

# Cruisin'

## Us3

Now and then I feel as though I wanna escape the real  
And take a trip to the heavens to a world surreal  
But I don't do drugs so the yea is out  
Instead I use my mind power to move my spirits about I might write my girl a poem showin' her how I love thee  
Or just write myself a rhyme about why I'm so funky  
This is how I escape the ignorance and hate  
Being cooked up in this planet about to disintegrate I'm cruisin', cruisin' in the beat y'all I cover my head as the  
media shower  
I glance at my watch to check the hour  
And it's half past a moonbeam, gleamin' as I daydream  
I'm feelin' for the beat to make my mood complete And when I got it I'm gone, gone in the rhythm  
Kickin' the slang with the knowledge and wisdom  
I may speak a scribbly doodle but I keep on track  
'Cause if I didn't, yo, you wouldn't be sweatin' it I'm cruisin', cruisin' in the beat y'all One to the two to the  
three to the four to the five  
It's rardy-ardy-ar and I'm kickin' it live  
On an ever present journey through the depths of time  
I skip from beat to beat in the form of a rhyme My vocal techniques are unique to my band  
I'm a butterfly MC, smooth with much style G  
My tongue like quivers when I deliver the funk flow  
The verbs expand with a ghettolistic glow, it's like that y'all

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