

## Common "Electric Wire Hustler Flower - Featuring Sonny Of P.O.D."

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Yo

Electric, wire, hustle, flower

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Blood and magic dripping from me

True thugs and addicts I grip an entry

Enter this game with tricks and envy

I forget game to remain an emcee

Rooms in this mind that's still empty, only fulfilled  
through prophecy

You stoppin' me, you see, I'm tryin' to catch this plane

You must be slow nigga, catch your brain

It's fresh, but it is some stress and pain

Got [unverified], ho nigga respect the game

I talked to cab drivers about the fast lane

And Islam, masters and shakras[unverified] and

beyond

Think about the hustle and somehow I see by

But what led it to the concrete, BS be strong

You was at your hardest when you didn't even try

Live like a bitch, to bitch you gonna die

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Mercury and retrograde, I'm trying to get niggas in the  
ghetto paid

While they watch pornos and Escalades

Away from floats and the dope in sex parades

Somebody screamin' in my mind, I'm tryin' to find if it's  
me  
Or voices on the master, they design to be free

Same revolt, can't be found on TV, or radio, it's livin' in  
me  
Hey, lady, that smoke is bothering me  
If I put it in your eye, ashes you would cry  
All this rap talk is blowing my high  
I just came to chill and build with my guy

I try to walk but I stumble off the humble path  
This story of a pimp stick that became a staff  
You got it, you gotta know where to aim the Mag  
Art and opinions are made to clash

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Out of body hard to explain, like the pyramids and  
gods I remain  
I know pain, like Kurt Cobain or ain't I playin' hurt the  
whole game  
Dig it to the Earth's brain for worst gain  
Focused like young blood on his first chain

I used to write shit to please niggas, now I write shit to  
freeze niggas  
Whether iced out, or American pie sliced out  
I sit in the room with the lights out  
Whether diced out, or with their hair spliced out  
I sit alone in the room with the lights out screamin'

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