

Balaam And The Angel

"Flex Uv a Finga"

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[Chorus]

Won't you come around to my side of town
So I can show you how the real shit goes down
Where the, neighbors complain of how the gunsmoke
lingers
And lifes are taken with the flex of a finger

[D-Wyze]

D-Wyze is, drastic, the overlord in supreme rhymes
From the streets, sounds of a true mic fiend
I grab my dick two times for niggaz loafin on mine
If the punks got beef I gots to go for mine
Oakland's the city - I represent my heart and domain
From the barber to the rap is how I got my fame
Brothers is bad-asses, skipped all my high school
classes
It turned out massive - now this kid is spinnin on plastic
Got niggaz, locked on my skills cause I'm givin 'em
more
I spark the phil' with my man Bill on Jackie's top shop
floor
Five-oh is hittin - it's drivin black brothers insane
Judges is givin three strikes, for the rock cocaine
Down with Mo Nitty (sup Mo) fuckin around got caught
up in the city
So now it's, hear no evil, see no evil none is done
Two minimum misdemeanor for a small handgun
It's a buddha, but you know, that shit ain't real
For my brothers locked down y'know I know how you
feel
But now I'm free! My revolution's appeared
I'm with the B.U.M.S., two rappers to fear
From fifty-fifth to Fleming, I'm leavin ALL niggaz
tremblin

[Chorus]

[E-Vocalist]

I reminisce - when heavy artillery was a bat
But now out on the flats action's regulated by a gat
(Break yo'self fool) Five-oh attack explorin cracks like

Magellan

In Alameda County there's a bounty on brothers that's
sellin

Carry three felons it's twenty-five when the gavel drop
If not they plot, peep the covert ops

Take your drugs and guns, but leave your money to
recop

Figurin - involvement with drugs will maintain

Now every day in my neighborhood's like a chess
game

Playin for high stakes I smoke to keep my mind straight

Cause checkmates can mean ill fate (right)

While the number dead increases with the (fahrenheit)

In Oakland sunlight one might find means for
relaxation

While fiends pray to the streets like crack's the
salvation

(In the belly of the streets) ten years of incubation

My culture, provides me with the strength to face the
nation

[Chorus]

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