

A.L. "Lyrics"

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Yo...

Microphone yo... corazon yo...

No doubt, lyrics, yo A.L., check it

What you say son?

Raw creation, my nation is trapped, packed like
animals

Hannibal canibals lurkin in streets which are flammable

A rastless, hustler's aimin, for the intangible meat

I'm too deep, checkin if beats are compatible

Brain lit off shots, body counts become plural

Hand me a mic, I paint a picture on your mural

Vision of streets, summer's blood, when you need
peroxide

Never on the cop's side since my man's pops died

Nuttin's correct to life it's lopsided, and cockeyed

I ain't Popeye, so I front hard, to make my glock hot

Thoughts react to the impossible, kill the probable

Constable obstacles, haunt me like my future in a
hospital

Until them days, my ways'll be unstoppable

Undroppable, undodgeable, mainly focus illogical

To know it to show it the poet'll grab the Moet

I blow it before I flow it, topics I sew it pockets I dought
it

Legitimate cash is the only thing I cream

So the knowledge I fiend, until I raise my seed

Too much greed exceeds, leaves the next man to
bleed

Little kids don't read, they're out of touch with we

So I proceed, to make you hear it, just to lead you

with spirits of lyrics, cause I need you, I need you

No doubt son

Lyrics I need you, I breed you, I need you

Lyrics... I need you, I breed you

Lyrics... I need you... I breed you

Lyrics... I need you, I breed you

Check it

I civilize the unwise when I rise to my potential

The instrumental, enables me to move my pencil
Coincidental, to Einstein's radical mental
Kickin shit like orientals far from gentle I'm essential

When I speak it yo I leak it I freak it, until you pee

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