

C-Rayz Walz

"Camouflage"

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[Intro/Chorus]

"Don't camouflage, don't camouflage your feelings"

[Walz] Camouflage..

"Don't camouflage, don't camouflage your feelings"

[Walz] We all camouflage..

"Don't camouflage, don't camouflage your feelings"

[Walz] We all camouflage..

"Don't camouflage, don't camouflage your feelings"

[C-Rayz Walz]

From 41 shots, we +Dodge+ like +Neons+
Still smellin foul, from the bullshit we be on
More than words, YOU HEARD, the actions of speech
I seen a lot of things change, like blacks with money
Cats say they pack heat, but the boiler's broken
It's easy to be iced out when your mind's frozen
The proof is absolute truth, we call it raw
It rains and most still go chasin "Waterfalls"
Excited by the night life, and the trife streets
I recall the pictures of Elijah, starin at me
Now we hustle with the grim reaper, in gym sneakers
Phlegm speakers, when it comes to reefer it's deeper
WE WAS YOUNG FLOWERS, surrounded by weeds
Camouflaged feelings, blend in with the trees
Before degrees, I studied with the fiends in the park
And the fire from the crack pipe made the day dark
And it's still art!

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

You want wealth, search for self, find what you lookin
for

I got a Boogie Down mind, with a Brooklyn jaw

My Queens life through your eyes, my sneakers adjust
size

The speakers through the rhymes (SOUND BETTER
EQUALIZED)

Burn down buildings, pyramids, project piss

It's like life revolves around kicks, clips and script

Chicks in whips here's a tip, hollow ones'll split ya

zipper
And the triggers get you stuck on the Island like
Skipper
And the Gilligans'll kill again; blank spots? Fill 'em in
Tanktops? Mental men; train stops? Adrenaline
Rush hour change, seize the pain seeps
Run straight through every town like Main Street!
My brain keep the days of high-top fades, Gazelle
shades
And MC's, gettin live on stage
Gym star bar scar, act like you doin time
See through the fine lines, cause the mind's designed
as camouflage

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

Bulletproof gun-brellas, for the rain/reign of the tec
Rubber-gripped nines, when task split ya vest kiss ya
chest
for the hell of it, I live where life is irrelevant
Dead friends stay in my head like elephant, memory
NECESSARY BY ANY MEANS, this too shall pass
Chalk outlines your body like a sick art class
Crack is 18 years old, so young but treacherous
The destruction of the hood is effortless, the error is
mad kids be like YO, WHY SHE HAD ME?
AIYYO WHO DADDY IS? This my other baby daddy
What a fuckin shame, I'm drunk in the rain, duckin the
pain
My soldiers slang, I meditate with a migraine
You want my chain? I hope you know white crane
Or get flamed left in a puddle of money, maintain
I want change, tired of drugs and rats, thugs and gats
There's still love for you black, hip-hop and rap, it's
camouflage

[Chorus]

[ad libs, shout outs and DJ scratches to fade]

{*"Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough*"}

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