

Project Wyze

"Jakobz Ladder (Featuring Cage From Smut Peddlers)"

Visit "[Jakobz Ladder \(Featuring Cage From Smut Peddlers\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

For the filthy mineral deposits in the lower left section
of my thoughts,
I put myself on a pedestal and piss on you
Yo Yas... Bobby... Axel...

Every lyric's a spirit trapped in a mic leaving it haunted
So I drop it like my last breath left depended on it
You can trap me in a sound proof vocal booth or record
me
I'm sicker than Aids patients that are involved in an
orgy
I make you nervous
I was put on this planet for one purpose
To punish any man who walks on the earth's surface
A dangerous wordsmith prayin' for you to stop me
I can face the world like Kadafe, watch me
Yas and Bobby combination like fire and ice
I can have one time and send you back to your past life
Possessed by poltergeist, half ghost, half man
We keep this classic like KRS-One's battle with Shan

(chorus)

This is my world, my life just let me live it
This is my name, my time, sky's the limit
Ha, abracadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
They all fall down trying to climb Jakobz Ladder
This is my world, my life just let me live it
This is my name, my time, sky's the limit
Ha, abracadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
They all fall down trying to climb Jakobz Ladder

Eating so many psychotropics Mr. Hopeless sees flesh
Put a load in em ush into my face and tease death
Manic, depressive, depressed and I'm manic
Never been called a devil, and I'm really Satanic
Multiple personalities in different blooms
Semi-conscious half-naked sluts in feared rooms
Try em all on through percaset in the coke
After the weapon has smoked, digging the comp for
the dope
Pushed the 318 TI and a dip CI to Vegas

Like a once whore then a pharmaceutical hiatus
Hit us all day, gun shots in the hallway
Life's a fucking bag, my afternoons are all dog days
Grip still, save me up in this love in merely
We're ok, after a long day of clubbin sills
Nothing feels like reality this ain't helping
Called bush wick Bill and which eye should I shoot
myself in

(chorus)

Turn the brain up into fame fuck em and start scenes
Leave you in the basement like the Wendy's in Queens
Oops I left one alive
Have a number 5 then return downstairs for human
hide
Brutalized MCs in an alphabetic format
Cuz I'm the reason scientists should explore rap
Trap myself inside of a cage with a blank page
And write a paragraph so fast it leaves time delayed
I brought a ghost to your seance, for the purpose to
see your pain
Tryin to get in touch with myself, but I'm trapped in this
human frame
Shatter my own booth, to escape worse than a spirit full
of rage
I'm not a real person, I'm a lyric with its own brain

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This is my world, my life just let me live it
This is my name, my time, sky's the limit
Ha, abracadabra, cuz trouble never sleeps
Forget about your stress, and live your life in peace

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