

## Methods Of Mayhem F/ Fred Durst, Lil' Kim, George "The 'Notic"

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This beautiful blend, I knew her through a mutual  
friend  
She was a work of art, a part of my heart from back  
then  
A brown skin singer, with a knack for actin, Alana's  
whole attraction  
Just fractionally based on surface, I got into her mental  
on purpose  
And with alertness, as I flirt with her emotion  
Walls we built up out of nervousness was broken  
I reminisce on how this Black Thought had her open  
Wit da energy that got the whole summertime smokin  
very hypnotized  
When it was time we spent time  
It's no way to rewind or prevent  
time from slipping away like day, into the dark  
and the way that things fall apart, will make some start  
to feel more, weak or insecure  
But for whatever reason our relationship remain  
mature  
Even when she caught feelings cuz I stay on tour  
As I reflect on before, and recap the situation  
I guess from experience, comes education  
We set on a path to opposite destinations  
It's best to chalk it up and add it to the elevation  
Then eventually flow on to lost communication  
I called but lost all information  
And with time forgot it, it's not like I'm all in tears about  
it  
But the fact still remains that I miss the Hypnotic

Chorus: repeat 2X

You're a shinin' star  
No matter where you are  
For the world to see  
What you truly be

She was the hypnotic, and potent as a narcotic  
the bizarre logic of it all, is why the clock tick  
pages of the calendar flip, we can't stop it

time will either tell the tale, or turn a love toxic  
now was she real, or an illusion of this optical  
confusion with the accent of ancient Egypt  
or could it be that she's the one I was supposed to be  
with  
and together walked this twisted, staircase is somethin  
realistic  
damn, her lips having me addicted to her presence  
front page material on essence, a queen, imperial  
before her  
adolescence  
and as she grew into a woman she became refine  
I never knew another like her in my lifetime  
so now I travel through a tunnel of space, without a  
place  
on the face of this earth, with this pain gettin worse  
drivin me insane, or release I'm touchin the brink, of  
sanity  
to think of how I can link, or contact her  
I was a fool before, but more wise after the fact  
I'm analyzin how I'm wantin her back  
and wonderin exactly where she could be on the map  
I'm just sittin here spinning the world on one finger  
reoccurring thoughts of this brown skin singer  
yo, the psychotic, the hypnotic, yo check it out  
the most melodic hypnotic, yeah

Chorus 4X

You're my shinin star  
No matter where you are  
Dont know what to say  
Was it true to be

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