

Blessid Union Of Souls

"Autobiographical"

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It's the brown child, better version of the story
Sees Conji, a sister, mother played by Tori
In Astoria, kid named Tiki took the cake
The greens and the steak and the potatoes and the
plate
Never a dummy, rejections are funny
First years of my life I thought that food stamps were
money
So by ten I was the mess, got a man and then I had
friend
So now I'm snatching pocket books with Sean Wilkinson
'Get that money, lil nigga' that's what they told me
I never sweated props cause like my pops they couldn't
hold me
Until he found shorty's got it going on, rolling on
Who told? Damn, bendecion..
The Bland man, and my pop don't give a damn
The day I played with matches, took the stove to my
hand
Hot temperature! He told me the players' version
The ego in submersion for the end of week excursion
Until I'm back, back on the scene
Like a ball on the green, giving strokes with my team
And despite the commentary pop told me, I'm lowly
And moms change-bank can't hold me, so
She don't scold me, she just grabs the belt
Knuckle the buckle, tells me all about the pain she felt
At the precinct when a pre-teen was spotted at the
scene
Came up with the green, not a cop could intervene

[Mother]

Listen here, you little motherfucker
You ain't going to fuck with me
Got me coming to this damn precinct
Dammit, I'm a kick your motherfucking ass
Shit! You ain't going to drive me crazy

Now, happens Tori met Tom not too long ago
He was a nigga,, yo, he said he had the flow though
He loved a bro, I know I didn't see you grow

To a TV show cause the nigga said we all could go
So I'm up and out of the ghetto, son of a gold miner
City-slicking Carolinian standing out like Ming china
A golden bull at heart though I moved around
The balls bounced to the bottom, settled at a small town
'Hey, boy! What's your name?!' First day, first fight
I'm out of New York and, boy, it don't sit right if you're white
Light were my steps from there
Did my dirt on the low, a Southern town nightmare
Cause the next year it was me and Ef on the furlough
We were the only Queens kids but there were other boroughs
With Rockwell, D-Ski, Ron Duke and Freddie
New York was represented like we danced for Rock Steady
Stan had tables and mics, every brother nice
Not only could we rip and rhyme but backspin and slice
With Paris and Foxy and Christina P's bust
You know them loud, raunchy, trouble-making niggas?
That was us
A menace yet still I played tennis, ain't that cruddy
Advanced with the Reeboks, they called them 'cut buddies'
I hung with one, only one younger brother
Shorty Doo-Wop could cut and scratch up any other
Bigger than his size, was barely five feet
In '83 broke beats that today rock streets
With no one to grade it, still never debated
Some saw and hated but they never contemplated
It was the wild child with foul styles, pal but not foul
A dis was never okay unless it came before corral
Pals of mine, peoples though were down
I graduate next week and, yo, next week I'm NY bound
Seven days from that one I'm leaving love that weighs a ton
I'm going to miss you niggas, yo, that rapping shit was crazy fun
But I'm leaving on the next bus
I've got your numbers and we'll keep in touch, I trust
Gliding, riding back to my domain
For love and money, fuck fame, my life will never be the same
As the next man's words, can you dig it?
I say I got a scheme, a-yo, I gots you figured

[Corner]

Yo, wassup, wassup. Is money out here?

Yo, I just got a call from that nigga Tiki

Remember that nigga Tiki?

He on his way from down South

My real pops was a pusher, when we left he had a
section
So I keep it in the family, or at least I make connection
With the prime figures for affiliated support
In my purchase of cargo in the import and export
Flushing, Queens: back when junkies was the fiends
My childhood friends held buddha, had babies in
dreams
I took pops off my shit list cause he had the fitness
To help Tiki get his, what the fuck, pop? Jehovah
witness
What the fuck, pop? What's with the fizz-plop
I'm like, I can't put him down but the shit don't stop
Worked at a law firm, for lack of fear
I wrote a resume, spending words like a millionaire
>From there to the bank, see the bank's down the block
So now I'm close to home, I clock, I plot
With Popote, he's my cousin and a wily one
Though the kid was younger, quick like thunder
With the heart to put you under
Props even, the shit can't fail
I saw Reese, bagged with Pote and made a sale

[Co-Dee]

Go ahead, get that money
Get that money!
I ain't going to let nobody see you
I got your back, baby, I got your back
You want five? You only got two

On one late night, I had made a nice amount
More than two weeks pay, playing with the new
accounts
So I rose like a petal, fuck pops, I run with thugs
Levis, Tims, hoodie, coat, skully, drugs
Fatigues before they were the fashion
Pockets with work and others with cash in
Thought I was cool with tools and mad trap
My pops was like "read this" but I was like fuck that
So I jingle-jangled, clocked at every angle
Tiki's getting paid and his crew's star-spangled
And everyday, all day/night, yo, whatever
Niggas on the strip in sub-zero weather
Back before the first generation of fiends
My team was sheer cream, keeping dollar bills green
Fashion, Calvin cooler, playing Rick the Ruler
And I can't front on nobody cause I pulled on a woolah
Back in '86 Â first, foremost and final
Rhyming on the corner, all I want to be's on vinyl

I bum rush and boom bash, not even for merit
Bounce out to see Reg and Joe down on Merrick
But mostly it's the strip that I played like a cock
On the block until the day I got knocked

[Police sirens to fade]

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