Omaha Stylee

311

In a minute everything you have can all be straight gone
In a minute things you though were tied can come straight undone
How 'bout some knocks on wood some so far it's so good any day
What you think is solid earth can jump up and spread out
To the north and south that's what plates are about
Nature has no conscience, no kindness or ill will
But the dreams they had make me sad because of the vides of them
When one girl dreamt a fire in hers and then it happened
To me and my family my bro's and I were driving
The RV bleeding flames us leaping through fire surviving
Zoned with no home there was fire all on it
Umm, let me have my life I want it
I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna
I'm gonna let you know that I said
We're coming in kill we're coming chill
We've comin' in how we will
Gone to tell the whole world what's the deal
And I say know no critical boarder 'cuz
We do what we want
Got more funky styles that my laser jet got font
Not one to get over sounding like the norm
Friendly to the radio all that shit is corn
All we coming with is a little bit of swing
And we go on like it ain't no thing
Omaha stylee did not think there was one
Where you know the radio's weak and the shows are more fun
But you know we fucked up the dance since 1988
Many did not think when they hear that we come from this state
Still we're down like that
Still we're down like that
Still we're down like that
Makin' the funk that smells of skunk
Omaha stylee did not think there was one
Where you know the radio's weak and the shows are more fun
But you know we fucked up the dance since 1988
Many did not think when they hear that we come from this state
The [Incomprehensible] that we come from
Was a poor table basement
The budget was low key

And the record was Jamaican but
Such occasions occur back in the day
It begins you're a raw kid all the way
Son of a gun but they you drifted
All are endowed but few are gifted
At the break of dawn behaving like a spy
Lampin' in the light the cold world awakens
Deeper is the light to open up the sky
Look into my eyes and see the dialatin'
Omaha stylee is the shit we come with man
Embedded in out souls it breathes out from this band
We always knew that we could
Thank you if you too felt we would
Not one to get over sounding like the norm
Friendly to the radio all that shit is corn
All we coming with is a little bit of swing
And we go on like it ain't no thing
Omaha stylee did not think there was one
Where you know the radio's weak and the shows are more fun
But you know we fucked up the dance since 1988
Many did not think when they hear that we come from this state
Still we're down like that
Still we're down like that
Still we're down like that
Kickin' the funk that smells of skunk
We will arise explore these worlds and find the grass roots
How to crew to do the grinding of the grounds to brew
My dude on the one come off like teflon
Rock your shit and you will rise on
If you're a farmer outstanding in your field say, "Uhh"
Do as you eill do as you wish follow your bliss say,"Uhh"
We travel round the world giving it our best
We'd like to see the people dancing and bouncing and the rest
The hammer and the chisel and the rule it compass
We forged the sword chariots of war our battle axe
There's power in anger but loves a bigger banger
Complete props to my crew this is how we do
Omaha stylee

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