

## Vast Aire, Timbo King, Prodigal Sunn & Byata "Slow Blues"

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[Intro: Timbo King (Prodigal Sunn) {Byata}]  
Yeah, get my voice, get the clarity (Sonzini the flame)  
{Let me drop a little something hot, what?} Yeah  
(Yo turn my vocals up son) {Yeah, turn my voice up}  
Brooklyn, Bo King... yeah... {All my Russians come on}  
I gotta pull out the guitar on this one.

[Vast Aire]  
I'm Vast Aire... I'm like Ali, better yet Joe Louis  
I will push my hands through you, I don't need bullets  
Show me the signal, let's flow  
I be outside with 30 niggaz ready to go  
We shine when we rhyme, so I'm, ready to glow  
I liked to helm shows, I'm ready to sow  
Pass me the needle, you get the cloth  
Kunta'll get the thread, and we'll all break bread  
This is the true birth of a prince  
When I die, this song will be a footprint  
I be back with the essence in an instant  
I heard about Ason, and burnt an incense  
Life's ill, don't get it pretzled  
I can't show you, but I'll leave a stencil  
I'm talking about what matters, not figures  
I'm pointing at the moon, and you looking at my finger

[Byata]  
Come correct me, and I really give a fuck  
Who won't accept me, you see?  
I gotta do this for the underground, broke it down  
Coney Isle, BK to Uptown, yeah, they gonna know me  
now  
I'm up in the kitchen cooking up some hot shit  
Ask your boy Raekwon, he gonna tell you how I spit  
Yeah, Byata live it, it's a hustle every day  
I'm on the grind, try'nna see this, million' kay-vay  
But I stay shining, catch me when I'm up in the scene  
Rocking the cell plus roots, now your delf, ya silk  
screens  
Yeah, gorilla style, don't make me have to wild out  
With the, surrealer, for realer, clap you, and come tell  
bout

Making moves, paying dues on the evening news  
The Russian lifestyle, bitches, we let them lose  
Now give me another blast of that green  
Til I get open and I'm nasty with the sixteen  
They don't even know what's coming  
Til them got them rubbing off the rooster  
Chick from C.I., to Brighten Beach, yea, we Russian sick  
What? Yeah, we Russian sick, uh, yeah, the chick is sick

[Timbo King]

I'm Young Abraham, in front of the projects puffing  
If I, honor myself, then my honor is nothing  
Even a spirit of evil, in the veins of a junkie  
Pay peanuts and you get monkeys  
Honkey see, honkey do, yeah, Yacub the foul serpent  
Amongst crack dealers, street merchants, Bo King  
Yeah, flows from out of my mouth  
Up North, Down South, yeah, I'm never without  
Extra heat, on some black burner, semi assault  
Buccaneer, yeah I'm bucking near holes in your port  
Cuz, you ain't bustin' nothing, that's studio edits  
Who doing the shooting, your engineer, get all the  
credit  
So while you busting shots in a four hour session  
I'll be aiming at cops in the name of oppression  
Mack one to the second power, clap off end  
I can hit anything up close or far away  
Spray lead at the governor's head, cuz he don't wanna  
Break bread with the slaves that never been fed

[Prodigal Sunn]

One for my son's money, two for the show  
Three, I gets busy, four; I'm out the door, bro  
Five, the click get live, the Sunn don't die  
Blaze that haze in the East, that purple gush on the  
Westside  
Tech vests with the metal slides, from rebel Bedstuy  
I do or die, high and on the ride  
This revolution will be televised, through mics, I'm  
mesmerized  
Sight spies, small fries, living lies  
Destined to flame, will get you blownd out the fucking  
frame  
I don't bang, but I will let that evil reign  
Never catch me tucking the chain, I'm gutter grain  
That's word to mutha, main, sustained in this fucking  
game  
Yeah, he shines like aluminum foil, make the mic boil  
Ladies and gentleman, introducing, I'm loyal  
Blood lines royal, hood raised never spoiled  
I'm quick to bury a snake, Jake, breathe the soil

Twist that backwood berry croyal  
Taste the green as it broil, and watch it burn like oil  
That independent who stays major, rule one, about my  
paper  
It all started on the block with small cash capers  
A force of nature, my moms and pops ain't no glass  
makers  
And if I see you on some shit; I'm a fair shaker  
I let it out like Sharon Vegas, serving traitors  
Y'all niggaz now I shine across the equator

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