

Shadrach

Brown Bird

Riddle me this my brother, can you handle it?
Your style to my style, you can't hold a candle to it
Equinox symmetry and the balance is right
Smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night It's not how you play the game, it's how you win it
I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic
For those about to rock we salute you
The dirty thoughts for dirty minds we contribute to I once was lost but now I'm found
The music washes over and you're one with the sound
Well, who shall inherit the earth? The meek shall
And yo, I think I'm starting to peak now, A And then the man upstairs, well I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
We're just three MC's and we're on the go
Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago
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Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago Only twenty four hours in a day
Only twelve notes well a man can play
Music for all, and not just one people
And now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope sequel More Adidas sneakers that a plumber's got pliers
Got more suitst than Jacoby and Meyers
If not for my vices and my bugged out desires
My year would be good just like Goodyear's tires So I'm out pickin' pockets at the atlantic antic
And nobody wants to hear you 'cause your rhymes are damn frantic
I mix business with pleasure way too much
You know wine, and women, and song, and such I don't get blue, I gotta mean red streak
You don't pay the band, your friends, yo that's weak
Get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo
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Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago Steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks
Giving to the poor and I always give thanks
Becuase I got more stories that JD's got Salinger
I hold the title and you are the challenger I've got money like Charles Dickens
I've got the girlies in the coup like the Colonel's got the chickens
And I always go out dapper like the Harry S. Truman
I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Neuman {I'm never gonna let them say that I don't love you} Well, my noggin
is hoggin' all kinds of thoughts
And Adam's yoggin is Yauch and he's rockin of course

Smoke the holy chalice, got my own religion
Rally round the stage and check the funky dope musicians
Like Jerry Lee Swaggert or Jerry Lee Falwell
You like Mario Andretti 'cause he always drives his car well
Vicious circle of reality since the day you were born
And we love the hot butter, on what? The popcorn
Sippin on wine and mackin'
Rockin on the stage with all the hands clappin'
Ride the wave of fate, it don't ride me holmes
{Being very proud of being MCs}
And the man upstairs I hope that he cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
Amps and crossovers, under my rear hood
Becuae the bass is bumpin from the back of my Fleetwood
They tell us what to do? Hell no
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