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Ayman ".Jewelz"

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Uhh, Uhh, yea, yea, ha Come on, Come on, Come on Ha What, yea Diggin In The Crates ya' Come on, Come on, Come on Uhh, yea Lord Finesse ya' Check it, yea Uhh, check it out Check it out

Yo, my movement motion Smooth or rough as the ocean Sometimes it slip away and I lose devotion My judgement get cloudy Then I wanna get rowdy Like Arabia Terrorize like Saudi Arabia My avons reflects my mood swing Switch colors like a mood ring Wifey telling me good things So I won't strain Got grey hairs, and only been here 25 years Shed tears for niggaz I knew for life, now lifeless When u died to us, was like the Iranian crisis I took it hard like a flick slow mo' breathing Prophetize dot of a book summer night's dreaming Semi-wet as I write this Dragging the cancer sticks Smoke thick, Hennessey shots to my wig Half naked while I jot this Lounging in my boxers Dreaming Tahiti, even settle for the Bahamas I get a boner When am asleep dreaming that im louging on a yaucht

(Chillin in the sun), bom bout the leave the docks

Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel

Reality I wake up to

dust

It's just the...

(Chorus)

Stress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss
I lust, for living a life a righteousness
With invisible forces stand in my way, keeping my mind
off course

I'm searching for the light like Noah
The flame combust
Upon the bush forseeing my future like the Nova
Pushing for the brighter side of living a life
A better time pouring rhymes like wine
Till my cup run it over
Temptation on my shoulder
I'm growing colder then a polar bear
Thinking about a bank hold up
I fall upon my lap, and rest my head upon my knee
caps

Is it a crime that I be dreaming about the G's black? Freeze for a minute, gotta take control of my life Gotta hold it like a knife

Must have more then a slice you know Frustration, mental masturbation, (confusion) Life is love living till I'm right be in a illusion Seclusion, seeing me is rare

I rather attain stacks mack the islands on a plane ready for lift off

And spend grands, sipping exotic juice
Laying in the shade and shores
At a fly resort, on my cell contact the D.I.T.C. cohorts
Talking to the God Finesse
We tight like indians with a mohawk
And so on,

Conversation going on do the math
Dreaming I leave the ___ Champagne bubble bath

Reality I wake up to

Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel dust

It's just the...

(Chorus 2X)

Stress, frust, make me wanna bust
Make me wanna cuss
I lust, for living a life a righteousness
With invisible forces stand in my way, keeping my mind off course

(Your working hard for the dough) But time seem to go slow Busting your ass to go from a amatuer to a pro Low budget feeling inside no more can you score Bad and good fight inside just like a war (Slavery later foundation for my nation centuries before

Final Call be the New World Order)

2 K's on it's way, no time for play

So I prey to God got me on a path of righteuos ways

Even though i get stressed, and frustrated

The best time for me to bless a rhyme is to put the pen through a test

(Yeah I want the riches

The misses on my side on a pool, with the night

When blitzed, and magic like a grand wizard)

Official O.C. a two syllable sound

Three six incomplete like the earth was round

And on that note keep hope alive

Striving to rise

From the inner soul

Seeing through the eyes of a crow you know

Slow pacing walk forth is only right

Seperating the cause

From another man "Far From Yours"

(Going for mine still coming off a two year hiatus)

And in that time nigga's bit my shit like alligators

It's alright though this rap shit is stress for us

It makes u feel like your in a hallway robust with angel dust

Reality i wake up to

My old dad once told me how u live your life is all on you son

(Chorus 2X)

Stress, frust, make me wanna bust

Make me wanna cuss

I lust, for living a life a righteousness

With invisible forces stand in my way, keeping my mind off course

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