

The RZA, Mesmurize

(Intro: Feven (RZA))

Stressed out in an exclusive

(This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere, bodododododo)

Oh my God, I think I'm a havin' a rap attack

(Feven)

Go ahead and call me suburban slums of the chick

Though you don't know shit about me

Black refugee, twelve'll automatically

Shit is funny, the way you think I'm on ya money

Seein' mathematics, you think I'm makin' stacks, son

After I eat, the release hit, the more mouthes to feed

Back in Ave., countin' my gift to Gap

No shame in holdin' CREAM, but it ain't what it seems

And now I know how ya'll hate when niggas make the greens, nawhatimean?

See ya eyes bleedin' and envy Allah in Sweden

Britain Bahamans beemin' hatin' on my achievements, schemin'

And turbans, try to cause turbulence

And my essence, can't none of that shit touch my maintenance

Niggas all bling, bling, don't know how to handle the thing

It's not about how much ya earn, it's how you spend

And I choose life, before any God damn rights

Steppin' on some Satan shit, but I only fear twice

(Chorus 2X: Feven)

You on some hostile negative vibes

Negative lies, the style only makes me rise

To the top, mind states it and makes me wise

I'ma keep a step ahead and mesmurize

(Feven)

Growin' up I feel like an old soul trapped in a child's body

Mad strain on my brain but I kept most inside of me

Peeps tried to lock me out like, yeah, fun, it's for more

For sure, was a quiet type and inside a drawer

Straight outta war, couldn't ignore, scenes I was seein'

Quicker human being, part of Fam, by RZA, one would kill him

Couldn't feel him, period, had to get articulate

To express the mess, pen and paper and got blessed

Unless, I make my path straight, when I came, I ate

I be on some other shit, on the news front page

A heart filled wit rage, feel the pain after pain

Converted shit to positive things, I project on stage

Now they wanna hate on my shine, hate on my kind

Byut I know it's envy kid, I feel in my spine

Ain't nothing ya'll can say or do, to make me change my point of view

You better change ya attitude or I'mma get this bitch, son

(Chorus 2X)

(Interlude: RZA (Feven))

This is a Wu-Tang International world premiere

(Oh my God, I think I'm havin' a rap attack)

(Feven)

My crouching tiger, gotta go hard, but still a fighter

Survivor, ya'll can keep yappin' on the cypher

I'm tighter, the son got problems facin' the facts

I'm killin' tracks, do ya own things, pick up ya acts

Matter of fact, if this is for ya'll to keep in mind

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(RZA)

And sure ya on lead, whether ya hit this bleed

RZA ger dig kta grejer (RZA gives you the real stuff)

(Feven)

If you ain't been through shit, how can ya know shit?

If you talk that shit, if ya get ya bones split

I been bitin' my tongue, every time I heard somethin'

But now it's on, and keep in mind where I'm from

(Chorus 2X)