

# Syntax Era

## Leaders Of The New School

Dinco, Dinco, Go Dinco  
Go Charlie, Charlie go  
Charlie. Go Busta, Busta  
Go Busta. You know we got styleDinco, Dinco, Go Dinco  
Go Charlie, Charlie go  
Charlie. Go Busta, Busta  
Go Busta. You know we got styleWhen it comes to shootouts  
Boogie Brown is here don't fear  
The clear just step to it. Now I drive  
Come alive from the bottom to the top  
Temptation or confusion makes you wanna stop  
But? (I know you, and you know me)  
C.B.M.C. Given to me by Chuck D  
That's deep as I look at all the videos  
Wack stage shows, wack page flows  
Biters non-rhythm writers. (Example the sample)  
It was an age under and a stage back  
The girlie's screaming she's having a cardiac  
Like epileptic seizures no  
Amnesia comatose double dose Anesthesia  
Damn. (DAMN) should I say  
What are you doing! , I dare at your stare so yo  
Come do me, it's done or rather should I say it's on  
The mental instrumental I continue with  
My song yeah we've got jumping jerks with no understandings of  
The East Coast stomp. Fam understand  
Several other brothers watch our videos the vidiots discover(It's just another case) Wow! (Base)  
Why is everybody always picking on me  
Now let's see our games played  
I'm Donkey Kong fat freak the notes  
Flip the script run the jewels  
(The Leaders Of The New School)  
Yet I shine when I rhyme (You know, you know)  
Always remember the scenario  
Syntax EraDinco, Dinco, Go Dinco  
Go Charlie, Charlie go  
Charlie. Go Busta, Busta  
Go Busta. You know we got styleFor the Harper Valley Pete's sake tea makes  
A great ace in a hole

You cheated gold, only sold to who  
Was told now trembling remembering  
When I timberland and down listen wait  
Who's that coming around sounding like that sound  
I guess it's Dinco, Milo, Busta, and Bro! win  
Four minds of two kinds run one with the sun  
I love my father, mother, my brother, and the sisters  
That come from all over the place to trace the base  
Inspector Clouseau I wonder is true though  
Oh no, no more security  
Nets straight human casualties  
Call for raw regrets in beat societies  
Lessons must speak  
Stand be strong. Keep away from weak in the years long  
Life leaders let loose leading left backs  
And misguided youth letting leaks lack  
Levels of truth. Look ma' no hands  
Lend likes lots of love only lasting cause I'm asking  
Could we be above average not savage  
But near newly more duty, more than terror  
Peace to my girl  
"Whoops? Syntax EraDinco, Dinco, Go Dinco  
Go Charlie, Charlie go  
Charlie. Go Busta, Busta  
Go Busta. You know we got styleCopy cat do this, do that  
Wanna do something ?  
Do this  
Chicky chaka chubaka  
Gitty getty gothca  
Ah man, all of a sudden people say I be buggin'  
Rugged culture musikal Hip-Hop! I be lovin'  
Gimme, gimme, gimme something  
Gimme something for nothing  
Rich blood sucker of the poor I see you  
Hickory, dickory  
Hay watch out for the trickery  
What happened to creativity, dignity, integrity  
Hey Mr. Sneaky-one don't try to read my mind  
Just worry about getting yours, because I'm getting mines  
Leaders made a commitment to keep this type of music  
Livin' forever  
Whatever, whatever  
We live in an era where errors aren't made to  
Remain an error, but I think that's kinda better  
Understand that word and how you use it

Rap is business music, Hip-Hop is cultural music  
Now you get to see the one sun getting super dumb  
Dance around because you know that we doin' it for fun  
Flippin' and trippin'  
You little sorry sucker you slippin'  
Lay over my lap because I'm gonna  
Give you a whippen  
Trippin', dippin' and winin'  
Stop the damn crying  
I don't know what you try! n'  
You better stop lyin'  
With correct intellect, wetter, bigger and better  
As I come straight  
Check my Syntax Era  
Word to God, 1993, shit is solid We are the L. (What!)  
We are the O. (What!)  
We are the N. (What!)  
We are the S. (What!) We are the L. (What!)  
We are the O. (What!)  
We are the N. (What!)  
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