Brodels

311

{Embarrassed}
Ooh, you know we pepper you
With a sonic assault side step a you
I cannot think of a better way
That we can celebrate freedom
Than make up a set of goals and cold beat 'em
See the verbal tags like audio spaghetti
Give a shout to the one they call Yeti
I bet he put the Cabash on any foes whatsoever
Like original brodel Trevor
Positive vibe merchant grandson of Lord Buckley
Scot Ralst shows up if you're lucky
Ad Raspler the Swede, a friend in deed
He's keepin' an eye on the other guy's greed
These are 311 characters I dubbed everyone
The story ain't over but my rhyme is done
Diggie it was the year that I first touched ground
So I grabbed the microphone and I got down
Just like James Brown gather 'round of our sight and sound
Pound for pound we throw down, rather profound
I put you in another world I can't hear you
Like having phone sex with a deaf girl
No doubt we got the jams that'll smack ya
I penned three books of lyrics two for action one for backup
I'm a cold rockin' brother got transistor tunes
And it feels real good to get close to you
The brodel is the nazz and the nazz knows where it's at
The brodel is the nazz who knows a cat who can feed a cat
The goal is to be a poet and a carpenter
To be one who loves to be one who works
The nazz's not something that can be given
The brodel is inside you it comes from within
When I fell into the sea
When the whale came and kissed me
Transformed my shit told the shark I was a dolphin
Swam quick funny though
Piranhas chilled and laughed at
The way that I took off my polka dots on top of that
The whales know I'm quick watch out

And I get funky fresh as for the fishes I'm lit luminous
I'm not nouvo techno I glow like a glacial
In skin that swims faster than speed I am I be
Dropped out of nothing I will return to nothing
Rotate my style my rhyme my way magician of a rythm
Lover of animals damn I wanna hear 'em
Aquatic my way I got soul shape
Well I'm six foot three and like Mohammed Ali
I float like a butterfly but sting like Poison Ivy
Drive a 69 Linc' suicide doors
Around the town slinking fat subs of course
We're the greatest show on earth
You know we turn it out daily
In and out of town like Baarnum and Bailey
I know that is a simile but I couldn't resist
From Solomon Roadie for the PJ's
I don't think he'll be pissed
I eat a cobb salad, smoked fish, duck, or clam chowder
Chill with Indica and Guinness
Steer clear of white powder
Run into my brother give him a pound and a yodel
They know my word is bond talk 'bout the brodel
The brodel is the nazz and the nazz knows where it's at
The brodel is the nazz who knows a cat who can feed a cat
The goal is to be a poet and a carpenter
To be one who loves to be one who works
The nazz's not something that can be given
The brodel is inside you it comes from within and we're fresh dude
ooh
Just check my man P
He said "I will not muddle my mind with impertinency"
Lost a lot in Vegas plays a lot of Sega
Saw a phrase that he likes and put it on his leg
And we're fresh dude
Just check my man D he said
"Comin' in ruff and tuff all systems are tweakin'
People all over the world they must be thinkin'
All the shit that we kickin' our shoes must be stinkin' "

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