

# 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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