

another one

Slow Children

(This, is, Derty E-N-T, Bassment Beat Productions)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, sing that shit

Oh! You can search in the gutter down low

You can even wait 'til the mountain comes down

And if you wanna wait 'til the river runs dry

But you'll never find another one

You can search around the whole damn globe

Search from in the North, to the East, Westside

I bet your bottom dime

No matter what you do, you'll never find another one

Hey yo this chronic got me to', I try to shake it and break it

Thinkin it won't go, I went to see the doctor

X-rays it won't show, I even wrapped myself up in blankets

Just like a cold cause I'm so sick-wid-it

It just happened on a song, I feel it in my eyes

My urrs and in my nose, my fingers and my toes

Translated into flows, man rap gon' need a facelift

I'm just so hungry I can taste it

Imagine me up in the sto', somewhere behind the counter

Pushin buttons on the drawer, like doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo

Chk-chicka, here you go, please come another day

I waited a lot of winter days and summer nights to rock the mic

City locked down, right before me and the other 'Tics went down

You fuckin right it went down

Fuckin right I drink Crown, fuckin right we move crowds

It's a Derty E-N-T thang, want ya pretty sweet thang

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I said I like the way you do that right thurr uh

You just remember why you do that right thurr uh

I made it tight to be country, they thought country was bummy

Until country start makin money, now they all in Kentucky

Oklahoma's and Nashville's, they givin out record deals

(They eventually had their shot) man they been had skills
But leave it up to Moses, cause he gon' lead us out
I made the world accept on how we speak and how we shout
I started that whassup dirty, that dirty how ya doin
I let the dirty go up and now niggaz runnin through it
Huh, that's why I did it mayne, just don't forget it mayne

The whole world know I killed it but I still get acquitted mayne
I'm a thoroughbred, with some thorough bread
I got a thorough chick waitin with some thorough head
I'm a pro model, I'm fitted for the new era ranks
I should move to Bel-Air the way I Phillip Banks
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I take a pair of black nines and I'm the man
I said a pair of black nines make 'em jump man
I push your wig from the back to the front man
Just cause I'm peaceful don't mistake me for no punk man
Shit I'm a come clean, I should sleep on the triple beam
I'm too damn dope nigga to hang around fiends
Plus a team, playa, I never play the team
Cause even if I win, we all gettin rings
We all gon' bling whether I rap or sing
Matter of fact, I should hit a note now just for the hell of it
Ohhhhhhhh-e-ohh, HOE, ohhhhhhhh-oh, oh
I'm a muh'fucka, a motherfucker muh'fucka
Have my son daddy uncle nephew brother muh-fucka
I'm a low pro arsenal, and you can ask
Sound Scan or ASCAP if you doubtin yo
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