

# Be Easy

Jay Electronica

Be easy, you ain't really ready for war  
With a bunch a live wire niggas ready for war  
So be easy you ain't really ready for war  
With a bunch of live wire niggas ready for war  
When the drama get to poppin well be at your door  
We can take it to a world you never seen before  
Talk slick get your ass whipped down to the floor  
Be easy, my nigga, be easy

Off top I bring the hot hot shit  
That toxic  
You know how I spit  
That revolutionary Pac shit  
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick  
Sometimes I tell a hater to get off my dick  
My flow is mega-sick  
Your flow is delicate  
Big cars, big guns, the bling, the rhetoric  
Call me Jay Boogie  
Microphone under my hoodie  
You cornball rappers couldn't do nothing to me  
Ultramagnetic flowetic rhyme poetic grind daily  
Divine mind kinetic, I shine blind with the light of the macmilli  
Seventy six trillion years I'm still here  
None of you motherfuckers couldn't match me  
From New York to Cakalacky, California to Tallahassee  
I terrorize a wack MC  
I be wilin on you  
I be styling on you  
I'm waging war with the devil  
The Asiatic rebel is back swing

Pawn to e-6 move, swift but cunning  
Keep my knights on flank and my bishops gunning  
My BL queen she hold me down lovely  
The gravitational pulls too strong for you to budge me  
It's a lyrical miracle  
Pound for pound, syllable for syllable  
I'm the unfuckwitable  
Eighty percent of my life I was subject to ridicule  
But it was the fuel that helped me to reach the pinnacle  
The flow's like snowman I'm abominable  
This war has scarred me but the damage was minimal  
Paid dues  
Slayed crews  
Did my share of dirt but never made news  
The God stay smooth  
Made moves like Kasparov  
My sins like snakeskins homie I cast em off  
Meet the elite throne crusher, the god fearing zone rusher  
Perform under pressure  
Nobody's fresher, the soul stepper

Most of you lames never heard of me  
I'm the Third Ward born phenomenon  
Don Juan sporting the Burberry  
Dipping in the flashiest car

In the mic booth spitting the rah wah  
The blase blah  
Blase splee  
You might find me in the D  
Gettin grimey with the D-A-M- to the E  
Mr Porter in the lak  
Black pearl in the back  
Runyun Ave pack the loud gats that say sprrrraaat  
Where yo mans at now pa?  
He ain't around and he never show his face when it's time for style war  
I'm getting busy with the one two stick em  
Let the rhythm hit em  
Sound like a prism nigga who is em  
Jay Electronica, lord of the rings  
Baptising ya'll with fire water slaughtering kings  
From Seven Mile to Magnolia we crack soldiers  
Somebody shoulda told you  
The rap game is over