

Memphis Bleek, Hypnotic

(feat. Jay-Z & Beanie Sigel)

(Beanie Sigel)

roll a " and burn a incint
it's like magic when i invent
this shit that i present
yo turn my levels up a izinch
and drop the trebble down the pizinch
and let the bass commence
to relax your nerves
it's like a paintin with no color it's-why i attach the words
my mind the brush, my life the canvas, the world, the easel
combines a perfect picture for people
my words is colorful like autumn
the way they fall on the track like leaves when i record em'
there's nothin like it when i write
and i don't print, i invent it and predict it like a psychic
pull down the shades on the windows of your soul
and gaze into your mind and watch the wisdom unfold
i was taught when your vision's impaired
the wisdom is there
a message from Big Homey couldn't-have sent it no clear
i know the flow is like hypnotic
and tightest tip when i drop it with no particular topic
type shit that can't be bitten so stop it
type shit that can't be re-written on copy
by kinko, kodak, fuji films
kin-folk know that groovy hymns
spit by him'll put the gospel to you
catch some little higher learning from a sermon once i drop it to you
hypnotic...hypnotic...
my flow is like hypnotic...
the flow is like hypnotic...
my flow is like hypnotic...

(Memphis Bleek)

so roll a " and light a incint
it's like magic when i event
this shit that i present
it's not a secret when i speak it
i know that hatin' isn't physical but dawg i could peep it
it's like a preacher preachin' his scripts or psychic readin' a palm
lines give me what i write in-this song
the book is now open so let the story be told
i enter through your mind and exit the back of your soul
that could push you to some insight
a shine like a headlight
Pickeny diamond watch me get right
i'm that nice
words is a cure that help me heal up a heart
words can become that evil game that help me get what i want..uh
you start where you end, you end where you start
i am the light of the situation i overshine dark
give you the pen, the book, the word, the truth, the sight, the mind
i put it down, you call it a rhyme, i call it a sign
i predict the unpredictable
heaven is invisible, but hell isn't physical
let me stop with the spiritual.. whoa
let me spit at you, show you how to move with no vehicle
come through your speakers
into/enter your ear, end up in paragraphs
tellin' your man of what you hear
cuz, spit it i often roll it tighter than chronic
styles versatile meanwhile it's hypnotic

hypnotic...hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...

(Jay-Z)

pass the dutchie if you was ill
take one to the grizzill
tell me what you fizzill
it's like a complicated puzzle unravelin', mind travelin', with no particular flight patterin
speak the language of the lizand
desert feeds worm, worm feeds falcon, falcon feeds man ..uh
only the strong survive, so if you along for the ride strap your boots and leave your thongs inside..u
we experience turbulence in urban environments daily, rarely it's acquired
we riot like Israelis
why am i here that question overwhelms me
i am a gangsta, Dr. Melfi couldn't help me
i am a thinker, my mind fixes all that L's/ills me the perfect elixir
i trust mines will never fail me
i let my speech unfold, i reach deep inside the seed of my soul and i got it
hypnotic...hypnotic....
my style is just hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...
my style is just hypnotic...
my style.. hypnotic..
and we out, we out