

Don Johnson Big Band

"Nutwood Cut"

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With a mic in my hand
I'm number one in the chain of command
And it was all planned beforehand
I stand corrected and perfected the styles you call
grand
Evolve and solve, involve the small band
My crew, the click, that blew the brick wall down
Internationally renown, the hki ball ground
All crowned, the big band, the dogg pound
Just a small amount of money and plenty of raw sound
It's all round the city, the word on the street
We can rock you with a midi, and turn on the beat
Put down a word on a sheet of paper in my sleep
And shape a syllable to complete the skyscraper
Of the mind, with minerals and elements designed
On a blue print at the back of my head
When i rhymed and bled sweat, tears and flames
Caged on a burned bed
And reclined as the stage turned red

When i perform there's exactly seven ways to
understand
What's going on, the way i deviate and break the norm
The way i storm the stage, you're caught in a cage
I left every last member of the audience engaged
I'm enraged flipping sm58 with ease
Gripping, raising fees, the minimum wage in a freeze
I seize the moment, but time flees when i foment
Lyrics of fury captivating minds like an omen
No men can stop the force of the big band unleashed
Three man deaconry, father metro high priest
Mind east, body west, north and south we get blessed
My five piece is loaded with a manifest
Four clicks before the gunshot
Get my motherfucking gat strapped for the mugshot
The thug shot, we burn the fonque out the buckshot
And get the crickets and mosquitos for the bugshot

Yo it's a coup d'État, we bringin' you the star
spangled black
Blue dakar, you want to ride with us to paris

Move the car, the charismatic johnson blew the bar
That's when their jaws drop, what the fuck, and who the
star now?

We on the radio and in the record stores
Catching eighty old men every week, in record scores
Our record falls in a category all of its own
All of it's grown like an allegory, all of it's blown up
And hyped, making heads bob, then stop to say that
shit is tight

Let's drop it and wrap it up for the night
Despite my shortcomings, more rhymes are
forthcoming

Four times, a short running, i rocked the sport stunning
heads

Helsinki to frankfurt, fill in the blank word
If i'm not number one or two, i'm ranked third
Helsinki to frankfurt, fill in the blank word
If i'm not number one or two, i'm ranked third

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