

Therapy

Cormega

To ease the mind I analyze between lines I vandalize
With rhymes, when I recite I hold the mic like a nine
I design like a composer, blow you like a soldier
Vocal mind with the smoothness, move with composure
Grab a mic n' set it like I'm wettin' su'n' with my heater
MC's get wet 'cuz they be sweatin' my procedure
Crimes I design remove stress
Like Buddah bless in the projects I choose to rep
My complex like geometry, blessed like ganja be
If I die, live niggaz gunshots'll honor me
Properly, I be droppin' these lime life philosophies
Criminology, it's just a ghetto nigga prophecy
I got to be laid back, empower property
Sports cars, dogs and a yard lots of trees
Quite possibly I might even chop a ki
'Cuz even when I chill the D's are still clockin' me
Rookies on their fours havin' wet dreams of knockin' me
See me jumpin' out the mean Lex, a street odyssey
So vex they follow me son, my policy, here to make mines
Sorta like rhyme is a robbery, I take mines
There ain't a mother fucka stoppin' me
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at ease
Just, just, just, just, just listen to the man on the mic
I'm Sagittarius, the archer, live breed
Dimes leave keys to they apartment
I snipe MC's like a marksman, heat of a arson
And I'll freeze ya' mind like a breeze from the Arctic
Seize like the narcsters
When on stage I feel weak, you breathe out ya' nostrils
You seek enlightenment you can be my disciple
Son, I don't wanna be in Queens house with my boo
Stressed out because case supreme might indict you
I do what I got to do survive I've slung jums n' bottles
Touched blood money, bust guns with hollows
A man child command crowds in smooth apparel
Write quite illustrious n' live like a Pharaoh
My destiny's to spread my wings like a sparrow
My pen's addicted to men who've been convicted
Every housin' projects I've repped the realness
Son I sit down with convicts, deal wit' killers, chill wit' dealers
I ain't really feelin' niggaz rhymes these days
I coincide each phrase to write so deep my line's engraved
Like a gemstar inside a plate
I'm tryin' to live 'cuz I'ma die one day, if crime don't pay
My currency's defined off the rhymes I say
I'ma poet due to my respect of Bigs' assassination
I rep NYC with no kingly aspiration
My feet stand on pavement once felt by Perry Mason

'Cuz self-preservation is the first law of nature
I clutch a M I C while semi-squeeze
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at easeJust, just, just, just
Listen, just listen, listen
Just listen to the man on the mic
Just, just listen, just listen
Just listen to the man on the mic
Listen, listen, listen to the man on the mic

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