

Lewis And Clark (feat. Herbal T)

Wax

With the clique, just another day
Drink in my cup and I'm feeling okay
Just killed a 30-pack, got another on the way
Got the homie's Chevrolet full of Tecate
LA to TJ, we do this all day
Getting paid for the stupid ass shit that we say
We the illest motherfuckers while your crew is some marks
Big Wax, Herbal T, bitch we Lewis and Clark You heard the rumor probably that I sold my human body
To the Illuminati and now they use it to copy
My brainwave patterns
I'm a master of a stupid hobby called rapping
I'll prove it probably when I'm right about at Susan Boyle's age
I'll have my first hit when the world's in a no-longer-using-oil stage
The soundtrack of apocalypse, looking back from the rocket ship
Thinking I might have gotten rich in the nick of time
Intense Imagination, we in places your basic complacent mind can't relate with
Outside the Matrix, outline my face with chalk
We're already dead, where ya'll steadily tread
You walk, on the path of a mortal
While me and Herbal T we are practically orbital
Trash your recordable device and all its contents
Nobody feeling that nonsense
I got the feeling that Columbus must have fell when he reached the shore
Vasco de Gama rhymer, I'm a conquistador
Venturing to territory no one's ever seen before
Rap El Dorado, let the bottle of Tequila pour
Legendary Lena Horne status for my clique
Y'all more like the Katrina storm, tragic as shit
Been doing this since the doc pulled us out by Cesarean birth
It won't stop 'til I'm buried in earth
I'm saying, the flow's so nice it's got great karma
LOA chop the beat like a Sheikh Shawarma
Great like Parma-
-Sean cheese on your marinara spaghetti
Repping Maryland steady
People preparing confetti, girls raring and ready
Comparing to Betty Grable or Marilyn wearing a teddy
We up in the Serengeti with a pair of machetes
Up in the bush with the kush, motherfuckers ain't ready

We ain't new to this new to this
We been doing this doing this
Since the uterus
People been asking "Who is this, who is this?"
It's the crew with the fluidness
Under numerous influences
Getting loot off the fusion of music producing is stupidity
A human as ludicrous as the group of the two of us
Is elusive as tuna fish in a pool that is fluid-less
Or a brain tumor that's humerus
Or a stewardess who had just flew in from Cuba using a route that was two minutes-
Please...
(Please prepare for takeoff!) With the clique, just another day
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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