

# Hypnotic

Memphis Bleek

Roll a L and burn a incense  
It's like magic when I invent this shit that I present  
Yo turn my levels up a izinch  
And drop the treble 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 hypnotic  
My flow is like hypnotic hypnotic hypnotic  
The flow is like hypnotic hypnotic hypnotic  
My flow is like hypnotic hypnotic hypnotic

So roll a L and light a incense  
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  
Pickney 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  
You start where you end, you end where you start  
I am the light of the situation I over shine 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  
Let me spit at you, show you how to move with no vehicle  
Come through your speakers into 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 hypnotic

My style is just hypnotic hypnotic hypnotic hypnotic

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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 lizard

Desert feeds worm, worm feeds falcon, falcon feeds man

Only the strong survive, so if you along for the ride

Strap your boots and leave your thongs inside

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 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, hypnotic, hypnotic

And we out, we out