Mesmerize

emmy moll

[Intro: Feven (RZA)]Stressed out in an exclusive
(This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere, bododododododo)
Oh my God, I think I'm a havin' a rap attack
[Feven]Go ahead and call me suburban slums of the chick
Though you don't know shit about me
Black refugee, twelve'll automatically
Shit is funny, the way you think I'm on ya money
Seein' mathematics, you think I'm makin' stacks, son
After I eat, the release hit, the more mouthes to feed
Back in Ave., countin' my gift to Gap
No shame in holdin' CREAM, but it ain't what it seems
And now I know how ya'll hate when niggas make the greens, nawhatimean?
See ya eyes bleedin' and envy Allah in Sweden
Britain Bahamans beemin' hatin' on my achievements, schemin'
And turbans, try to cause turbulence
And my essence, can't none of that shit touch my maintenance
Niggas all bling, bling, don't know how to handle the thing
It's not about how much ya earn, it's how you spend
And I choose life, before any God damn rights
Steppin' on some Satan shit, but I only fear twice
[Chorus 2X: Feven]You on some hostile negative vibes
Negative lies, the style only makes me rise
To the top, mind states it and makes me wise
I'ma keep a step ahead and mesmurize
[Feven]Growin' up I feel like an old soul trapped in a child's body
Mad strain on my brain but I kept most inside of me
For sure, was a quiet type and inside a drawer
Peeps tried to lock me out like, yeah, fun, it's for more
Straight outta war, couldn't ignore, scenes I was seein'
Quicker human being, part of Fam, by RZA, one would kill him

Couldn't feel him, period, had to get articulate
To express the mess, pen and paper and got blessed
Unless, I make my path straight, when I came, I ate
I be on some other shit, on the news front page
A heart filled wit rage, feel the pain after pain
Converted shit to positive things, I project on stage
Now they wanna hate on my shine, hate on my kind
Byut I know it's envy kid, I feel in my spine

Ain't nothing ya'll can say or do, to make me change my point of view
You better change ya attitude or I'mma get this bitch, son
[Chorus 2X][Interlude: RZA (Feven)]This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere
(Oh my God, I think I'm havin' a rap attack)
[Feven]My crouching tiger, gotta go hard, but still a fighter
I'm tighter, the son got problems facin' the facts
Survivor, ya'll can keep yappin' on the cypher
I'm killin' tracks, do ya own things, pick up ya acts
Matter of fact, if this is for ya'll to keep in mind
073-6291535
[RZA]And sure ya on lead, whether ya hit this bleed
RZA ger dig

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