

# Mage

Chester Watson

Shapeshift like a mage, infinite ways  
Chester Watson raise the dead when I put this flint to the jay

All this heavy metal on us feel like they sent the brigade  
You can the smell the marijuana before we hittin the stage  
Slaves had to break the shackles before they lifted the cage  
So I can't resort to minimum wage  
Gotta put my all in it, record and send you to space  
Morph the zen from rage how I scorch this pen on the page  
Always n ü if I said nü  
Make the shit people used to spin on they heads to  
Somewhere exclusive out in Spain eating red soup  
Is the key to life in books that I ain't read through

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