

# Jewelz

## O.C.

Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah, ha  
Come on, come on, come on  
Ha, what yeah  
Diggin in the crates ya'Come on, come on, come on  
Uhh, yeah, Lord Finesse ya'  
Check it yeah, uhh, check it out  
Check it outYo, my movement motion  
Smooth or rough as the ocean  
Sometimes, it slip away and I lose devotionMy judgement get cloudy  
Then I wanna get rowdy  
Like Arabia  
Terrorize like Saudi Arabia  
My avons reflects my mood swing  
Switch colors like a mood ring  
Wifey telling me good thingsSo, I won't strain  
Got grey hairs and only been here 25 years  
Shed tears for niggaz, I knew for life, now lifeless  
When you died to us, was like the Iranian crisisI took it hard, like a flick slow mo' breathing  
Prophetize dot of a book, summer night's dreaming  
Semi-wet as I write this, dragging the cancer sticks  
Smoke thick, Hennessy shots to my wigHalf naked while I jot this  
Lounging in my boxers  
Dreaming Tahiti, even settle for the Bahamas  
I get a boner  
When I'm asleep dreaming that I'm louging on a yaucht  
(Chillin' in the sun)  
Bom bout the leave the docks, reality I wake up to  
Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel dust  
It's just theStress, frust, make me wanna bust  
Make me wanna cuss  
I lust for living a life, a righteousness  
With invisible forces stand in my way  
Keeping my mind off courseI'm searching for the light like Noah  
The flame combust  
Upon the bush, forseeing my future like the Nova  
Pushing for the brighter side of living a life  
A better time, pouring rhymes like wineTill my cup run it over  
Temptation on my shoulder  
I'm growing colder than a polar bear  
Thinking about a bank hold upI fall upon my lap and rest my head, upon my knee caps  
Is it a crime that I be dreaming about the G's black?  
Freeze for a minute, gotta take control of my life

Gotta hold it like a knife  
Must have more than a slice you know  
Frustration, mental masturbation  
(Confusion)  
Life is love living till I'm right be in a illusion  
Seclusion, seeing me is rare I rather attain stacks mack the islands on a plane ready for lift off  
And spend grands, sipping exotic juice  
Laying in the shade and shores  
At a fly resort, on my cell contact the D I T C cohorts  
Talking to the God Finesse  
We tight like Indians with a Mohawk and so on  
Conversation going on, do the math  
Dreaming I leave the, champagne bubble bath  
Reality I wake up to  
Feels like I woked up to a cloud filled room with angel dust  
It's just the Stress, frust, make me wanna bust  
Make me wanna cuss  
I lust for living a life, a righteousness  
With invisible forces stand in my way  
Keeping my mind off course  
Stress, frust, make me wanna bust  
Make me wanna cuss  
I lust for living a life, a righteousness  
With invisible forces stand in my way  
Keeping my mind off course  
(Your working hard for the dough)  
But time seem to go slow  
Busting your ass to go from a amatuer to a pro  
Low budget feeling inside no more can you score  
Bad and good fight inside just like a war  
(Slavery later foundation for my nation  
Centuries before Final Call be the New World Order)  
2 K's on it's way, no time for play  
So, I pray to God, got me on a path of righteuous ways  
Even though I get stressed, and frustrated  
The best time for me to bless a rhyme  
Is to put the pen through a test  
(Yeah, I want the riches, the misses on my side on a pool  
With the night, when blitzed and magic like a grand wizard)  
Official O C, a two syllable sound  
Three six incomplete like the earth was round  
And on that note keep hope alive, striving to rise  
From the inner soul  
Seeing through the eyes of a crow you know  
Slow pacing walk forth is only right  
Seperating the cause  
From another man far from yours  
(Going for mine, still coming off a two year hiatus)  
And in that time nigga's bit my shit like alligators  
It's alright though this rap shit is stress for us  
It makes you feel like your in a hallway robust with angel dust  
Reality I wake up to, my old dad once told me  
"How you live your life is all on you, son"  
Stress, frust, make me wanna bust  
Make me wanna cuss  
I lust for living a life, a righteousness  
With invisible forces stand in my way  
Keeping my mind off course  
Stress, frust, make me wanna bust  
Make me wanna cuss  
I lust for living a life, a righteousness

With invisible forces stand in my way  
Keeping my mind off course

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