Breathe

Lisa 'left Eye' Lopes

Woman of my own and tranquil key
No I'm not just the L out of TLC
Songstress for the longest
Felt more adappa as a rappa
Start to make what it seems
It's more mind over matter
Have fun

Comin' with beats & rhymes
But it's not so sweet in this light of lime
Sometimes when you make it people get mad
Throw buckets grab, backs get stabbed
It was a hard struggle, meaning shit
Now it's hard just tryin' to juggle this, among shit
So people see the smile
All the while I have an inner child
That's cryin' denial (cry in denial)
Cryin' no smile, cryin' with style of beguile
In piles in aisles of niles
Meanwhile seem so senile, fakes monsters
I'm docile, fragile
I show gentile smiles, I take it a mile

I show gentile smiles, I take it a mile
People don't see the truth, in this booth
Under my tongue, over my tooth (ah-ooohh)
Eight nine spoof of my inner youth
Innocence

So just close your eyes
And relax your mind
As the sounds dig in your brain
Now don't it feel so strange
So just close your eyes
And relax your mind
As the sounds dig in your brain
Now don't it feel so strange
Just breathe and let it go (let it go)
Just breathe and let it go (let it go)
It seems right, do the math
Sportin' laughs, bubble baths, autographs
Awards and claps
The glistenin' only comes if people listenin'

But to a lyricist, chastising conniving, criticists
Gotta earn your bliss, unchill your wrists
I know you mince, add bills to rent
So now you owe me

That's why I'm so into it

This tapestry

Put you abstract, non-skilled folks can't see
I hinted at them, add tracks
Don't care if you're mad at
I speak the past
I speak rash spirits

Universal, helped my lyric rehearsals of the here's Become an adult from peers, much fears, such tears

> Scorned from revelations dawn Things I do like, morning lawns I'm morning poems

I'm morning poems
That now yawnin' on

They're not spawning wands (they're not spawning wands)

This here wand has a magic stick
Throat-wise called the Larynx
Helps me spill it, my utter of a mind
I milk it

So that it hits your back with spiritual parmalat

I farm the black Spirit staff, Spirit staff

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