Swan Lake

CafÃ© Del Mar

[Verse One: Gift of Gab]

Sittin on top of the bay, watchin the tide
It's time to break the tension away, come take a ride
As you enter the dimension of the crew SoleSides
It ain't nuttin goin on but a party
Now brothers wanna flex but I'm over they heads
I got the funky type of style to rip your vocals to shreds
I'm never runnin from the Feds wearin red Pro Keds
Cause -- I ain't did nuttin to no-BODY!
I dedicate that line to Shack from South Central
Not sayin I'm the baddest but I know I got potential
For every black man hung lyrically I lynch you
Your style is kinda dry hope my melody can quench you
My soul is one with all although my ego is against you
See rap is a raw meat, so now I got to mince you
I'm playin rappers out like an old pair of gym shoes
I can do anything, I can do anything
Crusin down the street in my six-four Impala
Is what I'd like to be doin if only I had the dollars
A baller ain't a baller if he ain't got balls
A scholar ain't a scholar if he ain't got scho-lastic
Education, and if not that, then learn from life
Beyond all of the material crap
A human ain't a human if he doesn't make mistakes
And the name of this song is Swan Lake

[Verse Two:]

A planet ain't a planet if it don't have wars
A battle ain't a battle if you don't catch scars
A mind that ain't inquisitive really doesn't got
Shit to live for if you can't explore the
Realms of thought you ought not test lest
You be chomped up, like a pop rock, stopped for a
Bead from the weed lady, thought it was the bomb
Really wasn't nuttin but a bag of strong palms
Lost twenty dollars, didn't get high
Maybe next time I use my finances right

Live another day, learn another lesson
Ain't no need to get my mental status cold stressin
That it's so ill that it's fo'-real that it's
No skill displayed, de shades gone now
So it's time to build my own umbrella
Tell it tell her hella mellow fellows loungin
Better bread I never fled a header of the sounds and
All I wanna do is run my own universe
Grab the mic and let my spirit just FLOCK when I croon a verse
Mind over matter, spirit over mind
A doobie and a skin funky breakbeats and rhymes
A true blue homey to the end reminiscin with your
Sister in the living room gin
A life with a plan nine acres on a land
Building self by yourself helpin out a fellow man
Prepare for the essence when your inner soul's free
Before the departure plantin of the right seed
I think what everybody's strivin for is peace of mind
I'm thinkin the world is full of inner places that are out there to find
Manipulated minds need to make an escape
And the name of this song is Swan Lake
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