

Kay Stubby

"The Mystery"

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Yeshua:

There's no, chance of heart transplants of mines, can't dance

But this case displays just a smile can enhance
Visions like Rembrandt but she enchants like a prism
Never asked for the next villain to seal so I deal with them

Daily, direct MCs in my head that mainly oppose, but I suppose to be said

Bendin the script so the ending is flipped in my favor
Enabling me to savor the flavor of her lips, what a trip
But it's not reality considering the tragedy of her not knowin

What's flowin through my mind it's all you'll find, runnin laps to catch
crampin

The stands tramps lamp watch for father to start
Is not aware while she's there, or since when still strange

It all became from the exchange of a pencil
Incidental, but sentimental like a monument
I wish feelings were congruent but she's not even on to it

Intuition tells me she never felt the
Kind of energy from me that I do from her, uh-uh
I'm just cool peeps that keeps the We Be
Fools sleepin, uneasy, why couldn't I tell her
Well the, feelings are deeper than just a jam
Damn, every time that I peep her I just can't stand
To keep the truth concealed but feel too scared
To reveal, cause rejection would mess things up
I still have to greet an occasional meet and I
Be speedin through the beltway congenient
Pulled by a strange force, she's feeding my heart
Appetizers, but I strive to try the main course
A plain loss of words...and it disturbs...

Chorus:

Intoxicatin vibratin through my mind
Bobbin her head to the same tunes I do
Intoxicatin vibratin through my mind

Bobbin her head...

You gotta think multi-vitamins, she's quite a collection,
I invite her in
Reflection might have been, if shit was different, but it
isn't
Isn't, it, my place to forget
That all it takes is to see her face again
Curly crown, right down to her toes, fly high
Light skinned nubian, best believe intriguing
I breathe in, hold the moment seized in my mind
Treatin time silently but reminds 'til I'm leaving
Even her aura glorifies, beauty truly fortifies
The mortal side through the, deft in her eyes
A portal to the next definition of disguise
My best better mission to reside by hers is expressed
As a currency I don't possess unless
I'm holdin a microphone enrolled in cipher obviously
Purely MC related, seems I made it
So my dreams stay sedated, and I hate it...

Chorus

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