

What I Can't Describe (feat. Boo Yaa T.R.I.B.E.)

Transplants

Let the funky beat blaze! I take my last breath
It's like I'm dead inside
It's like I'm past it
It's what I can't describe You said money can't buy me love and that's true
But money can buy me drugs so that's cool
The best of the worst skinhead Rob one and only fully loaded
Riding dirty and I'm feeling kinda lonely
Of a wet one throw back dip in the fifth
Punch drunk with a pistol so I'll probably miss
Any chance that I have to turn my house to a home
Times up, game's over, I'm dying alone I take my last breath
It's like I'm dead inside
It's like I'm past it
It's what I can't describe That's what it is it ain't me to complain
Cut kakies brown chucks white t-shirts and braids
Boo Ya Tribe unexplainable gang
Transplanted but I came
West forward so let it flame
They love the music
So let the funky beat blaze
We keep it G'd up
With the heat up
Royal crown, tequila
Six trey with the usos
Puffin on the silver black guerrilla
On a Saturday after noon
Alpines 808 go boom soo oo owee
For the G's and the harmony I take my last breath
It's like I'm dead inside
It's like I'm past it
It's what I can't describe Cause everyone's victim
And everyone's a target
And everyone's an enemy
The reason that I spark it In this life I got everything I wanted
Money and fame but I don't flaunt it
Walk through the state undaunted
State of California but the state is haunted
Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, now we're gone
Ain't gonna stop till the early morn

Ain't gonna stop till the break of dawn
I got my crew coming over now I know its on
From the land of the lost where the good die young
Got yer son smoked out in the hood buying guns
Not the first or the last time test me and I'll blast mine
Neighbor versus neighbor and its killing as a past time
I've heard it all before and nope I'm not buying
The biggest and the baddest get broke I'm not lying
I could get get it next you could get it right now
I roll with Samoans, if you want I'll show you how
I take my last breath
It's like I'm dead inside
It's like I'm past it
It's what I can't describe

Songwriters

BARKER, TRAVIS / ASTON, ROB / DEVOUX, PAUL / ARMSTRONG, TIMOTHY
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