

## **OLD SELF (FEAT. CONSCIENCE)**

Verse 1 -

Ey, Ey I'm numb to the haters, this mic is my novacaine/  
And you could knock my teeth out I feel no pain/  
I do't want glory, sometimes I want riches/  
But I try to let that thought bleed out with no stiches/  
And I be gettin' gangsta with my old self/  
Lookin' at him in the mirror like I hate you Je'kob/  
Why you can't wake up & just stop sinnin'/  
He wont say a word, he's just grinnin'/

Chorus -

Cause my old self wants to take me down to hell in a hand basket. No no no/

Verse 2 -

Demons on your shoulder get more comfortable with age/  
They chillin' like a bookmark, they keep you on that page/  
They only want your soul, & give you all you askin'/  
Fast cars, fresh clothes, robin we baskin'/  
In the glory, & now I feel special/  
First class flight seated next to the devil/  
And you ain't like him, that's why you back in coach/  
Ever notice it's the brokest cats that run around & boast/  
Ever notice it's the richest cats that always want a deal/  
Is that shirt half off? I'm tryina get a steal/  
I'm tryina get keep my stacks up, don't wanna burn my paper/  
Silly rabbit paper's gonna burn now or later/  
So recognize the demons & get a soft rug/  
You should be on your knees if you are tryina find Love/  
Set your feet on the rock if you are his disciple/  
Mans heart is wicked, the truth is in the bible/  
The key to survival, the key to salvation/  
Laugh, love, pray, have faith & stay patient/  
Keep your ears open, God likes to whisper/  
Walk through the fire no fear I'm with ya/

Chorus -

Verse 3 -

At times I forget the combination to the safe/  
Have to rob my own memory bank just to reminisce/  
I finally found rest in this pilgrimage/  
With one eye open cause they will pillage your villages/  
Till you find a loop hole in the syllabus/  
Or learn to read the lips of the ventriloquist/  
This is poetic scripture at its finest you highness  
The continuation of a saga your honor/  
Our father my alma mater/  
Cause that old persona had me spinnin' revolvers/  
Now I'm spinning' messages in bottles/  
So whoever it points to it'll point em farther/  
Cause we in the day where the commentary of man/  
Is worth more than the voice that blue printed the lands/  
Thats worth more then 2 cents threw in/  
I hear the sound look what the wind blew in/  
Look what the cat of nine tails drug in/  
Speakin' of the devil in you/  
Reflections of a hypocrite look what a mirror can do/  
Cause thats exactly what the devil would do/  
Ain't it funny what a mirror can do True/

Chorus -