

## Vixen

### "Moment of Clarity"

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Woo! Geah, geah (Young), geah  
Uhh, turn the music up, turn the lights down  
I'm in my zone

[Chorus]

Thank God for grantin me this moment of clarity  
This moment of honesty - the world'll feel my truths  
All through my +Hard Knock Lifetime+, +A Gift and a  
Curse+  
I gave you +Volume+ after +Volume+ of my work  
So you can feel my truths  
I built the +Dynasty+ by bein one of the realist niggaz  
out  
Way beyond the +Reasonable Doubt+ - y'all can't fill  
my shoes  
From my +Blueprint+ beginnin to that +Black Album+  
endin  
Listen close you'll hear what I'm about  
Nigga, feel my truths

[Verse One]

Pop died, didn't cry, didn't know him that well  
Between him doin heroin and me doin crack sales  
With that in the eggshell, standin at the tabernacle  
Rather the church, pretendin to be hurt, wouldn't work  
So a smirk was all on my face  
Like damn, that man's face is just like my face  
So pop, I forgive you for all the shit that I lived through  
It wasn't all your fault, homey you got caught  
Into the same game I fought, that Uncle Ray lost  
My big brothers and so many others I saw  
I'm just glad we got to see each other  
Talk and re-meet each other  
Save a place in heaven 'til the next time we meet  
forever!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Music business hate me cause the industry ain't make  
me

Hustlers and boosters embrace me and the music I be makin  
I dumbed down for my audience to double my dollars  
They criticized me for it yet they all yell "HOLLA!"  
If skills sold, truth be told, I'd probably be  
lyrically, Talib Kweli  
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like Common Sense  
But I did five mill' - I ain't been rhymin like Common  
since  
When your cents got that much in common  
And you been hustlin since, your inception  
Fuck perception go with what makes sense  
Since I know what I'm up against  
We as rappers must decide what's most impor-tant  
And I can't help the poor if I'm one of them  
So I got rich and gave back, to me that's the win/win  
So next time you see the homey and his rims spin  
Just know my mind is workin just like them...  
... rims, that is

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

My homey Sig' was on a tear where no tears should fall  
Cause he was on the block where no squares get off  
See in my inner circle all we do is ball  
'Til we all got triangles on our wall  
Ain't just rappin for the plat-i-num, y'all record  
I recall, cause I really been there before  
Four scores and seven years ago prepared the flow  
Prepared for war, I should fear no man  
You don't hear me though  
These words ain't just 'pared to go  
In one ear, out the other ear, no! Yo  
My balls and my word is alls I have  
Whatchu gon' do to me nigga, scars or scab?  
Whatchu gon' box me homey? I can dodge a jab  
Three shots couldn't touch me, thank God for dat  
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back  
And the whole BK, nigga holla back

[Chorus]

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