

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Erick Sermon, Redman

"Many Moons"

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[INTRO]

There have been moments where I have dreamed of
success. There have been
brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up
remembrances, which
the use of reason of the a later epic assures me could
have reference only
to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These
shadows of memories
tell indistinctly of tall figures that lifted and bored me
in silence,
down, down, still down.

[Odario] {Spitz}

I never was inspired to do a damn thing
'Til the day I was hired to work a little something
{yeah}
I took my money and I played the rap game
Everybody in doubt said I wouldn't amount to nothing
{word up}
Fingers crossed
My mama still buggin' about the money I lost
And the critics still judging
Without a spirit, set out to go get it
Got to reach for the sky
Got to make a track bumpin'
So I straighten my eye at the prize
And wipe my hands so I see clear and understand
To be the man, you got to beat the man
I be pursuing that, thinking of a master plan
Broken scheme and promises
Steady losses prepared for days like this
I reminisce, I reminisce
The hip-hop news
We got to maintain, contain your P's and Q's
We see the knowledge not provided in college
Live the course, dream to be the top dollar
Promoters call us, but don't pay us
Everyday, everyday they delay us
They higher than the Himalayas
Never, ever getting near us

'Cause the problem is they fear us doing this for years
The night time new moon rise high
Tranquilling your mind
And to help us find
{How many moons?} How many moons from what you
looking for?
Originate, black crowd was a Theodore
Regulate, rhyme until my mind is sore
Hip-hop, that's my cheri amore
The only thing I'm known for is going for poor
After putting in work and for going on tour
I salute the young brother that be writing the verse
And the one thing I ask, is to learn to earn
I've never been inspired to do a damn thing
'Til I was hired to work a little something {something}
I took my money and I played the rap game
Everybody in douby said I won't amount to nothing {get
a job}
Fingers crossed
My momma still bugging about the money I lost
And the critics still judging
Without spirit, set out to go get it
Got to reach for the sky, got to make a track bumping
So I straighten my eye at the prize
And with my hands, so I see clear and understand
To be the man, you got to beat the man
I be pursuing that thinking of a master plan
Broken scheme and promises
Steady losses prepared for days like this
I reminisce, I reminisce, the hip-hop news
We got to maintain, contain your P's and Q's
How many moons?
Figure that out, how many moons?
People scream and shout, how many moons?
No doubt, how many moons?
{Spitz}
Yo, yo
We just working in the studio
Trying to make it nice, you know
Trying to make it raw
Some people don't know how to make it raw
All they know how to do is take like leaches
It's not original, in fact it's quite pitiful
I take more than pop fame, Lexus with gold chains
Submerged in the game where MCs have no shame, I'll
explain
Used to be raw, now they playing on H.E.R.
In self worth, subside to sell game
You can't claim credit, weren't the first one who said it
Would have labelled you a sucker, no one would accept
it

Now, it like "dope hook man, where'd you get it?"
Must have been expensive because you straight up bit
it
That's my word
You feeling that?
Mood Ruff

[OUTRO]

In the return of life of the swoon, there are two stages.
First, that of
the sense of mental or spiritual. Secondly, that of a
physical existence.
It seems probable that if upon reaching the second
stage, we could recall
the impressions of the first. We should find these
impressions elequent
of memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is...
what?

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