

# Layers

Royce da 5'9"

Look at you, no pleasure in creative thinking,  
because you don't think creatively anymore.  
The real joy of being a human being is to be able to use your mind in the manner  
that the Almighty God has designed the human mind to do

Tug of war and my mind's like a clash of the titans  
Thoughts contrast so it's layers to my writin'  
God fearin', but I'm Guy Fisher  
Yeah, God hearin', but I'm gone fishin'  
I'm an artist, drug dealer, foreign car keys  
Drop jewels so these falcons like the Maltese  
Birds in the trunk so these keys, now they homin'  
Letters and numbers on the Coupe like it's Roman  
Woo, all black like the omen  
Kim said it, yup, BIG wrote it  
So I'm feeling like a Greek God when I quote it  
Lightyears ahead, but I was caught up in the moment  
Moment of clarity, moment of silence  
Burner on my waist, yet I'm saying stop the violence  
Sitting on that white horse, look at prince valiant  
Dad shakes his head cause the worst waste his talents  
I philosophize for them Pitchfork scholars  
Devil on my shoulder and the pitchfork follows  
Poking at my problems, I know how to solve 'em  
With a ski mask, automatic or revolver

A slave is one whose power and authority is ruled over  
by another and whose sphere of freedom is limited according to the wishes of  
a master.

Your power and authority is ruled over by another and your sphere of freedom  
of activity is governed by the wishes of somebody else

Them niggas wanna see me runnin', they know I won't  
They say misery loves company, no, I don't  
Ain't got no time for you to try on no Manolo Blahniks  
All I got time to do is go back in time and pose with the Unabomber  
Just so I can go back in time a second time to photobomb it  
I live by a code of demonic, Illuminati, Obama, Hovanomics  
Hold up, hurdles in life, I hop in a Turbo and roll around 'em  
I'm Doug E. Fresh in the flesh, I beat box  
I boo-boo-du-du between the sheets to seek the G-Spot  
I'm in bed with three naked ladies holding hands  
I'm in bed with three major labels  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout wearing clothing brands  
Underground locomotive man  
Putting on a global show that no promoter can  
I philosophize with wise words from learned lessons  
In my world mistakes turns to blessings  
The hate turned to destiny  
I'm saying Lord Jesus while the Lord's most gorgeous creatures take turns bl  
essing me  
I got your baby momma down on all fours  
When drama comin', I'm all for it  
If it ain't about the money please let this be your last question  
You players can jump if you want, but you half-stepping like Paul George

I make the yay invisible in like a day or two  
That's how the players do, my nigga, there's layers to it

First in science, first in technology, wealthiest country on Earth,  
most powerful country on Earth is twenty sixth in education.  
So you have all been taken and you don't even realize  
that you have been dumbed to the point where you are like sheep

Paranoid of poverty, hustle was the philosophy  
I seen a kilo, I swear it became a part of me  
Lie, cheat and steal, I had it mastered by my teens  
Started hands on, a nigga still pulling strings  
Hotel suites, straight selling nigga's dreams  
Motel 6 as I let the beeper ring  
Was a water boy, but balling always in my genes  
Season ticket holder, nigga sitting with the team  
Feds on the roof of the spreads in the juice  
So suspicious of the cars, tuitions for the schools  
Labeled a mastermind, I positioned every move  
Shots fired, now the deposition from the crew  
Smooth operation, but the money came in knots  
Forty million there, I dare you tell me what I'm not  
I own fifty homes and wanna get fifty more  
Counting this fast money and fucking my bitches slow  
Rozay