

Shiva Jeyapalan**"Turbulence, Violence, an' Silence"**

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Artificial, artistic/
Lyrically/
I rap in Cali/
I'm more the subtle in a bottle type to be havin'
turbvulence an' silence
Causin' the violence/
Hell, these lyrics don't even make any sense/
Pipe the shit down/
Shut down the loco an' ya can't move/ FREEZE clown/
To CEASE, catch a disease/
If ya can't exist in H-town, the Harlem Haven District
pick for 5 min.
Then ya betta run so fast in the fast lane
U could be beaten by an old blind man w/ a blind cane/
Aiite Dawg/
Take some of that Coors Light/
Masta man w/ them gurls/
Rasta, Caughta, Catcha, Busta

(Chorus 2X)

Guns loadin', J- Lo, damn/
Bullets spreadin', dispersin', /
An' havin' heads spun out, spun out/
Born an' raised, not encaged/my blood/
Was made outta laced liquor
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.
Rap connects lyrically/
If you are made to be artistically/
Don't matta if you're from Cali/
Jus' shake it an' make it don't matta if ya got to fake it
cuz for your Sake it's betta than to shit around town/
Jus' take the raaapppp, biiiattttchhh!

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