Wailin'

Johnny Nocturne Band

In the zone like Keyser Soze, always the usual suspect
No check, all I got in this game is my respect
And southern pride I be, checkin' my fuckin' head
Scared, lookin' up in your face, Boy I see dead
If you test like SAT, then I guess that we may be
Enemies in the P's freestyles be freebies
I be that wrong nigga to fuck with, wouldn't I
Wouldn't I be the wrong one to try, never eating chicken thighsOnly the twenty piece mojo, flow zone like Flo Jo
I wanted to figure out, just how low could yo' hoe go
The beat hit like Beat Street, Krush Groove and Breakin'
Never bakin', rebukin' satan, we had you waitin'
For the second coming funny how time flies when you're rhymin'
La-Fa-Ce records, I think they got that perfect timin'
To be doper than Saddam believe the Nation of Islam
Fuck the police and the dogs, sniffin' that dope up out your car
I think they overstep they boundaries
OJ, not guilty, that's how they found heI felt the pressure like sun shinin', while raining at the same time
I kept on rhymin', not complainin'
Storm bringing cats and dogs my catalog be the size of golf balls
Throw up your daisy dukes, I'm hazardous to all you boss hoggs
And Roscoe P. Col' people, who could boost my locomotive
But enough of that everyone can rap unless they ain't supposed to
I use my gift of gab to boast and brag in every rhyme I
Compose won't y'all get sick of that'Cause I know I do when I hear those
Flows that ain't hip hop, you find that shit in the gift shop
But to each his own, my speech is gon'
Keep that shit up outta my zone
Long as you happy then I'm happy
Even if you just hate my fuckin' guts go 'head and damp me
Cause I'm gon' damp you anyway and then go home
And pray for yo' ass later 'cause we might need you in this war
I'm wailin' on you traitors like that

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