

Therapy

Cormega

To ease the mind I analyze between lines I vandalize
With rhymes, when I recite I hold the mic like a nine
I design like a composer
Blow you like a soldier
Vocal mind? With the smoothness, move with composure
Grab a mic n' set it like I'm wettin' suing with my heater
Emcees get wet 'cause they be sweatin' my procedure
Crimes I design remove stress
Like Buddha bless in the projects I choose to rep
My complex like geometry, blessed like ganja be
If I die, live niggaz gunshots'll honor me
Properly, I be droppin these lime life philosophies
Criminology, it's just a ghetto nigga prophecy
I got to be laid back, empower property
Sports cars, dogs, and a yard lots of trees
Quite possibly I might even chop a ki
'Cause even when I chill the D's are still clockin' me
Rookies on their fours havin' wet dreams of knockin' me
See me jumpin' out the mean Lex, a street odyssey
So vex they follow me son, my policy, here to make mines
Sorta like rhyme is a robbery, I take mines
There ain't a mother fucka stoppin' me
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at ease

Just, just, just, just, just listen to the man on the mic

I'm Sagittarius, the archer, live breed,
Dimes leave keys to they apartment
I snipe emcees like a marksman
Heat of a arson
And I'll freeze ya' mind like a breeze from the Arctic
Seize like the narcsters
When on stage I feel weak, you breathe out ya' nostrils
You seek enlightenment you can be my disciple
Son I don't want to be in Queens house with my boo
Stressed out because case supreme might indict you
I do what I got to do survive I've slung jums n' bottles
Touched blood money, bust guns with hollows
A man child command crowds in smooth apparel
Write quite elustrious n' live like a pharaoh
My destiny's to spread my wings like a sparrow
My pen's addicted to men who've been convicted
Every housin' projects I've repped the realness
Son I sit down with convicts, deal wit' killers, chill wit' dealers
I ain't really feelin' niggaz rhymes these days
I coincide each phrase to write so deep my line's engraved
Like a gemstar inside a plate
I'm tryin' to live 'cause I'ma die one day
If Crime don't pay
My currency's defined off the rhymes I say
I'ma po-et due to my respect of Bigs' assassination
I rep N-Y-C with no kingly aspiration
My feet stand on pavement once felt by Perry Mason
'Cause self-preservation is the first law of nature
I clutch a M-I-see while semi- squeeze
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at ease

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