

Jewelz

O.C.

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 lounging 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 knife Must 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 rare I 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 on Conversation 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
 It's just the 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 course 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 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 score Bad 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 frustrated The 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 soul Seeing 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 course 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
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