

# Project Wyze, Nothings What It Seems

Ladies and Gentlemen

Presenting the outrageous

Like music without the limelight

A guitarist without stages - without gimmicks

Watch me I'm a lion without cages

I'm free styling with no pages

Like wine I'm ageless

Face it, I'm spoken word without being a poet

So you can rewind, take my last line and quote it

I'm dangerous like car wrecks without the drunk driver

I'm that island that traps you and votes you off like survivor

I'm MacGyver without that red switchblade

I'm man-made

I'm graffiti on the walls without the aerosol spray

I'm a 30 second delay, without the time limit

I'm a shark-infested ocean - I dare you to dive in it

I'm that gold chain ready to be snatched from your neck

I'm that aids virus when you don't practise safe sex

I'm that hole in your latex

I'm the sun without Cali

I'm like 90210 without that last season finale

I'm a biker ally without the Harley Davidson

You're a golden state warrior without Antawn Jamison

I'm your last bit of oxygen

I'm Waco Texas

I'm a 13-year-old kid stealing your Lexus

I'm a trilogy without the second and third sequels

I'm a crash test dummy without the smashed up vehicle

I'm everything you dream of I'm life without death

I'm a respirator holding on to your last breath

I'm Bill Gates' Microsoft without Silicon Valley

I'm a natural born killer without Micky and Mallory

I'm a chair being thrown around at a bobby night (sp?) practise

I'm a cross between rival gangs and celebrity death matches

I attack this like pythons - I'm a living icon

You wanna see apocalypse then turn my mic on

Rewind this, I'm timeless like broken down watches

You're unheard of like a demo tape in a record label's office

I'm the matrix without a glitch - I'm a swarm of locusts

I'm your hydro being cut off - I'm an eviction notice

I'm the closest thing to perfect - I'm a wordsmith

Put on this planet for one purpose

To punish any man who walk on the earth's surface

I make you nervous

I'm phantom of the opera without the curtains

I'm a haunted castle without the ghost in the attic

You're top gun without Maverick

I'm the soldier without the static

I'm that love bug virus that made your computer crash

The most dangerous 3-letter word is Yas

I'm ready to take off like chance at taking master car devices

I can invade your privacy like FBI devices

I'm that thin line between love and hate - for heaven's sake

It's Friday the 13th at camp Crystal Lake

I'm professional, that's unquestionable, I'm amatuer

I'm real live TV - The Truman Show without the camera

I'm a police sketch on the front page of your paper

I make your heart beat skip like a broken cd player

I'm ticking, you can time me, with 5 seconds left

I am what I am so try and follow this

I'm a song without a chorus

I'm drums without sticks

I'm a bass without an amp

I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume  
I'm a verse without rhyme  
So just incase you missed it I'ma sing it twice  
I'm a song without a chorus  
I'm drums without sticks  
I'm a bass without an amp  
I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume  
I'm a verse without a theme  
I am what I am but nothing's what it seems

I'm ready to strike back like Jedi master mind tricks  
I'm ready to fight back like inner city violence  
I'm ready to break through like prisoners in Alcatraz  
I'm ready to take you to a place you can't last  
I'm your last laugh without a punch line  
I'm a shoot out like Columbine High at lunchtime  
I'm feelings that are bottled up without any denying  
I'm the whole Titanic without any audiences crying  
I'm silent, quiet, hushed like a kiss  
I am what I am so try and follow this

I'm a song without a chorus  
I'm drums without sticks  
I'm a bass without an amp  
I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume  
I'm a verse without rhyme  
So just incase you missed it I'ma sing it twice  
I'm a song without a chorus  
I'm drums without sticks  
I'm a bass without an amp  
I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume  
I'm a verse without a theme  
I am what I am but nothing's what it seems

Cut like a guillotine  
Cut-cut-cut- like a guillo-guillo-guillotine  
Cut-cut-cut- like a guillo-guillo-guillotine  
Cut-cut-cut- like a guillo-guillo-guillotine

I feel like I've been lost  
I runaway like police detectives at a crime scene  
I'll shut you down with split second timing  
Watch me deny you like a cross motor inspection  
I can stand in front of a mirror without a reflection  
I'm your train of thought without it's second-guessing  
I'm a hitchhiker you see without any sense of direction  
I'm a verse playing myself - by myself no one can stop me  
I'm a complete song without the help from Yas or Bobby

I'm a song without a chorus  
I'm drums without sticks  
I'm a bass without an amp  
I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume  
I'm a verse without rhyme  
So just incase you missed it I'ma sing it twice  
I'm a song without a chorus  
I'm drums without sticks  
I'm a bass without an amp  
I'm guitars without picks  
I'm a mic without volume

I'm a verse without a theme  
I am what I am but nothing's what it seems