

# Mesmerize

## DJ Maestro

[Intro: Feven (RZA)]Stressed out in an exclusive  
(This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere, bodododododo)  
Oh my God, I think I'm a havin' a rap attack  
[Feven]Go ahead and call me suburban slums of the chick  
Though you don't know shit about me  
Black refugee, twelve'll automatically  
Shit is funny, the way you think I'm on ya money  
Seein' mathematics, you think I'm makin' stacks, son  
After I eat, the release hit, the more mouthes to feed  
Back in Ave., countin' my gift to Gap  
No shame in holdin' CREAM, but it ain't what it seems  
And now I know how ya'll hate when niggas make the greens, nawhatimean?  
See ya eyes bleedin' and envy Allah in Sweden  
Britain Bahamans beemin' hatin' on my achievements, schemin'  
And turbans, try to cause turbulence  
And my essence, can't none of that shit touch my maintenance  
Niggas all bling, bling, don't know how to handle the thing  
It's not about how much ya earn, it's how you spend  
And I choose life, before any God damn rights  
Steppin' on some Satan shit, but I only fear twice  
[Chorus 2X: Feven]You on some hostile negative vibes  
Negative lies, the style only makes me rise  
To the top, mind states it and makes me wise  
I'ma keep a step ahead and mesmurize  
[Feven]Growin' up I feel like an old soul trapped in a child's body  
Mad strain on my brain but I kept most inside of me  
For sure, was a quiet type and inside a drawer  
Peeps tried to lock me out like, yeah, fun, it's for more  
Straight outta war, couldn't ignore, scenes I was seein'  
Quicker human being, part of Fam, by RZA, one would kill him  
  
Couldn't feel him, period, had to get articulate  
To express the mess, pen and paper and got blessed  
Unless, I make my path straight, when I came, I ate  
I be on some other shit, on the news front page  
A heart filled wit rage, feel the pain after pain  
Converted shit to positive things, I project on stage  
Now they wanna hate on my shine, hate on my kind  
Byut I know it's envy kid, I feel in my spine

Ain't nothing ya'll can say or do, to make me change my point of view  
You better change ya attitude or I'mma get this bitch, son  
[Chorus 2X][Interlude: RZA (Feven)]This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere  
(Oh my God, I think I'm havin' a rap attack)  
[Feven]My crouching tiger, gotta go hard, but still a fighter  
I'm tighter, the son got problems facin' the facts  
Survivor, ya'll can keep yappin' on the cypher  
I'm killin' tracks, do ya own things, pick up ya acts  
Matter of fact, if this is for ya'll to keep in mind  
073-6291535  
[RZA]And sure ya on lead, whether ya hit this bleed  
RZA ger dig

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