

## J-Live

### "Happy Belated"

Visit "[Happy Belated](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

Unforceable, invincible, atypical, enter this ventricle  
Wide open like a child's pleasure principle  
My principalities remain unrinseable  
Brain unwashable, dry clean only  
So fresh on deep, never lonely  
So genuine, my copies ain't phony  
So recognize and give me what you owe me  
Your attention and long-term memory  
Whether in solitude or assembly  
I make (fraggles?) go BOW! Never wimbly  
I got my enemies shook like there was ten of me

[Hook]

Happy belated one of these days  
I survive everywhere (the people wanna be paid)  
So many ways, you must be crazed if you think that you  
can stop it

[Verse 2]

Think I don't command props  
You gotta redefine what props is  
Well, it's awful proper, you can start there  
Proper respect and my product you handle with proper  
care  
Even though it stand the test of time  
With the wear and tear  
To make the grandstand, the new look threadbare  
Still the fact remains  
Those that want to test my threshold pain  
Better be well-trained or they won't last to the refrain  
I am lyrics (BLAOW!) Two to your brain  
I double-tap you where the source of the trouble at  
I'm sure you had to double that  
To show y'all the serious, furious  
I bring the cat back to life, bein' curious  
And scratchin' beneath the surface to a J-Live rhyme  
The shit that make payola-playas nervous at your  
service  
One of these days, even they may play the real shit,  
yeah

Even primetime need a little true school rhyme time  
So let the sun shine on every square mile of style  
AND one of these days our rappers won't be so foul  
As they bullshit their way through  
Livin' in denial like the shit that we say don't shake 'em  
Oh, to you, if you want to teach them the fine truth  
Or let them think they bullet-proof  
One of these days (BLAOW!) Right in the ass kisser  
And don't forget your get-over scheme  
Here, take it with ya, I see through like a cipher  
That's why ya got - threw you out my cypher  
I'm through tryin' to decipher the double-talk  
Double that too, so the biters'll get it right  
And the writers will get excited  
But see man, your bitch ass will never get invited  
To a caliber, an echelon like this  
Until something better was created  
Then I say "Happy Belated"

Visit [J-Live](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.