

# Project Wyze, Jakobz Ladder (Featuring Cage Fr

For the filthy mineral deposits in the lower left section of my thoughts,  
I put myself on a pedestal and piss on you  
Yo Yas... Bobby... Axel...

Every lyric's a spirit trapped in a mic leaving it haunted  
So I drop it like my last breath left depended on it  
You can trap me in a sound proof vocal booth or record me  
I'm sicker than Aids patients that are involved in an orgy  
I make you nervous  
I was put on this planet for one purpose  
To punish any man who walks on the earth's surface  
A dangerous wordsmith prayin' for you to stop me  
I can face the world like Kadafe, watch me  
Yas and Bobby combination like fire and ice  
I can have one time and send you back to your past life  
Possessed by poltergeist, half ghost, half man  
We keep this classic like KRS-One's battle with Shan

(chorus)

This is my world, my life just let me live it  
This is my name, my time, sky's the limit  
Ha, abracadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya  
They all fall down trying to climb Jakobz Ladder  
This is my world, my life just let me live it  
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Eating so many psychotropics Mr. Hopeless sees flesh  
Put a load in em ush into my face and tease death  
Manic, depressive, depressed and I'm manic  
Never been called a devil, and I'm really Satanic  
Multiple personalities in different blooms  
Semi-conscious half-naked sluts in feared rooms  
Try em all on through percaset in the coke  
After the weapon has smoked, digging the comp for the dope  
Pushed the 318 TI and a dip CI to Vegas  
Like a once whore then a pharmaceutical hiatus  
Hit us all day, gun shots in the hallway  
Life's a fucking bag, my afternoons are all dog days  
Grip still, save me up in this love in merely  
We're ok, after a long day of clubbin sills  
Nothing feels like reality this ain't helping  
Called bush wick Bill and which eye should I shoot myself in

(chorus)

Turn the brain up into fame fuck em and start scenes  
Leave you in the basement like the Wendy's in Queens  
Oops I left one alive  
Have a number 5 then return downstairs for human hide  
Brutalized MCs in an alphabetic format  
Cuz I'm the reason scientists should explore rap  
Trap myself inside of a cage with a blank page  
And write a paragraph so fast it leaves time delayed  
I brought a ghost to your seance, for the purpose to see your pain  
Tryin to get in touch with myself, but I'm trapped in this human frame  
Shatter my own booth, to escape worse than a spirit full of rage  
I'm not a real person, I'm a lyric with its own brain

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This is my world, my life just let me live it  
This is my name, my time, sky's the limit  
Ha, abracadabra, cuz trouble never sleeps  
Forget about your stress, and live your life in peace