## Lisa Lopes "Breathe"

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Woman of my own and tranquil key No I'm not just the L out of TLC Songstress for the longest Felt more adappa as a rappa Start to make what it seems It's more mind over matter Have fun Comin' with beats & rhymes But it's not so sweet in this light of lime Sometimes when you make it people get mad Throw buckets grab, backs get stabbed It was a hard struggle, meaning shit Now it's hard just tryin' to juggle this, among shit So people see the smile All the while I have an inner child That's cryin' denial (cry in denial) Cryin' no smile, cryin' with style of beguile In piles in aisles of niles Meanwhile seem so senile, fakes monsters I'm docile, fragile I show gentile smiles, I take it a mile People don't see the truth, in this booth Under my tongue, over my tooth (ah-ooohh) Eight nine spoof of my inner youth Innocence

So just close your eyes
And relax your mind
As the sounds dig in your brain
Now don't it feel so strange
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And relax your mind
As the sounds dig in your brain
Now don't it feel so strange

Just breathe and let it go (let it go)
Just breathe and let it go (let it go)

It seems right, do the math Sportin' laughs, bubble baths, autographs Awards and claps The glistenin' only comes if people listenin'
But to a lyricist, chastising conniving, criticists
Gotta earn your bliss, unchill your wrists
I know you mince, add bills to rent
So now you owe me
That's why I'm so into it
This tapestry
Put you abstract, non-skilled folks can't see

Put you abstract, non-skilled folks can't see I hinted at them, add tracks

Don't care if you're mad at

I speak the past

I speak rash spirits

Universal, helped my lyric rehearsals of the here's

Become an adult from peers, much fears, such tears

Scorned from revelations dawn

Things I do like, morning lawns

I'm morning poems

That now yawnin' on

They're not spawning wands (they're not spawning wands)

This here wand has a magic stick

Throat-wise called the Larynx

Helps me spill it, my utter of a mind

I milk it

So that it hits your back with spiritual parmalat

I farm the black

Spirit staff, Spirit staff, Spirit staff

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