

Goombay Dance Band

"89.9 Promo"

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Word up, Doo Wop live, '97
Non Phixion revolutionaries, {?}no medic'll agree{?}
For original rights, time and place, earth or space
2004, we at war
Oppressed verse the oppressor, recognized word up
Respect Doo Wop, counteractin the revolution

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

We do drugs, Uncle Howie 'til we die
So long as we alive keep it movin like a driveby
We can stack dough sky high
Listen one to five, 89 tec 9, it's all live

[Verse One]

Yeah yeah I shot Reagan, plus I shot Nixon, Non Phixion
Fuck up competition like nine-car collision
Now your arm's missing, you look like the drummer
from Def Leppard
The walkin talkin death weapon, I jump into {?}
Peace to the X-Men, 89 tec motherfuckin 9
I wrote a hundred fuckin rhymes
about these troubled times, fuck up your head like
when your mother dies
Non Phixion, Lord Sear, Cucumber Slice!

[Verse Two]

The quartet, drop you at your parent's doorstep
It's G-13 and Mr. Goretex, government issue
Run in your chick, Israeli pistols, I'm here to diss you
All them rhymes that you spit on your shit don't really
fit you
Non Phixion, we move like rock stars, we burnin cop
cars
Dust cigars, try to top ours, Howie he got charged
Runnin a label, I twist tits like twin driedels
I'm takin the stage, pissed the fuck off between cables

[Verse Three]

I spit with confidant, zero tolerance, splashin
continents
Future escapades, torch the bible dominant

Prominent, loose at your barricade, crash your
masquerade
Rip your mask off, make you wish you never stayed
You fuckin bitch, I make your fuckin moms between her
tits
You paganist, rockin Avirex, suckin dick and smokin
dips
KCR, Lord Sear, plus Bobbito, Garcia
Non Phixion and we the fuck up outta here!

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