

RZA

"Phobia"

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Talking: The feeling of being 12 years old and waking up in the middle of the night and somebody in yo room. Yo heart starts beating so fast you can hear it pumping. The veins in yo temple pulsate as you stare at the intruder. Then after a few minutes you realize he ain't moving. So finally you let 'em hang and turn on the light and the killer turns into yo coat throwed over the chair.

The feeling of sitting at the red light early in the morning and two or three motherfuckers cross the street. Yo senses heighten, reflexes sharpen vision's enhanced adrenaline flows as they rush across the street you leave the print from the heater grip in yo palm then yo heart rate and breathing drag back to normal as you realize these niggas just goin' to the store.

Many of us mistake Phobia for true fear. Whereas fear is a gift from God to be used for self-preservation. Phobia are obstacles strategically placed in society by opposers of positive existence. Through stereotyping, innuendo, false documentation, and glorification they'll turn your fear switch to a permanent on. We can change this by changing the small truth within' the lie. Death is a small price to pay for respect. Death is a small price to pay for respect. You know who it is. You know what it is. Peace out.

Verse 1: Andre

In these troublin' times
a nigga like me be thinkin' of rhymes
that makes my quarters nickels
plus my pennies and my dimes stack
Don't be lookin' for trouble it be finding me
Try turning the other cheek
I understand but never mind that
Yes Sir guess the light is getting dim
at the end of the tunnel tried to hit me for my rims
I never thought thirty spokes
could attract too much attention
I gotta protect my own therefore
I'm heated just like a kitchen
full of pots and pan Glocks in hand
Shots rung out like ringin' the bells
and then that sucker nigga ran
Damn, I never thought that it
would come to this conclusion
the folks that throwed us
on them boats should be the one's I'm losin'
but naw we don't see it that way
in '94 this is the real no time for play play
betta believe the playas on the loot
need to get they head screwed on tight
when it really get down to the nitty grit
who gone fight pipe down
'cause ain't no better time
to crank it up than right now
we gots to see rump crum down here
and I don't hear nobody disagreein'
Orga-no-i-z-e-Mr. D.J. and me and Big Boi

Chorus

So don't spend yo whole life
livin' it for the white
You got a 9 to 5 and now
you choose to live it right
You takin' yo ass to the Army
'cause you scared of Revolution
I'm writing everyday to stop that brain pollution
I got a baby on the way that stress is in my chest
I'm 18 years of age and black so I can picture less
I'm smokin' and drinkin' e'ryday
So play your fuckin' job
educated and black I will resort to rob

Verse 2: Big Boi

See why in the muthafuck

do niggas be acting up
Do they want me to grab my shit
and lettin' that pistol go ruck
See I be gettin' stuck and stuff
havin' to knock a nigga out about my clout
That's not what it's about
see yes indeed I got that weed
like Daddy Q be havin' them ounces
That nigga the B-I-G be chokin' 'em out
and then I bounces
I got that lyrical flow to make
a hoe pull up her skirt
I drunk that herk & jerk boi
thinkin' of future things to work on
I got my fuck on and
then I took my clothes off
Washed my nuts up in the sink
and then I got more nuts off
Cough it's time to be out
see bein' a pimp is bein' a pimp
I'm dirtier than the shit
on the back of a shrimp
Now ain't that foul
the way a nigga can spit that style
My nigga I spit it I did it
Now suckas need to quit it
'Cause it's real

Chorus

Verse 3: Big Boi

Well it's that nigga that be
wearing Nautica V-necks
and Polo sweats
I got some food up in yo thoughts
and that cess off in yo chest
See livin' up in the dungeon
where we stayed in '93
see that nigga the B-I-G B-O-I
that be me
and when we rock it
Niggas be jocking just like ?
you snitch I fucked yo bitch
See and my niggas G'd that hoe
on the South side of Camelton Road
No slippin' in this pimpin'
she was just a horny toad
See I'm a mystery like the
killing of Michael Jordan's father
Was steadily packin' the hoes

when I worked at Foot Locker
I'm gettin' higher than learning
smokin' 'em up and then burning
East Point is on the map
and now my clothes is hurtin'

Andre:

Now shit done got boring ass
molin' when excess closed down
but niggaz kept sewin' shearin'
stirrin' bein' the pharm assistant that missed
of the folks but some people
tend to joke about this
but it's really dead spirits
You can bet my lyrics
now ya wonder why that we
done stopped and got serious
Wantin' to know where I'm from
and where I need to be
Now that I know comfortable
living give me meat
Can I get back ya wonder why we split back
lure us into pitch black dark
but I sit back and spark
another one to leave ya discombobulated
in that dust livin' in a world
where in nobody do you trust
Then hush never became a major trade
but us in major trouble
'cause we made a too many mistakes
off in the past
Thinkin' you could make it this world
and now we laugh 'cause it's all faults (Chorus starts
here)
either way ya go ya gotta pay the cost of the mic wind

Chorus repeat (last line is changed to:
I'm hangin' with the G-O-O-D-I-E Mob Nigga yeah

Takin' you a li'l higher knowwhat!msayin' when you
learnin' when you
burnin' up that smoke so you can choke on my quotes
and get my * down yo throat you just don't understand
youknowwhat!msayin' Organized Noize for '95 Bitch!

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