

LSD

Public Enemy

Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldn't hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation x be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doom
Control the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot
Check the passports tap the telephone
Surprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing
Now what i see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of lsd
I don't know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like i know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long ride Now i be damn i been a man
Figure i never call myself a nigger
To get benjamans
What's love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoes
Now the heads tell tales
How the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead
Lord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west
That funk to the east is phat
Atl be krunk dirty south

Thirty thou crankin trunks
 Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
 Now what be indebted
 Better get over it
 Those times and raps ain't never comin back
 No future without a pass i kick ass
 Rock the sox offa pandora's box
 Is it any wonder why the clocks flavor got
 Between rehearsin a my jaw lox
 I set the bomb between the r & b scene
 Go against the grain run up on the train
 And so i parallel the brains of cobain
 As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne
 Make it plain the sound remains insane
 Come the same no holes closin up the lane
 Don't ask no questions on the simple level
 Can the magic get shaq back
 Knicks get van exel
 Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
 Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
 Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
 I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs
 Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks
 Rather try at 37 than die at 26
 Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
 Lie for a lie i look em in the eye
 History speaking lawyers should die
 Kissed the companies and made them all cry
 A new rap song and a real drive by
 Why o why did the video die
 The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
 Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid
 The god damn white man got you afraid
 Social service got your mama afraid
 Scared of the fact before a niggas black
 Some of you say nigga before you say crack
 You got no back is what you lack
 Just say black and i'll see where your ass is at
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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