

Dobie Gray

"A Jazzy Rhyme"

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[Intro: Naisha (Triggnomm)]

Yo this shit's recording kid
So drop some jazz shit (drop some shit)
Drop some jazzy shit, (put the blunts down)
Drop some jazzy shit, (son set it off, set it off)

[Naisha]

The State of Naisha, mug like Tai Yung
Piss fruit wine, travel like fruit flies
Through blue skies, America, San Pucci can take
Cushion, I owe extinction, and play bronze
Wit violins, we deep like talons
It's Costello, the classic M.J. smoke weed says
Live like the life on ya R.C.A.
The odyssey, blood and poetry, the shako wit pottery
A mockery, to slay me a Mussolini wit Kennedy
Muscle me, Emilio Savage team
Goodfellas is obscene, my off the can is fuck up the
scene
Bonjour Madame, sushi, you bleed burgundy
Oh sanata, doing a bada, Benjamin on Pearl Harbor
Uh, you feeling it, spoke the smooth words of Shawn
Carter
My day will hood ya rob saga, the city in red
Seen the crew, dealt the income, seven P.M.
Bermuda tennis, remember in the A.M.
Shit like stankon, or bredren, we spread like tiger bomb
Twisted and feel it on, black espionage
Bump Nas, crack the Naisha, all in favor

[Chorus 2X: Triggnomm]

It's a jazzy rhyme from the J to the Z
Wit a classic shine like a '98 M3
Smooth as Badu, slow mo' from Malibu
To Honolulu, The Massive, we comin' through

[Triggnomm]

Peep the latest, medallions players
My scene is a drop top black Beem, interior mint green
Plus loaded, pass Naish' the dice, bet he roll it
4-5-6, stock bank, now we holdin'

Niggas is cucci, we absolutely get the lucci
Son, I love money, like Ricky love Lucy
In fact, I know this cat in Colorado named Ricardo
Pushin' milato's, money and murder was his motto
He read the Bible, that's only cuz he live the trifle
New his days were numbered the surface of disciple
Meanwhile, he stay browsin' for housin'
Cuz black cats just can't play these maps wit thousands
Ice jewels, cuz cash rule, keep a two
True hard knock, take that ass straight to school, son
I got a feeling we gon' rise this far
Word bonds, scratchin' my palm, eatin' shrimp
parmegan
True Don Juan, wit the iced out clusters on
You gots to hustle, then son, get ya hustle on
You gots to gamble, then son, get ya gamble on
Big Trigga, best believe, I'm gon' handle long

[Chorus 4X]

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