

## J-Live "Wax Paper"

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Check, turn up my mic a little  
Yeah, a little more, I gotta be kinda low on this one

Yo, as I start from scratch about this born suspect  
named Nic  
A street legend, pulling hits was his infatuation  
>From birth his first spoken word was "Tech"  
So by the age of 12 you could guess what would  
dominate his conversation  
He had a twin brother borns in the part  
One was dark, one was light, neither was right  
Taking turns letting off shots to move crowds  
With the needlepoint aim and the infrared sights so  
they ruled the night  
His tone arm stayed tipped with the nickle-plated  
So even in the crossfire they were never faded  
It was debated but the still play was overrated  
But they negated all competitors that tried to state it  
Very few crossed the line and made it  
Without a scratch, for every new batch there was a new  
catch  
Often, people asked Nic why his revolver wouldn't stop  
He replied "Everybody wants me in the coffin"  
His pitch ass tried to get live at a red light  
He received 33 from a 45  
By the green light, the change in his heartbeat tempo  
Proved to Nic that nobody was exempt  
So, he took his game from the PJ centers  
To the clubs, constantly getting caught up in the mix  
Slipping through the fingers of the system  
Waiting in the cut to see who'll be the next man to try  
and diss him  
Til one day, Nic was playing sniper again  
Quiet but deadly, picking off his prey from the roof  
when  
All of the sudden he had the illest vision  
It got him amped, he stood up straight and started  
woofing  
His twin bro simply had no idea  
That the killer Nic was reevaluating his career  
  
When his thought process made him defiant

Equilizing similar victims from one major client  
The concept hit him in a Flash  
There was much more to this lifestyle led than petty  
cash  
But his brother just couldn't understand  
That every move they made was planned by the  
unseen hand  
So Nic flipped the script from the new to next school  
Transformed the game and rearranged the rules  
Self-employed, but quest made a transition  
Cornered the market by taking out your competition  
Well Nic's brother didn't have the same ambition  
He'd rather catch his victim than his fellow suspects  
But he agreed something had to change so as they  
discussed this  
He realized his life like "Poetic Justice"  
So Nic's right hand man broke left  
To become one of the well-known 5 Fingers of Death  
Similar ends with new means and motivation  
Cause now it's volunteer work to vent his frustration  
They both grew with time and skills became refined  
At once saw it's essential to read between the lines  
They both like to see their prey dead  
But one was addicted, to seeing a pale body filled with  
lead  
See Nic's brother had a signature move  
So folks would know he was the one out to get 'em  
It's like he pulled the trigger to the rhythm  
Just to make you think that your fate,  
Was signed and sealed in permanent ink  
And don't let the motive be anything more than cold-  
blooded  
Cause then he'll put two times the effort in the caper  
When diamond-tipped shells will drop jewels in your  
dome  
Pull out your heart, and wrap it up in wax paper

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