billboard pulled from the mouth of the void. You see this face? Not desperation. It's brand identity dipped in grime and moonlight. I lean in, clean with it: "I don't need cash, just a witness." And get the same static back: "Sorry, I don't carry cash." Beat cuts for a halfsecond of dramatic silenceLike I didn't just flip the damn script. Like I ain't got Venmo, PayPal, Cash App, Zelle. My operation is more digital than your curated reality. But they don't hear me—they hear a threat. Tuned into that old "lessthanhuman" frequency. I'm a mirror in the gutter, and most ain't ready for what crawls back.**Bridge** Every "no" is just data for the pivot. Every nod? Market validation. Every soul who stops to actually see the sermon? That ain't charity. That's brand loyalty, built between concrete pillars and pain. This fire in my gut? That's not hunger. It's faith.**Hook** This ain't begging, it's a rebrand from the rubble! GUERRILLA (Guerrilla) MARKETING You see a man in the filth? I see a startup in survival mode. GUERRILLA (Guerrilla) MARKETING**Outro** My truth hits too raw? Like a sermon from the gutter that makes no sense? Good. I'm not here to make you comfortable. I'm here to wake you the f up. Whispers fading with distortion and echoes Guerrilla... Guerrilla Marketing... ...for the Soul... (soul... soul... soul...)

"I Said Good Day, Sir."

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** A dark and cinematic statement on unshakeable composure, this track's power is rooted in its vocal performance. The narrator's delivery is "calm but cold," but the hook is specified as being "Spoken, eerie, like a ghost whispering through the track." This choice is paramount, transforming the narrator from a mere tough guy into a haunting presence—someone who has transcended physical threats and now operates on a more chilling plane. The song masterfully contrasts the performative aggression of "frat boy mean mugs" with the quiet resilience of a man forged in real adversity. His intimate familiarity with darkness, symbolized by nodding to the devil "like a friend," is not a boast but a statement of fact, delivered with the unnerving tranquility of a ghost who has already seen the end.**Lyrics**  
**Intro** You don't impress me, boy, not in the least, I've seen monsters that'd turn you to meat. And yet, I've seen those same hands give their last, To a kid with no coat, in a world built to crash.**Hook** "The devil walks past, and I nod—like a friend, Some nights you survive, some—you pray for the end."**Verse 1** They told me, "Don't go there," said I wouldn't last, Like I ain't spent nights where the devil walks past. Like I ain't heard whispers that cut through the dark, Or seen mercy and murder play hands in the park.I been where the air tastes heavy with sin, Where angels got ink and their halos wear thin. Where wolves keep their heads on a swivel to live, And a handshake can turn to a blade in the ribs.**Bridge** You think I flinch 'cause your jaw's locked tight? Boy, I done slept through the edge of a knife. Prison taught me not to beg, not to run, But to nod at the reaper and wait for the sun.**Hook** "The devil walks past, and I nod—like a friend, Some nights you survive, some—you pray for the end." The devil walks past, and I nod—like a friend, Some nights you survive, some—you pray for the end.**Verse 2** See, I don't walk mean, I don't flex, I don't shout, I just stand like I've seen what you dream about. Ain't gotta act tough, ain't gotta pretend, 'Cause I know who I am, I don't break, I don't bend. Some frat boy mean mugs, tryna act real hard, Like he ever seen death in a prison yard. Like he ever felt fate breathing down his neck, Or heard his own name in a whispered death check.**Bridge** You don't impress me, boy, not in the least, I've seen monsters that'd turn you to meat. And yet, I've seen those same hands give their last, To a kid with no coat, in a world built to crash.**Hook**

"The devil walks past, and I nod—like a friend, Some nights you survive, some—you pray for the end." **Outro** The devil walks past, and I nod—like a friend, Some nights you survive, some—you pray for the end."

"If you're on my team"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track is a raw dissertation on loyalty, delivered with the intensity of a "militant, TED-style" masterclass. The performance is key to its interpretation: the authoritative rap delivery over a minimalist, pulsing beat frames the song as a lecture, not a plea. The artist sonically dismisses his critics by quoting them in a "whining voice," a choice that establishes his contempt for their arguments before he even begins his rebuttal. Lyrically, the track draws a hard, clear line between forgivable weakness ("stumble, collapse") and the unforgivable sin of deception, which is deemed a "cancer that corrodes the connect." It is a manifesto on the non-negotiable terms of trust, where honesty is the only currency accepted in a "covenant creed" built for a battlefield, not for clout. **Lyrics Spoken** Listen up!! I'm Ryan real A F! This ain't no mother fucking TED talk, this is my masterclass on.— If you're on my team (You're on my team) And why — Alright let's begin! **Intro** They spin my songs—Ms. Ghost, Present Today— and they judge me quick, sayin', "One lie and you cut people off? That's how you play?" Then they preach back at me, "But what about grace?" See, they don't get it. I ain't killing grace—I'm protecting my space. Grace ain't gone, but grace don't mean gullible. Grace forgives weakness, but grace don't trust masks. **Build** You can lie to the planet, scam the crowd, sell the show, wear a hundred faces, play magician, play ghost. But when you face me? Don't front, don't pose. A counterfeit soul is the first thing exposed. Look in my eyes, and I better see truth, not a staged performance, not a rehearsed proof. Fakeness is poison, it eats through the bone, and a bond without trust is a fortress of stone. **Hook** If you're on my team— you on my team. Same lane, same aim, same fire, same dream. **Refrain** If you're not on my team— (you're not on my team). **Verse 1** I don't trip if you slip, if you stumble, collapse, if you fumble the pass, if you crash in the clash. That's one game lost, not the season destroyed— your honest voice keeps the trust employed. If you confess your mistake, I can hold that ground, 'cause honesty builds bridges where betrayal drowns. Weakness I can handle, confession I respect, but deception's the cancer that corrodes the connect. **Refrain** If you're not on my team— (you're not on my team). **Verse 2** But if you're schemin' like a serpent, hidin' in the night, whispering in shadows while avoiding the light— then you're not beside me, you're behind me with a knife. And that ain't a teammate, that's a parasite for life. See, I want wolves at my table, warriors at my side, not hyenas in the grass waiting for my pride to die. I want soldiers who stumble but confess their sin, not ghosts in the smoke with betrayal on the wind. My circle ain't casual, it's a covenant creed. This ain't friendship for clout, it's a battlefield need. And betrayal from within cuts sharper than a spear, 'cause the enemy outside ain't the one I fear. **Hook** If you ain't on my team— you don't sit in my circle. You don't stand in my trust. You don't breathe in my fire. Your word turns dust. **Refrain** If you're not on my team— (you're not on my team). **Outro** Loyalty ain't halos, it ain't spotless dreams. It's scars admitted, it's blood in the seams. It's showing me the truth, no matter how heavy or raw, not hiding your sins from the unforgiving law. One code. One crew. One season. One truth. One fire. One proof. One unshaken team. **Final Refrain** If you're not on my team— (you're not on my team).

"Ni Tuya, Ni Mía (Sancho Sagrado)"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** A defiant anthem of self-ownership, this track's high-energy Flamenco-Trap fusion is a statement in itself. The blend of rapid acoustic guitar with heavy 808s and staccato handclaps (Palmas) creates a sonic landscape of hybrid identity—rooted in tradition but aggressively modern. This musical choice perfectly complements the lyrical theme of refusing to be categorized or owned ("No busques dueño donde no hay cadena" / "Don't look for an owner where there is no chain"). The fast-paced, aggressive delivery portrays the narrator as a force of nature—uncontainable like the wind, blinding like fire. She is not a prize to be won, but the player of the game whose soul is not for sale.**Lyrics** **Intro** No busques dueño donde no hay cadena. La sangre hirviendo, fluyendo en las venas.**Verse 1** Me llamas tuya, pero el viento no se amarra. Canto mi suerte al son de la guitarra. No soy el premio, soy la que juega. Si buscas sombra, mi fuego te ciega.**Pre-Hook** El corazón sagrado no tiene frontera. Soy la que manda, soy la primera.**Hook** Ni tuya, ni mía, de nadie en la tierra. Soy la paz absoluta en medio de la guerra. Ni tuya, ni mía, el alma no se vende. El que no lo sepa, que no lo intente.**Outro** The territory is uncharted because I am the map.

"present today"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track is a straightforward and heartfelt lyrical contract for honesty in a relationship. In the absence of specified musical direction, the analysis must focus on the clarity and power of the text itself. The song establishes a clear set of terms: deception towards the world is permissible, but within the central bond, absolute truth is paramount. The narrator rejects game-playing ("I ain't a Gameboy! don't play pretend") and makes it clear that trust is a non-negotiable foundation. By offering a "safe space" for transgressions to be aired, the narrator is not condoning failure but demanding transparency. The core theme is the prioritization of a genuine, unmasked connection, positioning raw honesty as the highest form of intimacy.**Lyrics** **Verse 1** Present today, just you and me. No worries about tomorrow, you see. Leave betrayal and lies behind, Let our human sides unwind. You're free to deceive the world around, Leave a scandalous trail, let chaos abound. A million in your wake, if that's what it takes When you look at me don't be fake, cause we got to much at stake**Verse 2** In the memory of those who played the game, I hear their teardrops fall like rain. I'm down to chill, for a day, week, year, But let's be clear! no time for games here.I ain't a Gameboy! don't play pretend. I'll vibe with you if you're keeping it 100, my friend. Too old for wasting time on deceit. In the streets, honesty's a rare feat.**Verse 3** I know what I want, no compromise! Provide a safe space, where truth never dies. Air your transgressions, don't be shady as fuck! In this realness, find the trust we construct.If you mess up, just tell me straight. I won't mind, even if it's a heavyweight. But lie, deceive, or try to hide. Trust is lost, in the shadows it'll hide.**Verse 4** Love's foundation is built on this, Honesty and communication, not a bliss! When trust is lost, love can't survive, So let's be open, real, side by side.Present today, no room for games. Footsteps echo, in life's delicate frames. Let our love grow, wild and free. In this reality, just you and me.

"scars write the book"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** Delivered in a sharp, aggressive "street preacher-style" over a gritty, testimonial beat, this track elevates lived trauma to the level of sacred text. The performance is essential; the preacher-like cadence transforms a personal encounter into a

universal sermon on the educational value of pain. The song describes a moment of profound recognition, where a woman sees past the narrator's facade and reframes his scars as a "syllabus etched in bone." This is a core tenet of the "Grit Gospel"—that life's most profound lessons are not found in classrooms but are written on the body and soul. The central thesis, "No cap, no tassel, no classroom crook, scars write the book," is a powerful call to action: to read one's own history out loud and demand that the world bear witness.

**Lyrics**

**Intro** It only took a moment, just a spark, Your presence hit, and pierced the silent dark. A whole new song ripped itself from the silence, A visceral birth, just like us

**DEFIANT!**

**Verse 1** Walked in like a ghost, stranger in the flesh But my soul felt known, like you saw through the mess Cracked my ribcage, handed me truth on a plate All it took was a moment—now it's too late

**Refrain** No cap, (no tassel) no tassel, (No cap) no classroom crook Echoing: the book Scars write the, (the book) scars write the book She said every cut you carry, don't overlook Read it out loud, make the world take a look

**Verse 2** First night, tarot laid, reading me like bones, called me a dirtbag, smiled like she knew the zones. Saw past the calm face, deep to the twisted plots, Knew every shadow, every single messy spot. "Inside that mess," she said, "a teacher survives— teach through the cuts, through the pain, through the lies." My concrete walls shook, scars got violently torn, That ruthless plan you spun, a new truth was born. Every damn wound, a syllabus etched in bone, My true self laid bare, my wild warzone known. All it took was a moment, a chaotic spark ignited, Now the book writes itself, no longer hidden or slighted.

**Refrain** No cap, (no tassel) no tassel, (No cap) no classroom crook Echoing: the book Scars write the, (the book) scars write the book She said every cut you carry, don't overlook Read it out loud, make the world take a look

**Hook** One look, (one spark) one word, and the silence broke One spark, (one word) one touch, and the fire spoke Didn't need a lifetime, didn't take too long Just you and my space, and a new song was born

**Bridge** Life ain't a classroom, it's a war zone And she handed me the syllabus etched in bone Every cut, every scar, it's a lesson to hold Speak it out loud, watch the story unfold

**Final Refrain** No cap, (no tassel) no tassel, (No cap) no classroom crook Echoing: the book Scars write the, (the book) scars write the book She said every cut you carry, don't overlook Read it out loud, make the world take a look

**Outro** All it took (Just one) was a moment Just one (All it took) moment with you And a whole new song was born

"Shit You Gon' See"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track serves as a gritty, street-level exposé on society's hidden truths, grounded in a classic hip-hop tradition of truth-telling. The use of a lo-fi aesthetic, a distorted piano loop, and a heavy "boom-bap" kick is a deliberate choice, signaling an allegiance to an era of rap focused on raw observation over polished production. The conversational flow makes the listener feel like they are being let in on a secret. The song paints a grim picture of a world where polished appearances mask a rotten core, urging the listener to find the truth "in the cracks." The central theme is that awareness is a one-way street; once you see the underlying corruption and hypocrisy, "there ain't no turning back."

**Lyrics**

**Intro** The neon is flickering, the truth is in the cracks. Once you see the vision, there ain't no turning back.

**Verse 1** Polished shoes stepping over the forgotten. The fruit looks ripe but the core is feeling rotten. Watch the way they pivot when the cameras start to blink. It's a long way down when you stop to take a drink.

**Pre-Hook** They hide the blueprints behind a velvet screen. But I'm the one who's seeing what's behind the machine.

**Hook** That's the shit you gon' see when

the lights go out. That's the shit you gon' see what they're talking about. Don't close your eyelids, don't turn your head away. The truth is a debt that you're gonna have to pay.**Outro** You can't unsee the ghost once you've seen the haunting.

"The Paradoxical Woman of Woe (The Gospel of Grey)"

**Musical & Lyrical Analysis** This track offers a sophisticated meditation on human complexity, using its soundscape to create a space for contemplation. The soulful, atmospheric neo-soul production, driven by a heavy bassline and ethereal synth pads, makes the philosophical argument feel both smooth and accessible. The track delivers "The Gospel of Grey"—a philosophy rejecting simple binaries of good and evil. The song's subject, a "walking contradiction," embodies the grey area where virtue and vice coexist as "saint" and "sinner," "peace" and "riot." The music's smooth, rhythmic cadence allows these complex ideas to land with grace, encouraging the listener to embrace the beautiful messiness of being human.**Lyrics** **Intro** She walks in shadows but she's chasing the light. A walking contradiction in the middle of the night.**Verse 1** The saint in her eyes, the sinner in her grin. Where does the virtue end and the vice begin? She's the peace in the riot, the scream in the hush. A masterpiece painted with a charcoal brush.**Pre-Hook** She'll heal your heart then leave it to rust. Diamonds in her pocket, but her soul is made of dust.**Hook** Oh, the Gospel of Grey, where the lines start to fade. She's the sun in the storm and the ice in the shade. The paradoxical woman, she's losing the game, But you'll never forget how she whispered your name.**Outro** Maybe we're all just a little bit of both. This creative output is informed by the intellectual framework that underpins it, a system the artist refers to as the Codex.

#### 4.0 The RyanrealAF Codex: A Theoretical Framework

Beyond the music itself, RyanrealAF has developed a sophisticated theoretical framework—a "codex"—that explains the mechanics and philosophy behind his artistic method. This system is not merely academic; it is a practical guide to the engineering of rhythmic and lyrical communication. It functions as a bridge between street-level expression and academic linguistic theory, detailing how sound, rhythm, and language can be weaponized for maximum emotional and cognitive impact.

##### 4.1 The Kinetic Codex & Rhythmic Transfer

The Kinetic Codex outlines a method for the "high-bandwidth transmission" of dense, unflinching information. At its core is the concept of the **"Anapestic Anchor"** (**da-da-DUM**) , a predictable, bouncing meter borrowed from Seussian verse. This rhythm is employed not for whimsy but as a "cognitive Trojan Horse" or a "carrier wave." Its primary function is to **reduce Extraneous Cognitive Load** for the listener. By making the rhythm reliable and easy to process, the listener's mental energy is freed up to absorb the actual thematic content of the lyrics. Once this stable "rhythmic contract" is established, it is then **strategically subverted** through "Disruption" (polyrhythmic flow) or complicated through "Layering" (multi-syllabic hyperrhymes). This disruption creates "Embodied Meaning," forcing the brain to pay attention and anchoring the most critical information in the listener's memory at the precise moment of rhythmic tension.

#### 4.2 The Boom-Bap Blueprint

This framework details how the disciplined **Anapestic Anchor** is repurposed within the Boom-Bap subgenre to deliver raw truths about trauma and systemic failure with **rhythmic control and intellectual superiority**. In this context, the predictable meter allows the MC to confess unfiltered truths while maintaining a posture of unwavering verbal command. The rapper can detail vulnerability while projecting valor. The result is what the artist terms the "**Grit Gospel.**" This is a fusion where rigid, poetic form is used to sermonize raw, street-level confessions. By imposing the memorable cadence of childhood verse onto complex adult themes, personal history is transformed into a form of "academic scripture"—a marginal narrative recorded with such precision that the dominant culture is compelled to memorize it.

#### 4.3 The Force of the Vernacular

This thesis argues for the strategic and epistemological superiority of using charged, vernacular phrases (e.g., "**metaphorical bitch slap**") over sanitized, academic language (e.g., "deconstruction of a reputation"). The argument is not about provocation, but about precision. The core concept is "**Affective Fidelity**": the idea that raw, visceral language is more accurate because it preserves the emotional reality, psychological intent, and visceral impact of an event. Sterile prose, by contrast, filters out and deletes these essential layers of the human experience. A phrase like "metaphorical bitch slap" is not used to offend but to describe, as it is the only term that accurately maps to the feeling of sudden humiliation, shock, and an imbalance of power. This approach unapologetically prioritizes "truth over politeness," asserting that the most powerful way to describe a brutal act is not to sanitize it, but to find words that feel just as sharp.