WHO AM I?

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The word 'identity' has been at the very top of my mind since I moved to from Connecticut to Brooklyn ten years ago.

Hailing from a quiet town where familiarity yields comfort, the large, anonymous NYC crowds were jarring and a bit unsettling at first. Every weekday, I'd rub shoulders with heaps of bustling commuters, fascinated by the fact that a set of strangers, so diverse yet so similar in their routines, co-mingled for just a few fleeting moments. Intimately close, yet completely blind to the depths, intricacies, and nuances of each other's lives. I knew nothing about the personalities, careers, backgrounds, relationships, or goals of those less than an inch from me. All semblances of identity were lost in the crowd, and there was something so poetic about that.

Beyond the notion of public anonymity, many people I've spoken to admit struggling to find their true selves internally. No one ever tells us who we are (nor should they) — it's up to us to uncover. And considering the impacts of today's society, I realize our surroundings make it even more difficult to understand ourselves. Pressure from social media and constant bombardment from advertising campaigns keep us in a state of uncertainty by constantly reminding us that we need improvement.

This brings me to "Self Seekers," my first instrumental project. While the majority of its songs are only 1-3 years old, the incubation process that brought them to life was a period of self reflection and self discovery that lasted over a decade. My musical being has gone through cycles — at times embracing my inherent desire to produce hip hop music and other times repressing it simply because I didn't believe I had the authority to do so. Over time, I've learned to accept that all music is a universal language, and it speaks to us in different ways, at different times, unsolicited.

SELF SEEKERS
INSTRUMENTALS

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SELF-SEEKERS

I wonder what you mean, when you use the word 'I?' I've been very interested in this problem for a long long time, and I've come to the conclusion, that what most civilized people mean by that word, is a hallucination. That is to say, a false sense of personal identity, that is at complete variance with the facts of nature. And as a result of having a false sense of identity we act in a way that is inappropriate to our natural environment. And when that inappropriate way of action is magnified by a very powerful technology, we swiftly begin to see the results of a profound discord between man and nature. As is well known we are now in the process of destroying our environment, as a result, of an attempt to conquer it and master it. And we have not realized, therefore, that our environment is not something other than ourselves. In assuming that it is we have made a great mistake. And are now paying the price for it.

But most people would agree with the lines of the poet who said "I, a stranger and afraid, in a world I never made," because we have the strong sensation that our own being inside our skin is extremely different from the world outside our skin. That while there may be intelligence inside human skins. And while there may be values and loving feelings. Outside the skin is a world of mechanical process which does not give a damn about any individual, and which is basically unintelligent. Being gyrations of blind force, and so far as the merely biological world is concerned gyrations of libido, which is Freud's word for blind lust. It should be obvious, that the human being goes with the rest of the universe. Even though we say in popular speech "I came into this world."

Now, here we are, as it were, psychically starved. And always there for looking for looking seeking seeking seeking. And this confused seeking is going on everywhere we don't know what we want. Nobody knows what they want. We say yes we think we think of what we want in vague terms: pleasure, money, wealth, love. Fulfillment personal development. But we don't know what we mean by all that. The person really sits down to figure out write out, I say twenty pages, on your idea of heaven. It will be a sorry production. You can see it already in Medieval art whether it'd pictures of heaven and hell. Hell is always much better than Heaven. Although it's uncomfortable it's a sadomasochistic orgy. Wowie, you know hell is really a rip roaring, whereas all the saints in heaven are sitting, of the with you know, very very smug and demure like they were in church. And you see also the multitudes of the saved instead of this writhing wormy thing you can see all their heads which the artist is drawn to, abbreviate them just the tops of their heads in masses they look like cobblestone street. Flattened out. So what has happened then is this. That I. Is an illusion it's an image and it is no more ourself than an idol is the god. But we say it can't be so, because I feel I really exist, it isn't just an idea in my head, it's a feeling, I feel me! Well what is it that you feel when you feel I?

ALAN WATTS, NOT WHAT SHOULD BE — PT. 1

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I think that that true self, that first self, that original self, is a real, quantifiable, tangible incarnate. And I'm gonna find the fucker.

But after a while, you just learn to ignore the names people call you and you just trust who you are.

The most fascinating problem in the world is "Who am I?" What do you mean by the word "I"? I don't think there can be a more fascinating preoccupation than that, because it's so mysterious, it's so elusive.

I don't think anyone presents themselves to me the way that they really are, you know?

To me, it doesn't matter what you are. It doesn't matter who you are. The only thing that matters is you.

We all wear masks, metaphorically speaking. We suppress the id, our darkest desires, and adopt a more socially acceptable image.

Who is this thing called your "ego," your "soul," your "I," your "identity"?

I found most people don't know who they are, they really don't. If you ask the average person who they are they'll give you their name... It's two words. It's not me, it's my name. Then someone will say this is me, but it's not, it's my body. Who am I? Well that's an interesting question and i believe if a person starts to study that and look for the answer, find it.

Self respect permeates every aspect of your lives. If you don't have it for yourself, you're not going to get it from anywhere.

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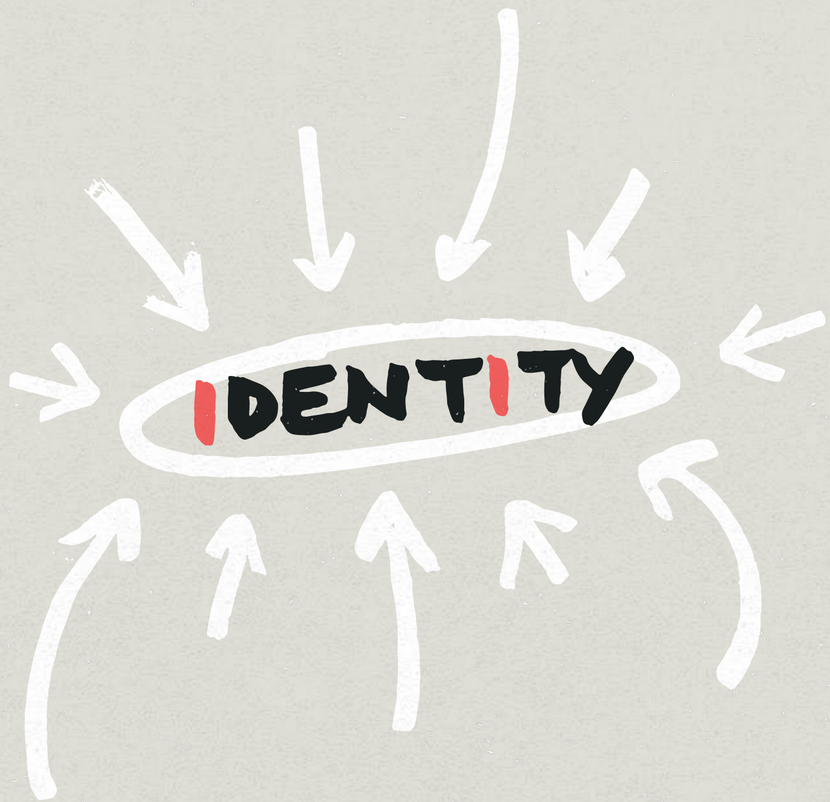

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You Know The Name feat. Wordsworth

My name's Wordsworth, I'm my mom's third birth
Got it made, get paid because how my words work
I thank God that I wake up hearing birds chirp
Instead of burned in an urn or placed in the earth's dirt
Flight attendant said you could board the plane, sir first
Any seat you want, first class, fly and earn perks
The world has turned worse, my niece I just heard curse
Shootings in the mall, smelling smoke from a burned church
His mom concerned about her nails and a perm first
He needs diapers but she just bought her third purse
Killers on the curb lurk, selling weed, serve perps
For their trouble, couple bands, couple grand per shirt
She prefers twerks and a skirt on perverts
Find another man, double, couple grand per flirt
I'm the greatest but, yeah that wasn't heard first
Other hand I'm Wordsworth, a couple grand per verse

My real name Vinson Jamel
I'm inventive, if you listen you can instantly tell
I indented proper grammar and I printed it well
Since I was an infant, picked up a pencil to spell
The block is hot, it feels like an infinite hell
Like walking on the beach finding infinite shells
Where strays graze and causing infants to yell
Low income, where public assistancers dwell
These cops dirty, the scent of the stench you could smell
Black men locked up, getting lynched in their cells
Beat you so bad you lose your four senses and smell
And had the judge and jury convinced that you fell
Never win, that's why they don't convince us to tell
Wasn't holding, how that gun have the prints of Latrell?
Muslims, blacks, soap, oils, incense to sell
What I spit more expensive than a chip from Intel
Wordsworth

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"I, a stranger and afraid, in a world I never made."

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Now it is not true that you came into this world. You came out of it. In the same way as a flower comes out of a plant or fruit comes out of a tree. And as an apple tree apples. The solar system in which we live and therefore the galaxy in which we live and therefore the system of galaxies in which we live. That system peoples. And therefore people are an expression of its energy and of its nature. If people are intelligent. And I suppose we have to grant that. If. Then the energy which people express must also be intelligent because one does not gather. Figs from thistles and grapes from thorns. But it does not occur you see to the ordinary civilized person to regard himself or herself. As an expression of the whole universe. It should be obvious that we cannot exist except in an environment of Earth, Air, Water, and solar temperature. That all these things go with us. And are as important to us albeit outside our skins as our internal or organs heart stomach brain and so forth.

ALAN WATTS, NOT WHAT SHOULD BE - PT. 1

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In my neighborhood, there's a man named Mr. Anybody. He can be anything he wants to be, just by thinking about it. This is a story he wrote about himself one day...

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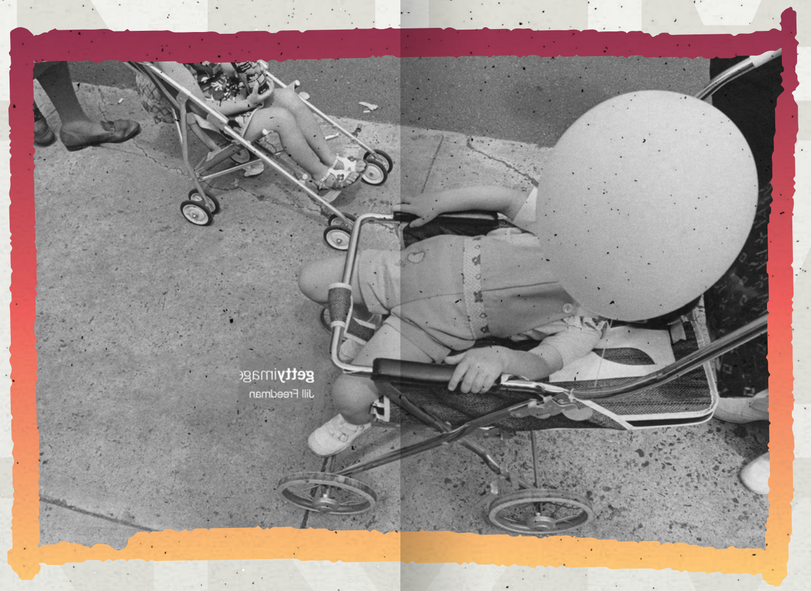

JILL FREEMAN, GETTY IMAGES

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My Weapon feat. Fatt Father and Qwill

Don't waste what's yours
Don't wait
I won't wait any longer
My love is my weapon
My light

Love it or hate it I'm covered in greatness
While some suffer in silence while covering faces
I'm royal for many reasons, let's cover the basics
We up, I've been a killer since immunizations
If it doesn't better my children it's energy wasted
Men will be in zipped up bags
Before I let somebody come between me and my wages
King of fat fatherhood, I'm obviously the king of that
Real talk I was never cool with selling crack
Tried it out for a minute then committed to rap
Implemented the facts, when I spit it perhaps
Some consider me the best, some never react
But I give zero fucks, n*gga riddle me that
You won't mistake my dope for that finicky rap
When I look in the mirror it's satisfactory
I'm good being me, some just pretend to be that
I'm 1000% cool with being addressed as "your majesty"
Some need a mask, some just wear the Hennessy hat
Unapologetic, I save lives but I'm not a medic

Flyer than a bird in the eye of heaven

I am pledging loyalty to me and my section

Used to be the fat kid that got laughed at

Now my size quite impressive

Every day that I rise is an acquired blessing

My every flaw part of my perfection

My words art profession

I paint pictures hail glory but died stressing

Representing deprived brethren

My grind is a combined message

Part I gotta eat, part they gotta eat

We never dying separate

We never take it for granted either

The time precious

Strong mind, this is my weapon

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self-conscious

self-actualization

myself

thyself

self-realization

self-centered

self-reflection

yourself

selfless

oneself

self-serving

unselfish

self-deprication

selfhood

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