

# Breathe

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes

Woman of my own and tranquil key  
No I'm not just the L out of TLC  
Songstress for the longest  
Felt more adappa as a rappa  
Start to make what it seems  
It's more mind over matter  
Have fun  
Comin' with beats & rhymes  
But it's not so sweet in this light of lime  
Sometimes when you make it people get mad  
Throw buckets grab, backs get stabbed  
It was a hard struggle, meaning shit  
Now it's hard just tryin' to juggle this, among shit  
So people see the smile  
All the while I have an inner child  
That's cryin' denial (cry in denial)  
Cryin' no smile, cryin' with style of beguile  
In piles in aisles of niles  
Meanwhile seem so senile, fakes monsters  
I'm docile, fragile  
I show gentile smiles, I take it a mile  
People don't see the truth, in this booth  
Under my tongue, over my tooth (ah-ooohh)  
Eight nine spoof of my inner youth  
Innocence

So just close your eyes  
And relax your mind  
As the sounds dig in your brain  
Now don't it feel so strange  
So just close your eyes  
And relax your mind  
As the sounds dig in your brain  
Now don't it feel so strange

Just breathe and let it go (let it go)  
Just breathe and let it go (let it go)

It seems right, do the math  
Sportin' laughs, bubble baths, autographs  
Awards and claps  
The glistenin' only comes if people listenin'  
But to a lyricist, chastising conniving, criticists  
Gotta earn your bliss, unchill your wrists  
I know you mince, add bills to rent  
So now you owe me  
That's why I'm so into it  
This tapestry  
Put you abstract, non-skilled folks can't see  
I hinted at them, add tracks  
Don't care if you're mad at  
I speak the past  
I speak rash spirits  
Universal, helped my lyric rehearsals of the here's  
Become an adult from peers, much fears, such tears  
Scorned from revelations dawn  
Things I do like, morning lawns

I'm morning poems  
That now yawnin' on  
They're not spawning wands (they're not spawning wands)  
This here wand has a magic stick  
Throat-wise called the Larynx  
Helps me spill it, my utter of a mind  
I milk it  
So that it hits your back with spiritual parmalat  
I farm the black  
Spirit staff, Spirit staff, Spirit staff

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