

Elzhi**"What I Write"**

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[Intro - Female voice sample] Suddenly? - 8X (*sample repeated throughout the song*) [Verse 1] Sometimes I write about the streets and how life is expirin Mainly through a choir then Neighbors inquirin, hearin shots firin Police sirens, been in car chases, I be in Scarface's tire and Snitches per-spirin, cause they wearin wires when They know they can be killed by who built the steet empires and It's hard to get a job, cause ain't nobody hirin And more people get laid off, than retirin I write about the liar, the preacher with the choir and The church who didn't soul search and never was desirin How money's inspirin, the youth and the environment Just tryin to get flyer than the elders they admirin Don't want to be a fireman, cause dealers get you high and Spend dough, buy a Benz and furnish they entire den Look into my eyes again, see it for yourself See the jewel is for your brain, the G is for your wealth [Chorus] - w/ ad libs Sometimes you may hear me writin that next shit Different from how some rhyme You like it when I write that hit You love it when I write that shit Sure you do, don't try to fight that So when I hear a beat, an idea appears (suddenly) Then another rhyme is written (suddenly) I put it down, put it out, you listen to it then it hits your soul (suddenly) Yeah, yeah (yeah, yeah ...) [Verse 2] Sometimes I write about the ladies, the ones with the tatas and the apple bottoms They ones I gave the eye highs to when I got on Because before they didn't cherish me I write about the smart ones, the ones that need therapy Them hoodrat broads, them afrocentric queens And them ones that let you get between their jeans for the green I wrote about my exes, Takara, Alexis To write about the next miss and how great the sex is ones who were sexist, those who throw hexes Crack Beckses and ask you were your Lex is That baby mama drama, them drama mama babies The skeez, the ones who like to tease, but are the maybe's The independent ladies, hookers and them daisies The sane ones, the crazies, the straight ones, the gays, deez Are women that have been in my life Now will it end when I begin with a wife? I don't know [Chorus] - w/ ad libs Sometimes you may

hear me writin that next shit Different from how some
rhyme You like it when I write that hit You love it when I
write that shit Sure you do, don't try to fight that So
when I hear a beat, an idea appears (suddenly) Then
another rhyme is written (suddenly) I put it down, put it
out, you listen to it then it hits your soul (Suddenly)
Yeah, yeah, one more time, check it out Sometimes you
may hear me writin that next shit Different from how
some rhyme You like it when I write that hit You love it
when I write that shit Sure you do, don't try to fight that
So when I hear a beat, an idea appears (suddenly)
Then another rhyme is written (suddenly) I put it down,
put it out, you listen to it then it hits your soul
(Suddenly) Yeah, yeah (yeah, yeah ...) [Verse 3]
Sometimes I write about a theme From out a motion
picture or somethin out a dream Or in a chosen
scripture, a fictional novel The WAIT your alive so Like a
revival, Jesus and rival There's really no rival I'm too
diverse, when I do my verse You, you, die worse Rather
rap shit or battle, decoy, slowly rot Like it or not boy, it's
gon' be hot Street shit, club shit, the flow blow the spot
Like it or not boy, it's gon' be hot Girl shit, brag shit,
your boy knows me not If he ever doubts (boy it's gon'
be hot!) (hot) [Outro - Female voice sample] Suddenly -
repeated until the end

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