

Sparkle F/ R. Kelly**"Fa-La-Lashe"**

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Cash:

It be the God Magnetic no time for mic checks
You know the s-t when the Green's on the set
This suck this respect respect
Step up in the kitchen get fried like fritters
Green sound be the best thing since a babysitter
The fam formulate like Morgan-Stan-Dean-Witter
Yo Mos, stop playing with me man, drop that...

Sit back and take a pull but take the tape off pause
We bout to take you to the green so why don't you hop
aboard
Thoughts collide make heads bob like something
delicious
Don't even blink for a sec cause we'll catch you
sleeping

Cash:

Stressed out, stopped hanging out with them cats on
the corner
now they got me staked out, checking out the cars I
hop out
Lexus, the Cherokee, fresh fades occupy the dome
piece
The leather seat exceeds the cushion in the rental I'm
pushing
And like the club maybe one day lock this rap shit down
But for now I drink cheap beers, the St. Ides
A dollar fifty nine for free, I write rhymes to leviate the
hard times
And do what I'm best at
To hear my voice on a track is like a treat
Even though you're not supposed to
Late night eating me like a Kit-Kat
My sugar words put bumps on your face
While brothers' first album be the raw shit
and the second one be laced with bullshit
But watch me this understanding see
Who like to snatch shows and ice skate(?), it must be
The currency they ascertain that makes them forget
About the times when they were broke and used to feel

pain
The back of my Tims-
Is run-down like criminals names on computers in the
precinct
Ain't no white man on the street innocent
Though it's my duty to teach civilization from Hatians
To Jamaicans to cavemen down to children
To them brothers out there on the corner scheming
We got the dap too, where we living we ain't leaving

DCQ:

What the D-D the E-E the A-A the L
Last time in a battle yo a lion got his eye swell
Isn't it the ultimate
To press play, spark a spliff, and get the John licked
I'm in love with LeShay, she on some other shit
She don't understand ghettos, why the guns spit
The cause, the trials, the tribulations
The man, woman, child builds a foundation
I be the hunter in the woods with the patience
With plans to get all chubby in the face
The Green, we stay laced
With knowledge, wisdom, understanding,
Food, clothing, and shelter
Keep a G above water in this Babylon swelter
And if you ain't got you better get
Ain't no bread on the table, so how the hell you tired?

And if you ain't got you better get
And if you ain't hot you better get lit
And if you ain't got you better get
And if you ain't hot you better get lit

Mos Def:

Say what say what
I'm on a roll with it
Catch a vibe and then go with it
Original, so the biters can't prohibit
The way I flow with it
Is too swift for the slow witted
Crisp from top to below with it
I go get it cause it's here to be got
I'm Medina bring all Greens so there ain't no stoppin'
No traffic, no static, flow matic
Get on the mic and just go at it
The pure pro at it
Your sip Mo status don't matter
You can still get your hopes shattered
You think it won't happen
Reality yields to no magic
Step outta zone and get your bones cracken

I carry poems that can
Get into chubby's(?) ass like Joe Jackson
And leave the bubble-headed fall flat and
Live or closed caption
These other cats are getting no action
Medina scream it to the top stop your balls acting(?)

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