

# Blahzay Blahzay, Pain I Feel

We'd like to dedicate this particular tune  
to all to all to all the hell of ya from wherever

"(Sample from [[Channel Live:Mad Izm]])"  
Cause there's all these weak rappers steady making hits, fuck that!

"Verse One:"

I drop clarity like kerotene, everytime I speak out  
Rappers freak out, but never stick their necks too deep out  
And touch the live wire, gettin live like from gaya inner  
Jim Jones kool-aid you got mad reason to be afraid  
You ain't ready, rhymes are petty, never lyrical  
It's a miracle they need to reign as they ???  
To get blessed, East vs. West, we never on that  
Cause the rugged format you can't get from where you're born at  
So learn this, to burn this, you gotta earn this with your rap style be the firmest,  
Forget about your color of epidermis  
For advantages, there's bandages, whatever your language is  
You be in Danger like that Blahzay triangle is  
The Blah being mind freein  
Not the fatigue wearin jewels glarin rapper, you used to seein  
Absestos study lessons to make impressions  
The P's come and squeal on the real I'm mad excited I got my deal but still...

"Chorus:"

"(Sample from [[Main Source:Looking At The Front Door]])" You don't know the pain I feel  
"(Channel Live)" Cause there's all these weak rappers steady making hits, fuck that!  
Cuz cuz cuz you don't know the pain I feel  
Cause there's all these weak rappers steady making hits  
You don't know the pain I feel  
Cause there's all these weak rappers steady making hits, fuck that!  
Cuz cuz cuz you, cuz, cuz you don't know the pain I feel  
Cause there's all these weak, rappers, steady making hits

"Verse Two:"

Now everybody lamp go ahead get amped for your camp  
Without no harmony your Normandy would have never been the champ  
And let me mention, no racial tension the way the rule goes  
I flows with bros, PF flows with papa chulos  
We combine cluster, you can't muster break your ligaments  
Building my predicaments, living with the immigrants  
See special blow your vest or do it thorough  
That's blurro, my referral don't try to rally up your borough  
Just warm, stay calm if you don't got steel in your palm you'll peel me,  
I'm top rank I got more lines than the Yanks uni-  
form, carry on screamin on MC's  
Running around together only bonded by smoking trees  
Chronic, my tonic make you vomit for teamin up  
Bringin the drama, be blank comma blank comma  
Read it, singers get weeded, then conceded  
But you don't know the pain, so watch how you feed it to me

"(Chorus)"

"Verse Three:"

Comin with with the raw tech, strong like Gortex  
Rappers get more plex, as they make their name off all fetch  
and unrealistic, your neighbor crew know you're ballistic  
Your statistic ain't mistic, under that talk we know who is it  
So stay busy, keep touring Your hood is roaring,  
it's not a place for pussycats to be exploring  
Your plan lock it, you bandwagon just to start a rival  
Without skills you better check for your own survival

And feel the pain rappers talk a good John Wayne but look stupid  
You be trying to play us like a groupie  
With your rap staff you riff and raff I listen and laugh,  
In town you down out of town you get sent ass  
And you don't know the pain...

"(Chorus)"