Interlude

DJ Honda

[Featuring Common]

Intro:

On the southside. Ha gon get down with that get down let me spit

rounds

this is how that shit sounds check it out ch'all. Ha.

It's the metaphysicals some say the score the revolution therefore

I have come a calm before the storm

Words are born formed drawn in the brain

Sorn scorn by the pourin' rain

But I can stand it seldom do I feel stranded

Granded I stand with the style that is free

I'm the Mandela ask Nelson brothers love me

I lay it lovely I'm ugly bogus on the mic

I strike like a teacher rappers are line

Stand in line with they signs tryin' to picket

They pick it the way I kick it

Cause with it I'm not wicked cause that's malignant

I use my figments which is vivid

And give it to ya baby like love without no limit

I have no limits no gimmicks no image don't mimick

I'm finished no minutes to be timid

Which shit stick should I spit with?

I'm the nitwit that shit sick I stick with and kick with

The crew I clique with that's who I sit witha and trip with

And sip with the buds are lifted and gold digified

And hit without equipment I've often been depicted

On the solid when it likwit

Yo this is shit is for my man Honda

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written by KENNETH BROWN / R. KEARNS/ T. JOHNSON/ J. MAYNES
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