Cyclone

Dub Pistols

(Here are the thrill-seekers, corrupt, and immoral)

(Too much, too often)

I rip rock and gravel when I time travel
My rhyme busts shots with the beats that I battle
When I get in your head my thoughts become lead
Pipes that never get the see's out of bread
Straight beat the bloodstream
Try to come clean
Got intervened by dream that was sweet
With a three-sixty degrees turn on the globe
And now you got me runnin' around my area code.

You got me runnin' in a cyclone
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You got me runnin' in a cyclone
Coma-overdose and I'm in the zone.
You got me runnin' in a cyclone
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You got me runnin' in a cyclone
Coma-overdose and I'm in the zone
(A'ight)

Three seats for the future
Birth on this earth
I go up from the step for my pen to exert
And the G's that revert from its natural source
If reversed, I take the opposite course
To avoid the steroids and the jack to my record
Because its style, its the style they neglected
By the natural physique on my way to the mental peak
That's when I flip the Unique Freak
Let my lyrics leak as the mountain goes through
I take one last look and take a giant leap
I take a giant leap
(I said what?)
I take a giant leap
(You got me what?)
I take a giant leap

(You got me what?)
I take a- (what?)
I take a

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(Creation Vibration)
(I said we goin' on vacation)
(We goin' on a freaky vibration)

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(Too much. Too often.)

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