Canal

RATKING

New Ratking
Canal, canal
Stop so, so stopYou best die my way
On the West side highway
Or get high my way
Hanging off the left side of a sky scrape-er-er
My words word have drifted
Sideways, migrate in the Tri-State
Mind state, thinking don't violate
Thinking that I'm vain
'Cause when I spit, you see my veins
Bulging out, cold as cuts from my blades
And they used to cut cold cuts five ways(Five ways?)Thin, slim, extra slim, large, extra large
My rhyme spectacle sees time perpetual
Back before I was ape, I was a vegetable
Life-form, trying, to become, an icon
I once, was an ion
Now I'm eying, every motherfucker passing by onNow the power in my brow
Make a thug uptown, come down
To hustle on Canal
Whats the bustle all about?
Sweet kid with a free crib
Hustle on his couchNow the power in my brow
Make a thug uptown, come down
To hustle on Canal
Whats the bustle all about?
Sweet kid with a free crib
Hustle on his couchHollowed spliff days
Stained canines, decay minds
Now wait mom
Always gave me the chance
But I stay blind
Outlive me lots of love
So churned for me to say
Promise me this know I was done
So Lenox here I lay
Lay, lay, lay you're my guest
Breathe out the stress, lets digress
Sweated seventeen summers so surely you're my nest

Suckled ya stopps 'n' ya honey combed coral chest
Hak 'n' his hounds hover the heights ritzy won't have the rest, rest
Dealing troddened talons trickled as they tear into your flesh
And try to gnaw the nectar 'neath ya knit floral dressSense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feedSense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feedNow the power in my brow
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What a mess but yet you continue to feedSense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feedThink the city has let up?
Get up, wake up
Open your eyes
Wake up!Think the city has let up?
Get up, wake up
Open your eyes
Wake up!Think the city has let up? Better check up
Kids that is fed up
Instead of
Bitching and moaning, they get buck and get upSense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feedSense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feed[Outro:] x2

Songwriters
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