

Emanon, Count Your Blessings

Since I'm number one I simply don't understand
Why these two-face niggaz trying to take from my hands
'Cause I'm three times doper than they ever could amount
They square like four corners leave them down for the count
So you could either give me dap or give me high five
Using my sixth sense to stay alive in the streets black
All across the map and seven continents
I'm the eighth wonder why I get so much complements
On my raps shootem out like nine millimeter gats
At these wannabe cowboys with ten gallon hats.
Exile and aloe dropping more bounce to the ounce
When we knock them out the box leave them down for the count

You know you better count your blessings
Aloe Blacc and Exile and they drop a lesson
You don't really want for EMANON to step in
They kill and the skill is a lethal weapon
So if you're tripping
Then count your blessings

Whena we cyan't see eye to eye like eleven
Me and my twelve disciples on a highway to heaven
Keep my symbolism thirteen deep just like a mason
Saturday the fourteenth, I'ma play Jason
Murdarah! mash out on fifteens
Just like Christine on her sweet sixteen
Candles on a cake for seventeen party pranksters
Or eighteenth street barrio gangstas, for real
Who spent nineteen years upstate for selling crack
Back out on the street and selling dubs sacks ---
Bringing rhythms that bang out in extra large amounts
We rise to the occasion leave'em down for the count

I done passed 21 but I none sip the gin and juice
Plus the microphone is my gun my tounge's a deuce deuce
When I rhyme I got more hang is similar to 23
You can see me shooting the gift like it's Christmas eve
And I'm calling the shots, rushing like a quarterback
Manipulating all of these letters within the alphabet
Stay shining like the 27th state
Avoid the feminine kind on day 28
I'm leap day make you jump out your seat
But on February 30th you never see me creep
Verbal arithmetics Dream Sequence will pounce
On any crew who want to bring it leave them down for the count