# Poisonous Darts

## Robert Diggs

Let's see you try the water technique! Hai! Ha, ha!
The sky is high, the cloud is low
But my water technique is hard to think
That the earth can absorb water, hai! Hai!
The sky is high, the cloud is low
But my water technique is hard to think
That the earth can absorb water, hai! Hai!
What the fuck I got the moonshine, word to God, let's get it on
Clap your heels three times, grab the magic wand
Nameless, these stonewashed cats leave him brainless
Showin' out of this world, stranded on Uranus
With Coke and a dollar bill stems and crack capsules
Take a blast fool but we trap up crews, it's natural
Like soybean, burn like a laser beam
My vaccine I shoot it firm and it connects like sideburns
The segment, rare fragment comes together
Like magnets, attract heads, capture like dragnet
Goin' through mad phases, of all ages
Killa beez locked the fuck up behind cages
The Genovese swallow this line and caught a freeze
Press call ID for me to quote more degrees
The fortune teller tucker sleepin' gas umbrella
A war where they're gunnin' in the back of armanbella
Now who, don't believe that cash must rule
I don't eat beef, I slap blood out of Purdue
Keep a Wallace mic, mics on strike the session

It's over, I file this and glow like fluorescent
[Incomprehensible] is high, the cloud is low
But my water technique is hard to think
That the earth can absorb water, hai! Hai!
Yo yo, methods of blow like snow constant cash flow
Rockin' a shaft Afro, Tony got mad glow
With hoes, mega powder drippin' from they nose
Fuckin' jet magazine bitches with, wild pussy pose
Send 'em for the whole night, daily venom horror snake bites
Only built four Cuban link kings who shoot dice
Holdin' money that's convertible, beds with feathered bags
With the mongoose your man's got two seeds down in Baghdad

You onion head niggaz spread out and parlay
Yo rae these itch days get crashed with ash trays
I pull stings like, guitar strings down in Spain
I'm so hyped Jakes label 'God crack cocaine'
Why equality self God, yeah, yeah you know it kid
Ricki fucked up and G-Pac, blow his wig
He's rockin' Wu wear, the latest in fleece uniform
He's a newborn, look at money swearin' like he's on
But anyway back to furry kangols Jamaican wallabees
My back is on the wall, bombin' Devils with trick knowledge
My heart is cold like Russia, got jerked at the source awards
Next year two hundred niggaz comin' with swords

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