

## J-Live

### "The Lyricist"

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[Verse 1]

Dear diary, here I be droppin' some shit  
But not journals and memoirs, lines and bars  
I stretch my hands out to reach for the stars  
I'm makin' plans now to live on Mars  
Cause I got Earth on lock  
See my mind is like a muse to a paper  
Cause I'm used to a paper-drawn blank  
Till it's got me to think  
And I just dip it in my think tank  
Fill it with anger and  
Run straight through the lines cause I can't be stopped  
And pose my will on words even if they won't  
For example I make words rhyme even when they don't  
With the ample vocabulary even with the quote  
I make it mind on mind till I'm done with it  
Cause I had fun with it  
Pick it up and run with it  
Score it and spike it and  
Don't take a second to figure out you like it  
And if you think you can find a match then strike it  
It won't ignite, cause it can't fill my Nikes  
With the man made lake and the dam and the dyke  
And the canal it still can't float quite like  
This natural feel brake your move make it night  
Cause my mic sound right even when I write like this

[Verse 2]

I get up in the zone like a super saiyan  
Sayin' sayin' sayin' sayin' super humans  
Wan to say them over drunk n' sober  
Mere mortals make a mission out of mixin' me  
With masterpieces just so they can bring them home  
and play them over  
I dip into theory till I catch their theory, it's scarier then  
waiting to exhale  
You must know by the time I tap keys,  
With relative ease I'll be contemplating my next tale  
I stay steps ahead thinkin' about the reps ahead  
By the time you cluin' in it's your rep I'm movin' in  
It's like a double ban both side screwin' in

Your foot in your mouth and my foot in your rear end  
I wanna get to the point where I don't gotta to crush the  
competition  
Just because they wanna see my style  
I'm tryin' to get to the level where the rebel see the  
power of my empire  
And decide wait a while

[Verse 3]

Let me explain, this is expository while they shut  
themselves out  
To open arms and harms way shook by what dreams  
made  
Force themselves upon pond screamin they pond  
That's why rappers run shallow and my ponds are far  
gone  
Cool like cal gone just back from california and lands  
beyond  
Lettin' foreigners hear my songs and back to spawn  
some more  
Some on, some on, some lost, some in, some out, all in  
without a doubt  
Some rise by sunrise, while some guys  
Try to summarize those that walk in fall but can't crawl  
See I'm hip to a critic, cause they hypocritic  
Its critical to what I'm kickin, just a little bit political  
So consider this a PSA from USA to UK  
Say what you wanna say  
But if you wanna say what everybody else is gonna say  
Just remember don't play games with J

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