Seeing Things

Bizzy Bone

[Intro: Bizzy Bone]Rock-n-roll? Naw this that flip-flop flow, fuck them boys
Man, if you niggaz gon' do somethin man
(Hit that shit right there nigga) Let's do some shit nigga
We can turn this motherfucker into Dodge City motherfucker
Nigga I don't give a fuck nigga, can't you tell bitch?!
[Bizzy Bone]Someone caught stressin, dead in the chest
and he started flamin out of his breath
Haven't you heard? Runnin in the 90's on 123rd
T-Rock, done got shot and I got, to find a murderer
with a double-edge pump and a church killer
don't worship and the cops got bored
Fillin for baby boy, showin up for the unsolved, deployed
Little Eazy leave me and Wally, damn, little Angel she was so small
Grippin the bottle of gasoline and the alcohol was killin Dotty
Havin a ball, ball, but I'm still rollin through the shore
Pray redemption, runaway slaves, you house niggaz
Rollin with plantations on full of a fraction, grab yo' crouch nigga
I don't give a fuck (nigga what you niggaz wanna do nigga?)
I, will fucked you up
We gettin pumped in St. Luce, forgettin my thugs now who do you trust? (God)
Ante up and I'll bust, my gun; thuggin and bumrush, the punks
Runnin amuck dusk, 'til dawn; money for blood, stop, 'til they pump
But in walkin off, slow - it shows I got nuts
Come to the light, then to the darkness, glance at BB baby
I don't give a fuck; I, don't give a fuck
[Interlude: Bizzy]Haha, motherfucker... nigga
These hoe-ass niggaz don't wanna see me nigga
In the motherfuckin cross section bitch
I'll BUST on you BITCHES on the freeway motherfucker!
You hoes just don't know, do you boy?
Heh, I'm tellin you boy, I'm tellin you...
[Bizzy Bone]Literally, possessed, I got veins, poppin out my neck
With original thugs and a Lexus checklist, got 'em all breathless
Then I suggest you'd ask Magic
For the Rabbit's strategy, tragic when they capture me
When the cops SEARCH, the auto anyone cop pleas, indeed
Hit 'em with blasphemy and they cashin in on his tragedy

You see I'm sorta like Dorothy but I'm a soldier

the wickedest witch in the West can't have me
Fuck the shoes look, barefoot, roll over Toto, there put
Put a stick in the mouth, and I might go as quiet as a mouse
Never did lie, ready and green, never so loud, quiet indeed
Remember the man be attend by the Ouija
Yellow Brick Road was greetin the king
Gotta take chances, what, I'm back in Kansas; it was all a dream
Now I clack back my heels on the d-low, he-he-he seein things (seein things)
[Interlude: Bizzy Bone]Bitch (I keep on seein things)
And I spoke my mind and it liberated me motherfucker (I keep on seein things)
Hell yeah, fuck all these demons (I keep on seein things)
Can't none of you hoes stop me! (seein things, seein things)
[Bizzy Bone]Little Confucious for the music
Wally, which get rich for the trial and now
Better than God devise realize you can end up bigger
but my niggaz in the middle ballin we won't stop
The foul sinnin the killin now
and then nobody gets in the middle together
And they tell the nigga it good to be back from prison
but don't nobody feel him but them niggaz around the globe
And the mission was money was gold
but he went nutty when money because he was out of the gully
With nothin but ugly souls, better make us and touch
No one will touch me, one wait 'til they rough enough
Got him at last but I just corrupt, I don't even erupt
(Creep on Ah Come Up), what up
Trapped in a rapture, the trumpets pumpin tellin me somethin
Snatch you, we havin a blast, you tattered like cattle
and medallions, diamonds in the gallo
Ghettoish bastards runnin much faster than the average asses
in the shadows out of the battlefield
[Outro: Bizzy Bone]I'll BUST on you BITCHES on the freeway motherfucker! (It was all a...)
Fuck all these demons (It was all a...)
And I spoke my mind and it liberated me motherfucker
Fuck all these demons
(It was all a dream dream... dream dream... dream dream)
And I spoke my mind, hell yeah
And I spoke my mind and it liberated me motherfucker [fades out]

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