Happy Belated

J-Live

Unforceable, invincible, atypical, enter this ventricle
Wide open like a child's pleasure principle
My principalities remain unrinseable
Brain unwashable, dry clean only
So fresh on deep, never lonely
So genuine, my copies ain't phony
So recognize and give me what you owe me
Your attention and long-term memory
Whether in solitude or assembly
I make (fraggles?) go BOW! Never wimbly
I got my enemies shook like there was ten of me

Happy belated one of these days
I survive everywhere (the people wanna be paid)
So many ways, you must be crazed if you think that you can stop it

Think I don't command props
You gotta redefine what props is
Well, it's awful proper, you can start there
Proper respect and my product you handle with proper care
Even though it stand the test of time
With the wear and tear
To make the grandstand, the new look threadbare
Still the fact remains
Those that want to test my threshold pain
Better be well-trained or they won't last to the refrain
I am lyrics (BLAOW!) Two to your brain
I double-tap you where the source of the trouble at
I'm sure you had to double that
To show y'all the serious, furious
I bring the cat back to life, bein' curious
And scratchin' beneath the surface to a J-Live rhyme
The shit that make payola-playas nervous at your service
One of these days, even they may play the real shit, yeah
Even primetime need a little true school rhyme time
So let the sun shine on every square mile of style
ANd one of these days our rappers won't be so foul
As they bullshit their way through
Livin' in denial like the shit that we say don't shake 'em
Oh, to you, if you want to teach them the fine truth
Or let them think they bullet-proof
One of these days (BLAOW!) Right in the ass kisser
And don't forget your get-over scheme
Here, take it with ya, I see through like a cipher
That's why ya got - threw you out my cypher
I'm through tryin' to decipher the double-talk
Double that too, so the biters'll get it right
And the writers will get excited
But see man, your bitch ass will never get invited
To a caliber, an echelon like this
Until something better was created
Then I say "Happy Belated"

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