

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 fulfillls  
Contact react to style Im back you lackChannels and handles, automators on the panels  
Turnin' knobs you slobbs 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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Lyrics provided by  
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