

Lo Que Dice

Ozomatli

Ese habla como yo
Y habla muy lindo
Y no es cierto lo que diceEse habla como yo
Y habla muy lindo
Y no es cierto lo que diceCheck it out, the way you feelin' on the outside
Reflects how you feelin' on the inside
Tell me now, have you really ever stopped tryin'?
So many people killin', kids still dyin' or multiplyin'I ain't lyin', here's my testimony
The shit I kick is real, never ever phony
You spittin' cheesy lyrics like macaroni
Call me if you only wanna sit down and write a jam
That stands for somethin'Because my passion and rage are highly concentrated
This underground music movement is way too underrated
Pop music done came, had it's five seconds of fame
Now it's time to throw a wrench all up in they gameWe trek this battlefield life
With words to sleigh the doubters, expect no knives
It's only common sense the heart is more revealin'
But a stab to someone's back is much more appealin'We trek this battlefield life
With words to sleigh the doubters, quitters, cowards
It's only common sense the heart is more revealin'
But a stab to someone's back is much more appealin'I know you feel the pain I conceal
Hip hop flip flopped to gain pop appeal
Upon the backs of MC's with integrity
Rap music made wack a celebrityI ain't worried why be in a hurry
Giant steps are made in inches and snakes tend to scurry
When my steps are taken no room for move fakin'
Your titles exact, your vision's blurry, so hurry, hurryCatch the force of all my fury
I'm growin' leaps and bounds from the mound which you been buried
Feed off yo' energy, two times infinity
MC's are meant to be controllers of micsWe trek this battlefield life
With words to sleigh the doubters, expect no knives
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But a stab to someone's back is much more appealin'Ese habla como yo
Y habla muy lindo
Y no es cierto lo que diceNow the slick text in this here context
Is just far too complex, too far out to be fetched

So as I sketch check my patterns, my shades and tones
Freak in the microphone is yours truly saucerThe dope rhyme flosser
I got something for all you wankers and tossers
With dollar budget pushing low grade quality
That's like ghost face sportin' some no name walabeesNow I be damned if I sit on my ass
While these MC's trespass cross my grass
Time to landscape, reshape the garden for growth
Spread the message overseas via remoteWe got different types of flavas but they taste the same
All biters, no writers in this hip hop game
I blame myself plus you for things we do
It's not wonder why we stay under and don't bust through becauseWe trek this battlefield life
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