LSD

Swoope

Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldnt hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answerIn the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation X be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doomControl the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think its terrorism the borderlines hot
Check the passports tap the telephoneSurprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
Its dat same ol shit, dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thingNow what I see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of LSDI dont know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like I know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long rideNow I be damn I been a man
Figure I never call myself a nigger to get Benjamin
Whats love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot, no forgot oh this shit is hotSpendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoesNow the heads tell tales how the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like Jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in HempsteadLord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west
That funk to the east is phat, ATL be krunk dirty southThirty thou crankin trunks
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
Now what be indebted, better get over it
Those times and raps aint never comin backNo future without a pass, I kick ass
Rock the sox off a Pandoras box
Is it any wonder why the clocks flavor got?
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw loxI set the bomb between the R and B scene
Go against the grain run up on the train
And so I parallel the brains of Cobain
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagneMake it plain the sound remains insane
Come the same no holes closin up the lane
Dont ask no questions on the simple level

Can the magic get Shaq back, Knicks get Van exelBold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
I aint never been cuckoo for no coco puffsLSD, set it free make em see the tricks
Rather try at 37 than die at 26Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
Lie for a lie, I look em in the eye
History speaking lawyers should die
Kissed the companies and made them all cryA new rap song and a real drive by
Why o why did the video die
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraidThe goddamn white man got you afraid
Social service got your mama afraid
Scared of the fact before a niggas black
Some of you say nigga before you say crackYou got no back is what you lack
Just say black and Ill see where your ass is at

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