

## 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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But once you see the genius, it's intimidating, isn't it?  
Isn't it? Isn't it?

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