3000

Kiev

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3000I crank up lyrical flows, spit spats, whats that
The pattern records, dont touch the dats, yo
Check out the pro skills, medic fulfills
Contact react to style Im back you lackChannels and handles, automators on the panels
Turnin' knobs you slobs suckers like baskin' robs
Caravel dont tell your whole crew is ice cream fudge
Rappers that budge, makin' moves step in groovesAnd ride the pace
Like at thirty-three dark shades
Now you seein' me
Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000
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3000Let me shuffle red red red
See the black heart it aint hard
Pick and choose you lose oops you lost
Check out the boss on Broadway down to walkwaysSuckers with mics that end up with tooth decay
I, the doctor, stop ya, in your world rock ya
Heads bop, forever tunes and they wont stop like hip-hop
Keeps growing, sick of sick of showingScratches in mattress business money reattaches worldwide
Deep inside stops the diamond rocks
In a million world, billion world, quitrillion world
Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000
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3000As space Ive shown participator acts walk up clog up and mess up
Water down the sound, that comes from the ghetto
In the middle the core you tour explore experience
What is real you feel, changing waysCommercial raps in the grave
Stuff on disc thats very wack
That you saved, you think its good wont go platinum
Or even turn wood, sell the cassetteYour homeys tape deck gets wet
You my pet, my poodle chicken noodles on the rise
Open your eyes and see my life
Rap moves on to the year three thousand3000
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