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 aboutI 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 disintegrateI'm cruisin', cruisin' in the beat y'allI 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 completeAnd 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' itI'm cruisin', cruisin' in the beat y'allOne 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 rhymeMy 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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