

## Astor Willy

### "Deep in the Jungle"

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(Gift of Gab)  
And I come like this

(scratched)  
I've got a few things I wanna say

(Gift of Gab)  
I'm gunnin', ya runnin away, do not stay  
Cuz the wrath of the gift will be hittin' ya spliff  
And a lot of the crews got sprayed and yelled RAID  
Like a couple of roaches, as struggle approaches,  
a brother'll blow this  
Another ferocious jam, I smother the ?grossagran?  
I hover above the land of lame emcees that dont blow  
I'm poppin' the clip and then bo bo with the gun  
And a once in a munch chest, rest in peace  
And I ?bellow you to beast? I abolish emcees with  
sounds like these  
Run over enemies and I rest in the west  
Dark hemisphere, burn wit a fear is nothin but a mere  
setback  
Hear when I'm here,  
earn wit a clear conscience in the middle of the jet  
black  
I'm a dog, running through the jungle  
wit a hoodie and black hat choppin down ?noonsies?  
Not a frog, cunning yet I'm humble  
gotta do the jewels tack wack talkin clowns  
Tip me, I'ma knock 'em all around, bust a front  
With a fat blunt swinging on a vine in the homeland  
I'ma tack 'em in the sound little punks when the rap  
bump  
Springin on the rhyme I bowl man  
Gifted when I'm lifted off a spliff hit,  
reminisce shit, riff with dipshits  
This shit is the mischievous style of the gifted,  
I'm a whiz kid, get a whiff kid  
Swingin' down low, breakin' down flows  
with a new flow medley outgrow when you step back  
To the black with a fat rap with a fat sack  
with a little bit a funk in my napsack

Take it back to the brother land  
and I was smotherin' stupid idiots like Tarzan  
Givin' back to the brother man and get another land,  
man gimme it, its Or-land-o  
How easy and tight wishin' into the depths  
up in the sound in the heart of the jungle  
Gettin' wild with the art of the rumble,  
never amount to be smarter than Dumbo  
Make 'em mumble, make 'em humble,  
Get me round from the start, you will crumble,  
and you tumble, and you stumble  
And I do it like that  
From the end to the other end never gonna end,  
set a trend with the maniac mic clutch  
Hey ?bob by the ba?, said you keep your day job  
my competitors never know the right touch  
Have to bail through the backstreets, raisin' hell to a  
black beat  
Rappers fail to attack me, like a sail with the slack g  
I attack 'em like acne, exactly UGH

(spoken)

Mindless cretins grow through idiosyncrosy  
Peels up, rising up, down

(Lateef)

Steppin' up through the deep, dank murkiness  
No telling what is lurking  
I hero it, but will I sense a jerkin  
I proceed to bust a buster  
cuz I trust the finer design in the mind of the rhyme  
Just about impossible to find  
What a disgrace to the race of wack mc's  
I am because I choose to stand my ground  
FIRM and blowin' the rhythm the vermin and learnin'  
All I know is we've earned every entry attained  
And strained the game, and what I'm tryin' to explain is  
that  
The deeper we're creepin' the more we find sleepin'  
And slippin' just shootin' dead lips on a mission  
Its missin' the reason the gift we've been given the  
rhythm  
Cuz that just the way we've been livin'  
And thrive in the essence, survive and its easy  
To recognize when analyzing ?the bo?  
Surprises the lame in this line and tryin'  
To get you to buy into their fantasy world  
Can it be damaged the ?emina? bones  
of the fellas and men thats exploting my culture  
Can't understand every breast that you touch  
was as up ?paper scun? be one hung motherfucker

Such as nowadays, its fallin' and splinterin', just  
timber, instead of  
Gettin out of my way, and what I'm -- meaning to say is  
that  
The canopy that covers me now is the blackest, attack  
this  
I thought we already established the wackness  
Presented in the cemented jungle  
by the bumblin' brothers stumblin' tumblin' down  
Surround me in a cannibalistic style, but I just smile  
and  
Silence 'em like the lambs, they all the whole flock  
We just one magic stock style  
I'm gettin' 'em off like crack viles, and wicked the  
whole fuckin while  
Not trippin over no vines, or over no swine, or over no  
mines  
Or over no line at the plot  
Thinkin' of whippin' 'em like a glock in the jungle

(spoken)

Now in the beginning of the journey  
Not in time, but in the mind  
Imagine the camels being loaded up  
The men, loading themselves up  
It's a long journey -- the oasis is all in the clamor  
As we start from the top we go to the very bottom  
Of a myserious place -- a very mysterious place  
What's that I see? Ahhhh

(Lyrics Born)

I can't even describe you, so I ain't even gon'  
try...hmmmm  
Making hell of mc Asia is now this I dont dispute but  
you knew  
You knew Lyrics Born was a ripped off note sheet of a  
hundred  
And you scrape the paint off your bumpers making  
sure you beat the buzzer  
Making sure Lyrics Born came out his mother's  
stomach  
covered with the lyrics that kill  
No bumper, right? Cuz mo'fucka  
I know you can make colors rhyme  
And have the whole goddamn planet yellin uncle at you  
and even  
Still take the time big up little ?egg?, can you imagine?  
Big up Asia Born, this little bottle  
Or that you would even be lightly concerned with little,  
little words  
That you would tug at the line, pullin' the kind

Of lyrics out my mouth that make me big bad don,  
takin' kids' legs home  
You can't even back a sliver roach, you know  
That type shit, and then watch me wreck this stage  
Boy like I got your daddy's style hangin' around my  
waist  
And then watch me forget -- the way  
Good lyrics taste, thinkin' I just ain't little rabbit eyes in  
your heart  
Man, cuz if I thought it was just  
Lyrics Born that made lyrics born, lyrics born  
And then suddenly I can't do no more, I'd be like  
"Do you remember me?" No, Asia  
And you used to play my record on the way to the vapor

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