Candy Strip Experience

Urban Dance Squad

Mic checka checker, never hack a
Story-observin'-time this time I ain't the wrecker
Of brainpan, veins and there's a gameplan
Grind teeth, in a small timespan
Population, real frustration - ready to bug
No formation, it's really hard against streettugs
So the blocks shock with rock, different from a jvc box
Another sick dance over some designer drug
Boys to men in caps baggies hoodies
Eyes of destruction, now could you look moody ?
Day and nighttime, they prowl like a nightowl
Dispatchin' more tactics than my man colin powell
They dodge, hush, rush without a blush
Cat and mouse with five-o that holds a grudge
And it's like thatOn the candystrip
Candy's gold out of hands
Gotta note thank you man
On the candystrip
People stroll in a trance
Understand with one glance
On the candystrip
Instant build-up ain't clean
Not far from a dream
On the candystripMan, man, man, man
I must say I'm touched
When you dilyy-dally 'round the methadon bus
The soul with the same hole as their pockets
Here's the supply guy, don't need no ducats
And off to the famous spot
Be a leech for the twat ownes a lot
Had a blast - that can no longer last
Build up fast in the moments of rash
Had a bash for the cash 'n purse that you snatched
Take cardboard tatch, build a home to rest
Shame in a game when the eye's upon you
A tramp in the land, but the world went wrong too
Turned psycho-paranoid, it's the world you dodge
Starin' at the bloodcrust, your monster of lust

Lyrics provided by
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