

In My Own World (Check the Method)

Common

Yeah yeah, now check the method
No time to get all excited, just write it
From the inside let the pen slide, and spread
The ink on the papyrus, come understand this (what?)
Paint the canvas, givin you my vision
To mold you, compose you
Get a picture of the scene, then get an exposure
Words out my cipher, the life of my circle
Pain trapped inside of me, Cabrini to Ida B., don't lie to me
You want me in your needle
Squirt me in your vein, maintain on the couch
I excite your brain til I'm out of your system
Beat digger, not a nigga or a negro I figure you're
The winner of the bread, precede your thoughts
'fore they come into your head (yo kid kinda nice!)
From the word, I speak, unique, clear and concise
Heads I'm boring, soaring to a new height of flight
And then fight the night
With a light to gain sight make your competition say AIGHT
No I.D. from the city with a beach on thirty-first
Makin all butt crews disperse
Yeah yeah, now check the method
I'm in my own world ("Yeah yeah, now check
the method")

Songwriters

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Published by
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