Jewelz

Slaine

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah, ha
Come on, come on, come on
Ha, what yeah
Diggin in the crates ya'Come on, come on, come on
Uhh, yeah, Lord Finesse ya'
Check it yeah, uhh, check it out
Check it outYo, my movement motion
Smooth or rough as the ocean
Sometimes, it slip away and I lose devotionMy judgement get cloudy
Then I wanna get rowdy
Like Arabia
Terrorize like Saudi ArabiaMy avons reflects my mood swing
Switch colors like a mood ring
Wifey telling me good thingsSo, I won't strain
Got grey hairs and only been here 25 years
Shed tears for niggaz, I knew for life, now lifeless
When you died to us, was like the Iranian crisisI took it hard, like a flick slow mo' breathing
Prophetize dot of a book, summer night's dreaming
Semi-wet as I write this, dragging the cancer sticks
Smoke thick, Hennessey shots to my wigHalf naked while I jot this
Lounging in my boxers
Dreaming Tahiti, even settle for the Bahamas
I get a bonerWhen I'm asleep dreaming that I'm louging on a yaucht
(Chillin' in the sun)
Bom bout the leave the docks, reality I wake up to
Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel dust
It's just theStress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss
I lust for living a life, a righteousness
With invisible forces stand in my way
Keeping my mind off courseI'm searching for the light like Noah
The flame combust
Upon the bush, forseeing my future like the Nova
Pushing for the brighter side of living a life
A better time, pouring rhymes like wineTill my cup run it over
Temptation on my shoulder
I'm growing colder than a polar bear
Thinking about a bank hold upI fall upon my lap and rest my head, upon my knee caps
Is it a crime that I be dreaming about the G's black?

Freeze for a minute, gotta take control of my life
Gotta hold it like a knifeMust have more then a slice you know
Frustration, mental masturbation
(Confusion)
Life is love living till I'm right be in a illusion
Seclusion, seeing me is rareI rather attain stacks mack the islands on a plane ready for lift off
And spend grands, sipping exotic juice
Laying in the shade and shores
At a fly resort, on my cell contact the D I T C cohorts
Talking to the God Finesse
We tight like Indians with a Mohawk and so onConversation going on, do the math
Dreaming I leave the, champagne bubble bath
Reality I wake up to
Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel dust
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With invisible forces stand in my way
Keeping my mind off courseStress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss
I lust for living a life, a righteousness
With invisible forces stand in my way
Keeping my mind off course(Your working hard for the dough)
But time seem to go slow
Busting your ass to go from a amatuer to a pro
Low budget feeling inside no more can you scoreBad and good fight inside just like a war
(Slavery later foundation for my nation
Centuries before Final Call be the New World Order)2 K's on it's way, no time for play
So, I pray to God, got me on a path of righteuos ways
Even though I get stressed, and frustratedThe best time for me to bless a rhyme
Is to put the pen through a test
(Yeah, I want the riches, the misses on my side on a pool
With the night, when blitzed and magic like a grand wizard)Official O C, a two syllable sound
Three six incomplete like the earth was round
And on that note keep hope alive, striving to rise
From the inner soulSeeing through the eyes of a crow you know
Slow pacing walk forth is only right
Seperating the cause
From another man far from yours(Going for mine, still coming off a two year hiatus)
And in that time nigga's bit my shit like alligators
It's alright though this rap shit is stress for us
It makes you feel like your in a hallway robust with angel dust
Reality I wake up to, my old dad once told me
"How you live your life is all on you, son"Stress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss

I lust for living a life, a righteousness
With invisible forces stand in my way
Keeping my mind off courseStress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss
I lust for living a life, a righteousness
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