

C-rayz Walz "Original Copies"

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Here I come, you know where I'm from
do the math, son, I originate with the drums
native tongues lounging, my third eye's beyond
browsing
swam nine thousand, woke up on the shores of project
housing
Genesis, wide wingspan like Pegasus
my gym effortless for turntable terrorists
88 hip hop, certified for net murder
snatch you out the chat room, smack your server
Bug Out poster child, approach the wild calmly
let 'em think I'm Ghandi, then transform to Genghis
Khan, see?
Baby, I bop, so you love me like Barney
kiss my honeymoon, then spaz out like Mark Carney
energy solar, battle moe, froze polar
balance the scales to be some shit, green told y'all
Big mics fo y'all, my crew Stronghold, y'all
one two three four five, that's the roll call
roll call, roll call, roll call.....

I make 'em study, thirty-five to fifty years
strained brains become bloody, eyes swiftly tear
risky peers become queer, you can't diss me
I know who I be like Bizzy
chief rocking, keep watching, soon you'll turn to stone
I got Medusa's head in an Iceberg bag at home
Mama said life's like a bag of chocolates (Why?)
it'll make you sick if you don't watch it.....

You're styles' toy, my homeboy is God Rally
smack wack emcees like they stepped on my Ballies
[New Balance]
the roof's on fire? Let it burn, hot shit
from the foundation, I learned y'all can't rock shit
I get busy on topics, you propless
I get J.U. Ice when I drop it
you ain't def, step, you pet breathe Karma
your upside down peace sign's the V-Bomber....

On battle stage, I shapeshift my mouth to grenades
my hands razor blades, invisible ink

you will never page, I'm splashing
except when I'm gone, you remember the pain of what
happened
super rapping, like collabos with Batman and Mack 10
skull cracking, back smacking, for track acting
make you traffic, grey matter in gridlock
I'm a nutty professor, you a nigga with shitlocks
hip hop, ain't been to sleep in three days
dreams of spray cans, B-girls and DJs
gold chain, cocaine before a crack rock
Coleco before a laptop, flicks in front the backdrop....

We off the muscle, keep the meat rack, speak fact
anything less than truth; you keep that
weak cats, pull your seat back and kick your feet up
listen to the beat, black, now watch me heat up
me and plain pat contact on the same track
modern day slaves yelling: "give me my brain back!"
raps contain facts like maps of pyramids
but I'll cut your ears off, cuz you ain't hearing it....

Vivid how I paint this, Rayz and green dealing
high degrees of patience, stay casing
Justice the Janitor, life is high maintenance
foul flagrant, winner of the ancients, smell the fragrance
titanium wristband, back stroke in quicksand
iron fist, velvet glove slid on my brick hand
my Nike swish land right over my Nick Vans
excel, laid back in Hell with a kickstand
study they movement, like blind ninjas, infrasensor
niggas got on sandals, in the middle of the winter
stuck on six, like chicks, bitch slow your dick tip
flip sick scripts, can't even hold your shit liquids
fresh enough to make a dope feind close the vien
tear my shirt off, just to expose my chain
you know my name, knowledge actions, now
I wanna cry, but I'm so happy I can't frown
like I wanna throw God on the ground
pick him back up and start laughin
run through times square flashin
blasting, just to see cypher's reactions
then disappear, like flesh after years in the casket

a-ha-ha....C Rayz Walz!!!!.....in the house.....recognize
my crew
Stronghold....

Y'all niggas getting gloss in the Porshe and got robbed
my style fucks your head up, like elevators blowjobs
go to jail, while I'm in the streets eatin
hotel suite beatin, rhyme releasin

your styles like Rome, I ancient ruin it
you talk about gats on tracks, who doing that?
Squirtin, don't be the next missing person
first in, Howling like Thirstin while you rehearsing
Maury Povich covering fag rap aerobics
your sneakers wrinkle, my eyes twinkle on some glow
shit
blow with angels, conversate with culprits, blaze form
analyze stars like Lloyd Strayhorn
floss and get your papers lost like beef with the prison
boss,
on a crash collision course in a drunk driven Porsche
picture me in a box bleeding, corrupt reasons
crush emcess like fuck truck season
what you believe in?, thank god if you still breathin
cuz I roll like [?]
What y'all trying to do, we already did it
your weekly sum equals new kicks and fitteds
spit blizzard, for my brethren in prison
that chick, you stick it?, get your ass in the clinic
I vision myself, taking no shorts like bar midgets
speak physics, conjugate a picnic
the gifted, politic and rhyme money shipment
royalties, cop more war equipment
roll with the ghetto fitness, knuckle swiftness,
relentless
quickness, blink and you missed it
C-Rayz Walz in your district
Stronghold!!! FUCK EMCEES WITH NO MIC CONTROL!!!!

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