

Nutsymptom

311

The cold funk has you sunk feel the mids pump
Blessed are those who erupt when we turn up
Right now we corrupt
Cons the shades we don in the neon night
We're gonna feed on the mics and blast through a pipe
I gotta cool capability to toast and ill
Yo my daddy told me, "Hey son you must act chill"
Alien rough, my galaxy is tough Here comes the bang of a hip hop thing that we bring and swing
Men from Mars ain't ever gonna hang
With dope Buddha's come to the stage we are attackin'
Space assassin', naked live and never slackin'
Come a day on the way enter on S A
Amplified form, another world far away
I got the pang of a gang and I come from the Southside
Here's the thing that I bring and I promise to come live While the masses, passes upon their fuckin' asses
And if you don't see, get glasses
That is a shot out to the words of Curt Grubb
The motherfucker is no scrub
I said, "The man is the kind with the one that I call Brine Shrimp"
We never ever do skimp, I limp on stage in a huff
Like magic dragon I puff on the stuff of a Humbolt cone
Then I'm stoned, watch out! Smoke the weed that come from Northern California
No, I do no Cocaine that come from Columbia
That the thing that mash up your nature
Mess up your body and mash up your culture
Take a tip from the the flipped script of Daddy Freddy
I give complete props to the one that rocks steady
With the Devil, and goes on and on and on
And turn out the dope shit like the one that's called
Pawn Shop Press, yes it's on, what's up?
Peanut, change it up, what's up on your mind?
Watch out!

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