

C-Rayz Walz

"Degrees"

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[Verse 1 - C-Rayz Walz]

I wrote rhymes on papyrus
Clutch the (?)
Manifest the true in livin' and reveal the obvious
Prominent, dominant
Hand secret documents
And all the high continents mind your means
Only to be awoken by your third consciousness
Honor this
I hold the secrets to life now with my esophagus
Renew my history every time I build with wisdom
So when they go I don't have regrets
Diss 'em and miss 'em
I'm the light and the prism
The glitch in the system
The assertive victim
Who murdered death
Managed rhythm
Got hype to the chill with sniper skills
Focus my goal
Took a stronghold on my soul
And puffed an L just to inhale hell
Conversatin' with Satan
Contemplatin' to add on elimination
Baptize my lips and spit the Holy Grail
Death and (?) arrogance, causin earthquakes in hell
Old people gossip, adults criticize
We all judgmental, but can't control our own lives
I realized
The worlds on my dick so I pissed in public
Balance the skills, some real hate and love shit
For each slug that hit I got a script with the same
Impact with 10 gats, yo in fact I speak frame
Focus on the real cause I've been that
I got a plan for the self hatred in that

[Hook - 2X]

(*3X*) {"Read, study lessons and build your inner
power"}
 {"The next level doesn't tolerate cowards"}

[Verse 2 - C-Rayz Walz]

I play 21 with crack heads
Slap box (?)
My blocks a danger chamber
Strangers chased by gats
I'm the black target
Spit first, make the jam last
Relentless trenches, beats buried in sand bags
Blast back, splash tracks runnin water
My new world order buckshot like terry porter
Raised well, you (?) well like Puffy in jail
Ya'll drink bubbly in hell
I'm prevailing in hell
Stuck in a golden pose like the son of Jarell
Contact the most high before your eyes get the smell
Your head swells
Thoughts get heavy like barbells
C-Rayz born to blaze in my presidential caravels
Chiseled in the culture
Conscious (?)
Do the math like vultures
While the god dwells
On the actual fact my bright light violet-ultra
Biting these words will cause ulcers

{"Read"} {"Read"}

[Verse 3 - C-Rayz Walz]

Subterranean brain stats and dirty train tracks rats
Fuck the fame black in the end we the same cats
Nourishment from maggots, soil for the earth
Life is ritual, death is not a curse
If we send first we are blessed in the last stage
I reflect the past age and think straight like (?)
Meditate, burn incense at my alter
Call libation for great queens and forefathers
I shave brother I come with (?)
Understand in my eyes is supreme colour copier
My afterlife as simple as black and white
Still movement like water reflecting the moonlight
I hear voices in my head and obey what they send
through
Ain't your vocals upon my thought instrumental
Read, study lessons, build your inner power
Sick ciphers, the minute's being born to this hour

[Hook - 2X]

