

Samba Hop

Buckshot LeFonque

Even if it's jazz in the quiet storm
Bebop converted in a hip hop form
(Repeat)
Visions of a musical plateau
Thoughts fill my mind
So I draw back and take aim
Lyrical shots blast through the darkness
When I spark this
I leave an undescribable blood stain
Hold fast, no need to panic
There's no slipping or sliding to the other side
I know who I am
You know who you are
Leave it at that
As we go on a historical joy ride
No need for brakes
No need for gas
For now we're living in a brand-new era
As long as you're doin' it the way that you wanna
Just forget about those threats of terror
They're irrelevant
My element of rap goes back-to-back
With anyone who has doubts
That my rhyme skill
Helps minds build
While lines fill
and that's what it's all about
Well I'll be
Can you see what I see
Someone took it to a whole new level
and as I think
My mind's on the brink
Some consider me as a rebel
A rap devil
Controlled by society
The variety wants to see what I'll do to react
So, I ease the pain
Third eye lets it rain from the brain all over the track
So my cause is to find flaws and correct them

Dissect them
Fill me a note that I wrote
That clears and clean the throat
Final antidote
Reachin' in my bags of tricks
I need to fix
Gettin' ready for Armageddon
There's a villian in my adrenaline dressed in blood
And you never wanna let 'em see you sweating
What's you bettin'
'Cause the race is beginning to set
Gunshots let you know when to ride
Yippe kay yeah
Hopin' I say something that's wack
But I got just more than my pride
So, as I release
The mark of the beast is erased from the back of
my head
Can't bear the fact
Wanna come attack a man that's black
But I'm leaving all the negative fed
It's dead

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