

Don Johnson Big Band

"Northbound"

Visit "[Northbound](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My mother told me it's a small miracle
I wasn't killed by my umbilical chord, all before i was
born
It dawned on me later how a tiny pitiful flaw
Could mean more than everything i didn't explore
Because i didn't have the courage, or the patience
Motivation, a direct correlation
Between every move and the road never taken
I connect the two if it's my last undertaking
The people here could have been painted by francis
bacon
And now they're all fading away, visibly shaken
Physically breaking down, the ground shaking around
them
Hounding, aching and pounding their hearts
Forsaken, sounding like pain is an art form
Took a lot of effort to find a way to start strong
I'm in a dark warm night and it's hopeless
I think a part of me died with lisa *****

Check it, another brand new record
From the final frontier of black vinyl
Entitled to finally pave the way, waive the pay
Made to crave for the arrival
Hit your vital parts, now the bible starts
With my name on the cover, but i played undercover
And laid on the rubber with my brain in the gutter
When i prayed not to stutter, explain and discover
The meaning of it all in a single sentence
Replace repentance with hatred and vengeance
My engines always rockin' at full speed
I'm mocking your whole breed and shocking to proceed
Like pulling from the dick tank, cause it's monday
On the planet farthest away from the sun
We've only just begun, you can trust me, son
That it must be fun when we bust it from the top

I say fuck this place, everything it stands for
Turn the other cheek, the whole face, and make plans
for
A fast getaway, we gone like a ding-a-dong

Sing along, my technique is all i bring along
Planets, stars, korova milk bars
Inter stellar spaces covered with silk scarves
The scars are visible like indivisible figures
My physical wiggas, what? dropping the beats like
triggers
Like the last emperor, your last straw
Keep it raw like eggs, endure my text more
Deplore swimming to the deep end of the floor
The what? a slight flaw, just blame it on the chlorine
We've got the scene captivated like a child with a riddle
Rock wild like a fiddler with no fiddle
We middle of the road, explode just a little
On the mic, ammunition, load, gunfight
I'm like tramline 3B going around in a circle
Circling your cd, we fall down like purple rain
3D vision simple and plain
And your vision won't blur if you allow me to explain
Tramline 3B going around in a circle
Circling your cd, we fall down like purple rain
3D vision simple and plain
And your vision won't blur and your vision won't blur

It's the metamorphosis, the rhymes are ferocious
Like multiple sclerosis, i part more seas than moses
Suitable only to be consumed in small doses
Not many get fly, why? i'm the closest
My approach is innovative in a way that makes
Coaches pull the horses, the loss is not knowing
Who the boss is when poaches carry kangaroos
And roaches sing buenas noches
Everything is flipped inside out, upside down
Rinsed right out, flipside down on top
The winds died out stop
And the rhythm of the rain goes drip-a-drip-drop
Can i cop this, can i hop this
Train of thought, drop, miss, retort
Distraught with the ways of the world you support
Distorted like the rays of the sun you purport to be
yours
But who fought the wars when you collected the cash
But didn't support the clause
Neglected the flaws, they went and bought the stores
Record to pause, you're clapping, sought applause
But that ain't gonna happen 'til hell freezes over
Now i'm rapping like a hippie rapping help trees and
yoga
Health, reason over, my trail leads to roma
By way of sodoma where i fell into a coma
The hip hop jehova, hit back with lessons
Lyrical fluorescence, extract the essence

Press tense rap particles with less sense
My best sense telling me my articles of reference

Visit [Don Johnson Big Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.