Fly Like A Bird

Lightsabres

Man I'm a coke rap spitter
A hair pin trigger
A crime rhyme dealer
Is illa but on the rilla
Spit around tornado lust
For the words
Rap it up like dope,
Fly like a bird
Nothing but baking soda the
Motorola do it well
Up in your face man with something
To sell
I'm like a chronic vision pigeon tiga
Just spinnin time with 45, 357s
And 9's
My figure 8, its real its not fake
Strawberry soda garlic bread and
Steak
Ahead in the chase and hide
Behind the wheel
You talk more money and we can
Make a deal
(make a deal square ass n*)
I'm not a screw face, I keep my
Boots laced
And listen to the homies brag about
They gun case
They off taste, crank beat with more bass
My court date, and I came in hella late
The cross game, wear rings with no chains
Holla at the guard if you a rap cat mane
Nickel plated, now the engergys penetrated
I put that on my life I'm glad you never made it
Raw hide, all in my blood line
You never find a drug like me and no kine
Don't hide, cause it makes it more divine
To put you in the firing line on valentines
February, or was it January

I lose my memory when it come to you canaries

Its necessary, on guard with what you carry
Split the middle of the swicher then add the blueberry
I'm not a damn fool, I live bay rules
Bay slang, and I'm doin my bay thang
Make change, get bread to kick game
I knows you got ass but yous a lame freak dame
No shame, and I'm greedy to the brain
You know the pit bull is off the chicka-chicka-chain
Crate-a-lane, on the freeway of pain
I don't spend dollars on expenseive champagne
Rip hearts and I pound the sky larks
Petal to the medal in my wu-tang clarks
New suede, from the stage to the grave
Hot days, means pistols in the shade
It ain't strange, motherfucker you sell cane
Add a little color to the picture frame
The rhyme cheetah, throw on the wife beater
T-shirt jeans tennis shoes didn't see ya
And this analogy, is a new strategy
And this academy is headed for a tragedy
It sounds to me that you're tryin to break free
And snakes like me don't allow that see
At close range you can see my vertigo
Venom in the soul and I'm ready to let it go
With no control, man it can grow like a rose
And I'm standing right there in my Filmo' pose
When a child cries, in the heart a father dies
Punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive
Lethal, multiply to equal
Bumpin see-bo on the way to Tahoe
I'm stage left, at the store remian chef
Man cook it up and keep it from the A-T-F
The barracuda, yo the rhyme roof shoota
Runnin down the stairs of the project do a
Kamakaze, rip your stargens for a hobby
And rip it in the lobby man while kickin it with bobby
You say the word, then here come the words put
Mustard on they rap and then fly like a bird

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