

Jonathan Emile "The Souloquy"

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Wheelchair jimmy ready rolled on this man
I'm like lazy beaver, I don't give a damn/dam
Track beeping like an electrocardiogram
In a hospital room with a ceiling fan
Lying on my back being honest
Reminds me when times were the hardest
The sounds and the screams the machines where the
cancer ward was
It bring goose-bumps toward this.
Blood-clot. See I died once, this is my second life
This is my second chance, had to pay the price
With a roll of dice homie had to sacrifice
Get a fade, hit the stage, rock it like dolomite
Radar beat beeping like a submarine
I am am hot the definition of what summer mean
I am spring time, I am getting green
Just leave I/Levi, like blue jeans
To do what I got to do, jack of all trades
I keep having dreams about getting paid
And wake up to lemons and make lemonade
Never tone it down, like an octave change
I stay fly, you're a paper plane
All of my friends say I'm MIA
It a genre where it's not cool to work days
I don't play...

Leave the streets torn up like a constriction holiday
Hit the Henessy like I won the lottery
If there's anything I've learned is life is too short
I stand in-front my green like a weather report
And let it all change but I stay the same
Cause life is a blessing and killing's pretty lame
Never front like I'm a gangster
I go on like a questionable answer
We getting paper, throw it like confetti
My soul is what I bare/bear like Teddy
But It seems that Montreal is just not ready
They on marks who get sets and don't run steady
And when I open for whack people I feel punished
Like blocked toilets and stock markets you plumb-
it/plummet
I got a call from Denis Brott

To mix Hip-Hop
With chamber music
But the streets yo they want to hear chamber music
Ch-Ch-Pow...And I am a stranger to this.

Most would/wood like a gym floor
Achieve that much and maybe much more
Crowds don't listen unless they've hear it
And juries they already know the verdict
So I'm stepping in the courtroom far from nervous
I am all about twice as much as Curtis,
Jackson. A dollar man
You follow me?
Twitter me
Facebook.
Youtube, all shook
When you all up in Myspace
And I say grace cause I'm so damn hungry
Life is beautiful but the game ugly
The good and the bad and the desert in between
I make it happen I do not dream
I pro-seed like anti-abortion
I tunes, kill the distortion
Forget punch lines, I uppercut wireless
Back to the future, I am tireless
Relentless? Yes.
Never ease up, never freez up
Who got next? Tell them E's up
Feed him to the elephants, homie he's nuts
Jonathan Emile
For real, the deal?
Mindpeacelove dot com
I'm on a style you can't be on
Okay one more URL and I'm gone
Jonathan Emile dot com

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