ABCs

Turkish Techno

Bundle up my whole style is so cold
I glow like old guys who go bald
My flow got no front in the vocal
Your flow got no button it's so oldI don't mean to sound like a showboat
But it's true my persona's no joke
I stepped into some kinda portal
I'm legend and sometimes I'm nobleI'm from the most risky zone, oh
No place is more shifty global
More pistols, Russian revolvers
We shootin' all that is normalBut it ain't just because we want to
We ain't got nowhere we can run to
Somebody please press the undo
They only teach us the things that guns doThey don't teach us the ABC's
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
All we got is life on the streetsThey don't teach us the ABC's
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
All we got is life on the streetsRock, you know my era
B-boy seasoning, salt-n-pepa
Grown and sexy, come with the extra
Crushed up linen, fly like CessnaThis type brew, I gave it birth
Now it's time again to give it a verse
Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja
Boulevard, Brooklyn to SomaliaAnd it goes in the background
Playa, that is my sound
The green doesn't symbolize I made it on the top
Pioneer legend and they call me Mr. RockNo B word or N word, I don't need those words
Respect for hers
The game dried up, so we come with the grease
Leadin' ya right and treatin' ya right, so peaceThey don't teach us the ABC's
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
All we got is life on the streetsThey don't teach us the ABC's
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
All we got is life on the streetsSuperman is known by the locals
As this dude who's so fly it's global
Attitude that came outta struggle

Destitute but I make it hopefulYou real but my real is tenfold
My real will make yours a rental
Gangsta if at ease, essential
Fight with guns or utensilsSo bold, nothing's confidential
Breakfast was not continental
And lunch could not compliment all
We still become competent soulsThese streets ain't paved with no gold
Matter fact someone stole the light bulb
Nobody fat enough for lypo
They don't teach us to read and write, soThey don't teach us the ABC's
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
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