

# Salsa

## O.S.T.R.

We were born in the seventies  
The rippin' and rhyming and brethren see  
We're filling taste great  
In the old school I was eight  
For the new school I was late  
But in high school I was the bate  
I rate in the great state of California  
I'm warning ya  
Je vais a la plage parce que le guignol est chouette  
I kick nonsense in French, tasty like crepe suzette  
I bet you feel I'm famous for 311 sandwhich  
Not the whack DJs that I'm a damage  
I like a beat that's unique and yes I like my head zoomin'  
And in my continental, you know that shits boomin'  
With the diamond in the back, suicide doors  
You can look from here to eternity  
And never receive your morsel  
Another tale of ordinary madness  
The girl who gave you her sex I heard was homeless say  
"All I really wanna is to feel Nirvana  
Won't you take me tonight and we just might find"  
A bottle of wine and feel our nasty nature  
Your tongue lickin' up my tongue  
Your radio, pickin' up a smokey jazz love song  
Madness becomes, even though your  
Livin' life it's hard to exist when you're tempted  
By flesh you wanna bust through  
Beautiful legs in the bar there is poetry  
She bends and suspends and her ass  
Is a marvelous thing  
A dance dancin' at a club the hereafter  
Who can't really dance but that doesn't really matter  
And she won't hear applause  
'Cuz your drunk and lost all light is gone  
Your arms spread like a cross  
  
And you're dreamin' that the world will soon fall apart  
Topless girl in your gaze which is hazy  
Takes your dollar in the gutter with the cigarettes

Or wine you're hungover  
I was warned of your normal behaviour and felt  
My life was too short to consider your whacky self  
It's like this when you dip down  
And you are boxin'  
Reelin' against the ropes and you  
Face some young Mexican  
Your scrappin' your neck gets  
Snapped back your nose bled  
Your thinkin' about a comeback  
But your takin' it to the head  
You little bastard  
Better watch your back  
'Cuz we're after your punk ass  
By God we're gonna jack it  
You're journey is small time  
And your show is over  
You're 'bout as lucky as a three leaf clover  
And your older  
Hoe bag screezer  
In her droopy saggy skin  
Who thought she was a model but in truth a never has been  
Both of us you bring your cheap rooms too  
This is a bought in a little ways Robbie is too  
{I'll slap that witch as if I were her pimp}  
{And my crew will attest to her fraudulence}  
{Ha ha ha  
After that you ask me like this  
Of course no}

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