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 sceezer
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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