

## Berurier Noir

### "Off the Wall"

Visit "[Off the Wall](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Let me ask this question real quick, umm, as far as the  
Smif-N-Wessun  
and the name change and everything like that; now  
how did that come  
about? How did that evolve into the Cocoa Brovaz and  
everything like  
that?

That was jealousy, man. That's all that is, man.  
(Jealousy, man)  
Jealousy and ignorance, man.

Yeah  
Niggaz got me stressed, man  
Oh, just burn a spliff don't worry about that

[Professor X]  
In my pink Cadi, I have a ??????  
Uncle Sam arms men to kill in the 'hood  
I make 'em snap it, test it  
My choice of weapon  
That Smif-N-Wessun, mmmmm  
Try  
Sue me for the namesake  
Yo, who's pimpin'  
Yo, who's pimpin'

I woke up in the morning, what did I see  
Unknown faces starin' down at me  
First off with the flee  
As fear overpowered me  
Cloriphil got me ready to black, I can't breathe  
Niggaz askin' me who's Smif and who's Wessun  
We got you now we're lookin' for your partner 'cause  
you're messin'  
With the incomin' currency  
And frankly we don't give a fuck about your privacy  
We been watchin' you for a while now  
We know about the calls made back and forth down  
south  
Word of mouth

You had your peoples workin' out  
But I doubt you had 'em lookin' out  
'Cause we can pick 'em out  
Now we got 'em listed on our internet systems  
Know about the crimes and the names of all their  
victims  
Even got the pinpoint spotter where you hang  
You got big dreams comin' 'round tryin' to change  
things

Let me say  
Why they try to suffocate and stifle all of our intentions  
They want our suffarations, trial and tribulations, too  
much to  
mention  
Well, tell them that we no 'fraid  
We don't have a big gate  
From every corner, angle, and section  
????????????????????not quite far  
I see '99 in crystal ball  
Them city-order ducks softly walk

I got suppenoed by the government the other day  
I opened it and read it  
It said they was suin'  
Said I couldn't move the way that I was movin'  
And I couldn't do the things that I was doin'  
Causin' mass confusion with the name that we was  
usin'  
Said they gun sales was conflictin' with our music  
Sent me multi-paid contracts just to prove it  
The trademarks on belt-buckles, shirts, and knives  
Ain't that the most off the wall shit you heard in your  
life  
Probably heard his junior singin' Mr. Ripper's in Your  
Area  
Feel your heart skip a beat as I'm nearin you  
I'm hearin' ya  
Askin' yo seed, who was me  
At the same time you break my classic CD  
Run it to the phone callin' up ??????  
I had it up to here with these damn rap neegers  
They even got my local boys sayin' that stuff  
I wanna draft my plain data for a million plush

I gotta letter from the corporate the other day  
I open and read it  
They said they was suin'  
Somethin' about we was causin' confusion  
Wanted me and my son to change the name we was  
usin'

Had our associates nervous  
Soup, try to serve it  
Got our investors actin' real shady tryin' to jerk us  
Got Tek ready to break somethin'  
I'm chillin' and stayed pumpin'  
Say somethin'  
I tell you why the frame won't even think nothin'

Hell fell  
Oh, well  
I yell  
Swear  
We gonna send 'em all to hell (X2)

[Professor X]  
So you're hesitant  
Where a brother quest to represent  
I sense no hinder, gender, two-faced intent  
In fact, cops signed the last government  
Contract  
Yeah, umm  
So where's your first world war  
Now presently on tour  
Hardcore  
Come on knockin' at your door  
Your revolver took down many of '90's lords  
Cut to that ad campaign, your gun stores  
So they welcome your floor of a tribe called Cocoa

Visit [Berurier Noir](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.