

Finger Eleven

"Elements I'm Among"

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Booty rappers posin' as gunclappers get bitch
smacked...need to switch
to bein'
actors, image is all ya after, ho galacta in the lip, the
clappers and
the clips will
flip a flow like divine be turnin' tricks. Ima take mine
wactha like
when the beat
come soft, I leave darkness where there used to be
your front teeth. I'm
heartless,
when it comes to havin' the back of my partners, yeah
we artists but
testin' us ain't
the smartest. You can huff, puff, but blow me down I
doubt it kid, or
get yo' ass
whooped behind what ya mouth did. You need more
"Hail Mary's" than a
catholic,
yo ass aint slick I'll mess your shit quick. I got connects,
I get stuck
like glue stand
to the F you I had to make it so your parents forget you.
Cause if I let
you get
over and then I pass you, think you can do it on a reg
so Ima wreck you.

CHORUS

Elements that I'm among, these none. Fools be gettin'
done, but over
dumb
reasons. Yall didnt Know. Elements that I'm among,
these none. Betta
check it out
before you become one. Elements that I'm among,
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Now you said no tricks in '86 it's time to build, now we
gone be pushin'
'96 and
niggas still gotta kill. Tryin to keep it real... but is it
really real?
If you could fly
is it? Get between my legs, you fuckin kid you'd be the
man but hold ya
head.
Because if a fifth was a fifth we all be drunk... nigga
dont, put no
yayo in my
blunt. I just, wanna bring the funk like a puma.. yo
wannabe niggas is
fired or be
the ill reputed. You throw shade, I throw it too, more
than you can
chew... I get
back at you, lyrically hack at you. I keep the facts here, I
keep it
real hell yeah, I
keep the facts there, dont make me hate you like a
papsmear, thats
where, I get
ticked, matter fact in the '96 I'm also pistol grip pump
on my lap at
all times shit.
Niggas be on some black on black crime shit. And I
can't let it slide
cause I'm
terrified that I might be the next homicide, the pound
is on my side.

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Niggas be all in my face like government be in my
check, every time I
pick up the
mic and begin to wreck. But right now my job is more
important than a
nigga,
I'm in to peace, its so tricky this ain't the way I figured.
An evident
I wasn't
raised that way, we kicks a grip to stay that way, and
I'm tryin' to
stay "forever
free," like AZ... baskin' in the riches of this hip hop M U
S I C.
'Cause when the
east is in the house, "Oh My God!" Is right. I know girls
that's givin'
niggas fair
fights, so you damn right. Ima stick up for mine, like a
queen at a bee,
and Ima
get my own rythm wihtout a "G". Hey, if ya kiddie come
come, well ya
need to
run run, like a bee yall get stomped, by my diggy
dumps dumps, all
because of ya
tounge. And I'll be lampin' in the sun when the day is
done.

CHORUS

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