

# Hypnotized

Aha Gazelle

Cool

I hope you see the signs  
I hope you recognize  
I hope you read the finer print  
I hope you know your lines  
I hope you ready for that action 'cause it's camera time  
I hope that you can handle yours the way I handle mine  
Now open up your mind  
It's time to take a ride  
Let go of what you thought you knew 'cause you been hypnotized  
Yeah you fell for the lies  
The twinkle in your eyes

Real deep, real deep, real deep, how I roll  
Gotta watch just where I go  
Bundle up this world is cold  
Got a grip lock on my soul  
Got caps-lock on your flow  
Don't say none but we know  
That you not friend you foe  
Don't play 'round like we bros  
Don't play 'round like we bros  
We not the same got different goals, welcome to the pros  
You crossed the line you out of bounds, need to watch your toes  
When they can't score, they start to foul, but that's just how it goes, goes  
, goes, goes  
These days I demand respect  
Too scared to face me eye to eye  
It's why they talking out the side of they neck  
If I don't break it down, I'm gonna lose 'em  
A lot of things that they not gonna get  
The real supervillains working in labs  
Static up against Trapper and Specks  
Bad game of fetch, can't nobody catch  
Got the kids tryna rep the projects  
Build a car wash to clean the money  
Real gangsta's know how to study  
Start a church and start getting tithes like praise the Lord, you know Jesus  
coming  
Show of hands if you were surprised that 45 ain't paying nothing (Ooh, chill  
bro)

Look

45 ain't pay, but 45 still paid  
God move in mysterious ways  
They still not hearing the wave  
Mask off, Rey Mysterio face  
Everyone ain't gonna believe this  
Pride slimmer than anemics  
Throw it up like bulimics  
Real crooks ain't sellin' dope  
I was around all hell and hope  
Thin line between jail and pros  
That shouldn't be possible  
We gave up hella food  
They gave us pot to smoke

We tried to crack the code  
They gave us lots of coke  
Dirty Sprite I hear them screaming  
March Madness brackets gleamin'  
They split my heart in pieces  
The final for this season  
I gave up half of all my hope, I turned my back to freedom  
I gotta pay to save my business, stealing business evil  
These days I demand my chips  
God save 'em, we stuck in the street  
Lord willin' I get my peace, and don't gotta use my piece  
I bought a chain of to show I'm free and can't make sense of that  
They heard us speaking out the truth and then they censored that

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Look  
I was sleep in the projects  
Thank God I ain't die yet, huh  
I ain't no convict but they say I'm a prospect, huh  
You couldn't put fear in me until they took Denario, look  
Change the scenario, now I'm on your stereo  
And I'm back up in the booth, it ain't no photo ops  
Real slick when I'm showin' out  
My brother had to lay his bricks down so he could build a house  
He made a nuthin' outta something just from word of mouth  
This world is ludicrous, P