

E-Type

"Culture"

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

(chorus 2x [scratches])

This, is, original indigenous

This is all that we know that we have (cul-cul-cul-culture)

This, is, original indigenous

This is all that we know that we have (die-die-die for they culture)

(I-Self Divine)

We dealin' with sound, filling ya crown with immaculate
Concepts, classic air max in cortex

Vortex, sucking you in

Building my fortress, forcefield

Forty acres for construct building

This hip-hop landscape is my energy and culture

High lyricism spill my blood for the rapture

Metaphor foreside me guided me wise me

Sewn shut like an in-seem huh niggas eyes be

Chewin' on crushed glass, through how to see the robbery

Gettin' off the tips million dollar lottery odyssey

I'm, sincere to the utmost, severe to industry cut-throats

For real, hip-hoppers feel niggas glucose

The fashionest, isolate the fascist

Mashin', supplemental stashes of hash plants

Dirty cheap, cash advance, an avalanche

Full of faulty plans, galaxies shatter, full like the ASCAP

(chorus 2x)

"This is all that we know that we have, is this life

Those who don't believe, that they can suffer now and get theirs after death"

(I-Self Divine)

Pain, tattooed to the face tight

High field general, I-Self damaging, earning his stripes

Queens thought the obelisk movement was love movements

Love music, kings and queens concieve seeds to this

And achieve high degrees to this

Like specialists, my grandmaster flash messages
Very visual and graphic like bombed paintings
With self-inflicted wounds to the cardiovascular instinct
Ninety-eight degrees/98 degrees in sync/nsync
Interchangeable cables and links
Medallions the size of kitchen sinks
With labels of anger designed, with Europeans in mind
We distorted the prism with turtle-shine
Street rappin' with slang, king English cut and
butchered
Assassinate, reborn a culture that's decultivate
Bullet ricochet through asbestos hallways
Asthmatic athletes run fast in track meets
This, is, original indigenous
Before Columbus, or Columbine High gun busts
Supreme, queens glistening the radiant sun
Marley Marl man tonic soul sonic hold chronic
Like heaven on Earth, when the vinyl hit the obelisk
Water-head niggas burst when they over-confident
Impact, my sistas got gats up in they head wraps
Drug-traffic rap, aftermath on the mayhem

(chorus, 2x)

"culture" (3x)

Visit [E-Type](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.