

Funky Aztecs

"Slipping Into Darkness"

Visit "[Slipping Into Darkness](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. 2Pac)

(yeah, yeah the F. A's coming str8
From the wild wild west)

[Verse 1: Merciless]

Look at baby girl born in 19-7-deuce
Pop's on his fix, Mom's stuck on that crazy juice
Went to school, It's all cool but in Junior Hiiigh
Little hooker in the bathroom getting hiiigh
What she doing and what she smoking, nobody knows
Is she addicted or just slipping into melbose
A bad ass broad running with the girl gang
Just got some tat's, Talking all that girl slang.
First one to slap, because La vida don't matter
Wip out a cuete watch your brains get splattered
Selling them doves, hanging with thugs and all that
Beating up fools with a baseball bat
Started having sex at only 15
Imagine O.G. wears his clothes all crisp and clean
Got pregnant had a baby in December
She wont see the daddy till next September
Mom's and Pop's gave her the boot
Kicked her out La Casa, Now what Raza
With the money she got, She bought a spot of the block
Started paying the rent by slangin' phat ass coca rocks
Now she's 23 her four kids all alone, and loc'ed out
And plus she's all smoked out, the base face
You could see it in her eyes, it could also tell the tears
Of a life long cries.
They was headed for self destruction
Conjunction Junction, (hey Yo!) what's your Function?
Her own kids gotta healp, "cause they knew she was
slippin'
Took the devil away homegiirl, You was Slippin'.

[Chorus: x2]

(Slippin' into Darkness Sample from War)
Slipping into Darkness

When you slip you trip and fall
Slipping into Darkness
Ain't no sense to give ya'll no love at all

[Verse 2: Sapo Loco]

They say we're slipping, as a whole one race
So, what we gonna choose, Don't want the blues
I turn to the news and what do I see
(merciless) "Everybody in the world ready to D. I. E."
We got blacks against blacks, browns against browns
Whites against whites, from governments to
undergrounds
So, Peep the sound as it bumps through your stereo
Ear to your brain now check out the scenerio
Cali got quakes, Mudslides, and Floods
Pesadillas(=nightmares)????? Crips and Bloods
Hustlas, Pimps, Shot Callers, and Killas
O.G., Macks, and the big Coca Dealers
We got homeboys who just like kicking it
And Vato's like me who grab the mic and start splitting
it
(merciless) "You're in for a phat treat trip into a phat
beat"
So get closer to the funk and slip into the backseat.

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3: Tupac]

They tried to ban me cause a brothas making noise a
lot
I tear their asses about to foil the plot
They got me trapped, now I'm strapped getting harder
Running from the cops as I try to cock my gloc
The war won't stop, that's why they want to ban the
music
Gather and notice how the cops can't stand the music
See a black man cooling with a mexican
We can all have peace on the set's again
Give a shout out to my homies in the pen.
They try to keep us down but we pound
Every time we hit the Top 10
Once again is your friend out of Oakland
Hoping to keep your hip hop clubs open
Now we can fight and let them close them
Or we could have peace at shows so we contol them
Now ain't nobody getting paid, It's a damb shame
Why gangbang brothas in the same gate
Say security is the plan cause they letting it off
Brothas come to have fun, but they setting it off

One-Time make it worse when they sweat us
Send a Army of pigs to come get us
So I'm running out of time
And it's cool down with the aztecs
And it's Salsa con Soulfood.

Visit [Funky Aztecs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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