

Iron Galaxy (Turntables by J Fluid)

Cannibal Ox

{So like, what he wants from me?
Yo, tell me about it, it's cold world out there
Sometimes, I think I'm gettin' a lil' frosty myself} My shell, mechanical found ghost
But my ghetto is animal found toast
My shell, mechanical found ghost
But my ghetto is animal found toast
My shell, mechanical found ghost
But my ghetto is animal found toast
Animal found toast but my ghetto animal Life's ill, some time's life might kill
Vordul Mega, five digits grab mic's mic strike type ill
Is life real? Yo, Akhi builds
When life feels, like earth don't spin Whirlwinds mic blend
Life's at a stand still, dangerous 'cuz man kills
An' still, cats visualize life ghetto like
Born mind, sometime these cats see life
Street life incomplete light an' be like I'm a live life after this, one crime
One line from the Megala, blow spine
Everyone knows the city's ill, cats kill
Still black man holds nine, gotta chill star
C-A.L.L.A.H, be the light of Shamar Work hard, Shamar, C-Cipher A.L.L.A.H
Adapt bars snatch stars an' detach large, channels
But our bar's handle might break mic's
Vordul Megala, the cannibal ate mic's
Strive live, live fuck five, I want a hundred an' eight mic's {Son, yo, son, did you see that kid, yo?
Yo, yo, chill out man, chill out
Yo, son, did you? Yo, son, he pulled it out} Five digits, cock biddy, nine milli
One floor shine silly, spun city, one verse hit milly
Little girls spinnin' curls, three sixty
Livin' in in a world shitty
Yo, they spun young earth, now shitty An' while 5 0 might shoot black head
Nigga, sorry I sold space suit to crack heads
D.T's operate mechanically, po' po' in slow mo'
Black kids, locked away
Attic key, plus one fourth pound of smoke flow While, lock head Fabian, Ahmed Arabian
Layin' in Bodeg, holdin' drama A.K.
Spoke like, As salaam a opaque
Chokin' vodka mixed with O.J.
Wig splits, mad quick, spinnin' three six oh ways C 4 blew the door, number eight
Summer fate, tank top wit a knot

Number nine said, Run the place
Took my girl, stereo, CD plus the tapeYo, Star, don't wet that
Fucked her face, let's stuff the plays
Jet back to Santa Cruz, Californ I A
Peace to C-God, locked up cat, born nine waysCome home, mad soon
Live ill, life things just like little black girl got shot
Damn it hurts, when they spun earth, filled with knots
Gonna make a difference, so we get locked
Caught in the shit an' losin' what we got
Come on black, equal, equal{Do you know that you're one of the few predator species
that preys even on itself?}An' if there's crack in a basement,
Crack heads stand adjacent
Anger displacement, food stamp arrangements
You were a still born baby
Mother didn't want you, but you were still born
Boy meets world, of course his pops is goneWhat you figure?
That chalky outline on the ground is a father figure
So he steps to the next stencil, that's a hustler
Infested with money an' diamond clusterLets talk in laymen terms, rotten apples an' big worms
Early birds an' poachers, New York is evil at it's core
So those who have more than them
Prepare to be victimsAte up by vultures, the politicians
In a dog eat dog culture, that'll sick 'em
Lack of mineral, we take it personal
A pigeon can't drop shit if it never flewEvery day is no frills, empty krills
Broken 40 bottles an' MCs with skills
I rest my head on 115
But miracles only happen on 34th
So, I guess life is meanAn' death is the median
An' purgatory is the mode that we settle in
I've got that Eve's Bayou sense of touch
So I fought, to touch every hand
Of a fan to read their thoughtsBattered wives, molested children
Roaches on the floor, rats in the ceiling
Cats walk around New York with two fillin's
One is in their mouth the other, does the killin'
I'm Vast Air, Kramer, top billin'

Songwriters

Theodore Wayne Arrington;Jaime Meline;Shamar Eugene GardnerPublished by
DEFINITIVE JUX MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>