Graffiti

Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Go out into the field and rap to these peopleI got the concrete under my feet
I got shotty right next to my body
I got the hood notes so street get your float on
I got the ease back style, watch out what i'm typinNoise, noise, noise, noiseTo summarize a lick at the man with the stick
Come strategy fight act like new york
Pieces can squeeze deep of the way
Why g mayors sonnies dis it
We latitude sway we determine the prey
He swings the whole sphere in original
Scare steelo's weak soul scream and a whisper
Blow the house right over black people growWe makeNoise, noise, noise, noiseI got the buck wild style that make you get hyper
I got the knowledge of god, sevens all in my cipher
I got the new york hip hop so it goes on and on
Lose my mind, pen and paper then the rhymes is not
Mind held down well so you can't touch it
When i discharge fools pray for peace
Beats all on my back it's just like that in brooklyn
So i vibrate and shake em off like fleas
Electromatic radiation, radio waves
Changing frequency
Here in n.y.c we get busy
Raps and peas, street smarts, no college degrees
Too many degrees the freeze not fakin
Fake snakes are bacon, honeys hips are shakin
It ain't no joke so get your boysThis i full rule what we doWe makeNoise, noise, noise, noiseI got the power for twenty four hours
I got the love pump, brooklyn don't front
I got the fly joints pat, like that, like that
I got the slow motion got my float, got my cliqueI get sly when i feel the positive vibe, uh
The seven gets eleven when i'm filled with the vibes

Now i'm flyin high through the seventh dimension
As i travel uptown to get a piece of the action
Then i'm maxin with the actual facts men
As we relax to a black ceaser flick and third vision
My movements is precision, supreme mathematician
Indeed i'm true and livin when i'm givinWhat?ThatNoise, noise, noise, noiseBrothers with the blowouts develop your envelopes
Stamp it, amp it, raise your razor blade
Found downtown in the land of crooks
My pops say books, i say sneaks and name buckles
Pigs say freeze boy, shit, i just chuckles
Fence alley
Walkin by them fronts from my jip in the flatty
Everthing cherry cause george just stole a caddy
Who bust dex was the question next
Dre saidNorthboundThen he sipped his becks
Then he clipped his vex, display the context
Beep code, street clothes and all the nose candy
Hotter microphone, heater the chrome jammy
My family consists one honey
Comrades, ghetto streets, more gods than greeks
The seven twos eleven till death toy
Now you understand what i'm talking about
Now you understand what my walk is about
Now you understand what new york is about
We makeNoise, noise, noise, noiseIt's justNoise, noise, noise, noiseThey keep lying together like fingers on the can
No outsiders ever, never

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