

Syntax Era

Leaders of the New School

[Chorus]

Dinco, Dinco, Go Dinco

Go Charlie, Charlie go

Charlie. Go Busta, Busta

Go Busta. You know we got style When it comes to shout outs

Boogie Brown is here don't fear.

The clear just step to it. Now I drive.

Come alive from the bottom to the top.

Temptation or confusion makes you want to stop.

But? (I know you, and you know me)

C.B.M.C. Given to me by Chuck D.

That's deep as I look at all the videos.

Wack stage shows, wack page flows.

Biters non-rhythm writers. (Example the sample).

It was an age under and a stage back.

The girlie's screaming she's having a cardiac.

Like epileptic seizures no

Amnesia comatose double dose Anesthesia.

Damn. (damn) should I say.

What are you doing! , I dare at your stare so yo

Come do me, it's done or rather should I say it's on.

The mental instrumental I continue with.

My song yeah we've got jumping jerks with no understandings of

The East Coast stomp. Fam understand.

Several other brothers watch our videos the vidiots discover.(It's just another case) Wow! (Base).

Why is everybody always picking on me.

Now let's see our games played.

I'm Donkey Kong fat freak the notes.

Flip the script run the jewels.

(The Leaders Of The New School).

Yet I shine when I rhyme (You know, you know)

Always remember the scenario.Syntax Era[Chorus]For the Harper Valley Pete's sake tea makes.

A great ace in a hole

You cheated gold, only sold to who

Was told now trembling remembering

When I timberland and down listen wait.

Who's that coming around sounding like that sound.

I guess it's Dinco, Milo, Busta, and Bro! wn.

Four minds of two kinds run one with the sun.

I love my father, mother, my brother, and the sisters
That come from all over the place to trace the base.
Inspector Clouseau I wonder is true though.
Oh no, no more security.
Nets straight human casualties
call for raw regrets in beat societies.
Lessons must speak,
Stand be strong. Keep away from weak in the years long.
Life leaders let loose leading leftbacks.
And misguided youth letting leaks lack.
Levels of truth. Look ma' no hands.
Lend likes lots of love only lasting cause I'm asking.
Could we be above average not savage,
But near newly more duty, more than terror.
Peace to my girl.
"Whoops? Syntax Era! [Chorus] Copy cat do this, do that.
want to do something ?
Do this.
Chicky chaka chubaka.
Gitty getty gothca.
Ah man, all of a sudden people say I be buggin'
Rugged culture musikal Hip-Hop! I be lovin'
Gimme, gimme, gimme something.
Gimme something for nothing.
Rich blood sucker of the poor I see you.
Hickory, dickory.
Hay watch out for the trickery.
What happened to creativity, dignity, integrity.
Hey Mr. Sneaky-one don't try to read my mind.
Just worry about getting yours, because I'm getting mines.
Leaders made a commitment to keep this type of music.
Livin' forever.
Whatever, whatever.
We live in an era where errors aren't made to
Remain an error, but I think that's kinda better.
Understand that word and how you use it.
Rap is business music, Hip-Hop is cultural music.
Now you get to see the one sun getting super dumb.
Dance around because you know that we doin' it for fun.
Flippin' and trippin'.
You little sorry sucker you slippin'
Lay over my lap bacause I'm gonna
Give you a whippen.
Trippin', dippin' and winin'
Stop the damn crying.

I don't know what you tryi! n'
You better stop lyin'.
With correct intellect, wetter, bigger and better.
As I come straight.
Check my Syntax Era. Word to God, 1993, shit is solid. [Chorus 2] We are the L. (What!)
We are the O. (What!)
We are the N. (What!)
We are the S. (What!) [Chorus: Repeats]

Songwriters

KING, MARLON MAURICE/SMITH, TREVOR/HAYES, PATRICE Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>