

# Mesmerize

## emmy moll

[Intro: Feven (RZA)]Stressed out in an exclusive  
(This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere, bodododododo)

    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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