

## Pro-cess

Matisyahu

Yes  
I must confess  
I keep the stress  
Lodged deep in my chest  
'Til I let it out  
It's all complex  
I ingest all these concepts  
Like success  
When you been blessed  
While you move with the rest  
I move with the best  
I'm trying my best  
But your boy's still a mess  
I contest fakeness  
So, I sit and I listen and let God do the rest  
This is my process

I been rocking all of my life  
'Til the day I die  
You may see me on my Harley riding 'pon the countryside  
For now, I sit back, relax and enjoy the ride  
Unwind  
Come inside, take a breath  
I refocus  
Explosions going off. Take notice  
Waiting for the time. I am the lotus  
Energy come to me. I stay the lowest  
I'm in the cut now. You could never know this

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Like success  
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I contest  
Sit back, listen and let God do the rest  
This is my process

I got vision in the sky like an eagle  
Sometimes you find a land mine  
It's ya ego  
We go up and down on the sea-saw  
As I approach the line for my free throw  
You could hear a pin drop or a needle  
I feel you like the light upon my window  
Pregame, rename and reap  
I refocus  
Explosions going off. Take notice  
Waiting for the time. I am the lotus

Energy come to me. I stay the lowest  
I'm in the cut now. You could never know this

And if I must

Yes. I must confess  
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I'm trying my best  
But your boy's still a mess  
I contest  
Sit back, listen and let God do the rest  
This is my process

This is my process  
It's no contest  
I know I'm not the best  
But my—  
My heart and my soul is in this