

Blaze ya Dead Homie

"Standard Flow"

Visit "[Standard Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rocky B]

In the beginning there were two decks and a
microphone,
In the end the Blazin Squad stood alone,
Where the Eastends best kept secret,
Ten men in our crew,
TNP Xplosive
Bringing the tunes
And we're all busting standard flows.

[Melo-D]

I'm blazin hot like the heat of the sun,
No time to loose put the suppressor on the gun,
Make no mistake cause Melo-D is number one,
don't even want to step me because the battle has
been won,
Hype up the set 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
Better brace yourself for the fight is to become,
A battle of all dapa d's fighting for the right to be a
garage MC.

[Strider]

Stop, wait here i go, MC Sniper top of the show,
Come step to me im a p-r-o,
If you get rude,
Get peoples elbow, we're coming at ya with the
standard flow,
You've hit rock bottom, and then I bust the eyebrow,
So step to me your get done, don't hesitate just bring it
on.

[Rocky B - Chorus]

Standard flow we alert the 5, 0,
Come with the lyric to make you go woh,
Come with the lyric to make you say, bo,
(Rocky B here if you didn't know)
Standard flow you see us at shows,
Blazin Squad upon the radio, 3, 2, 1, and it's time to
go,
Who's up next on the microphone.

[Repeat]

[Flava]

When i come through black suit,
White shirt better quit the game,
You aint gonna be the one with money to gain, yo,
Throw your hands in the air if you wanna test this, ha,
That's what I thought so i said you couldn't,
And even if you could, you know you really shouldn't,
I'll pull it over your eyes and over your face and Flava's
Surprise is what you can taste
So don't be late,
Coz these cats tempt no fate,
MCs wanna hate never wanna act bait,
So fat,so never sound wack on this track,
Takin your boys, my kru be down for these cats.

[Spike-e]

Cotched in the back of a blacked out car,
With the rhythm rolling upon the speaker,
Chromed out alloys and a lower bumper,
Twin exhaust and a private number,
Spike-e MC gets you hyper,
You think i'm dark well i go deeper,
think your quicker well im just quicker,
Two spinning decks and a fat mixer,
think you're bad well im just badder,
Bare fake MCs and i can't stand ya.

[Repeat Chorus x2]

[Freek]

Oi, it's my story,
How we done this robbery,
So listen and listen good,
Coz Blazin are back in the hood,
come across sniper better better touch wood,
You should know, step to Flava get wablo,
Make sure you don't wreck Kenzie's show,
He'll lick you up from your head to your toe
He don't care about 5,0
All they do is smoke hi-jo,
MC Freek im a lyrical pro, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and 0
5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and 0,
5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and 0.

[Krazy]

This one's standard this one heavy
This is a story all about me
The one the Krazy,
You know im heavy,

Cause when im on the mic
Im a lyrical G,
Im a raver, going further,
Getting louder,
For the one tongue twister,
Blazin Squad will get ya hyper.

[Kenzie]

Back in the beginning it was me and Flava,
The two best MCs inside your manor,
Enter the streets with your Dolca and Gabbana,
Get the listening raver hy-pper cha
Hit em with the flash lighter,
Up middle finger we come and get ya,
Enter my H and G selector
When im spitting out my lyrics,
Spitting out my lyrics,
pull by the trigger it's another winner,
My lyrical flow will just make you shiver,
Kenzie MC with the lyrical thriller,
Westside i just stand and deliver
Zimm zimmer get up make you quiver
Cruising right behind you in my bim bimmer,
Joy riding policemen undercover
Me and my crew we do it proper.

[Repeat Chorus x4 to Fade]

Visit [Blaze ya Dead Homie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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