

Pre-Occupied

Jon Bellion

Wu-Tang raised me, Death Cab changed me
You should go and ask Rihanna if the pen game's crazy
My artistry is everything, that's my baby
But when it comes to publishing, it's fuck you, pay me
Don't be mad cause that records that you cut sound lazy
And everything I'm cooking, sounding nuts like rabies (uh)
I hate rappers, please don't call me
Give me urinal suggestions like please don't stall me
Don't play for me, I'll be yawning
How I'm doing pop melodies and you sound corny
Now everybody trying to hang around like awnings
Me and my people linking in the park like crawling
Things seem Rocky, Drago, Ivan
No cash, broke bad, so damn Heisen-
Berg, check the chemistry, I found this hybrid
It's Dilla in the pocket but it's so Paul Simon
It took a little while for your mind to find it
But once you see the genius it's intimidating, isn't it?

Uh, isn't it? Uh, isn't it?
Uh, isn't it? Uh, isn't it?
Took a little while for your mind to find it
But once you saw the genius, it's intimidating, isn't it?
Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it?

They told me that my attention span aligns
Somewhat with the child or a fly, yeah
They didn't understand that I saw signs
Hearing things but now they realize
That the woman that I prayed for became my wife
And dreams that I wrote down, they came to life
I figured out there's money in my mind
I'm glad I lived my life preoccupied

You need to get that bag out my face
God made me a full-blown genius
What the fuck I need coke for?

Outkast raised me, Lupe changed me
Now I do things with words to make you lames praise me
Whether Liu Kang or Luke James or Usain maybe
Feeling flyer than a jet son, I'm oh so Spacely
Now everybody clueless, how the flow so crazy
Got me dashing with an actress, lookin' oh so Stacey
I hate rappers and I really mean it
Trying to ball with the kid will get you sunned like Phoenix
Rather ball you up, feather and tarred
Until you're harder than sparring with Mayweather with leather Spaldings
This is my calling, so I answer it with bars, but not for services
For hurting any person verses me, I've been rhyming since nurseries
Third degree burns, emerge from the furnace, get close to me
While I'm roasting one of these pigs, my flow is rotisserie
It's a pity that all these hoes slipping out of their hosiery
Won't get a hold of me, I slip through their fingers like Rosaries
Been waiting for you to find it, so I leave it where it's supposed to be
Cause once you see the genius, it's intimidating isn't it?

Isn't it? Isn't it?
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Isn't it? Isn't it?

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