

## Gypsy Kyss

### "Bring it Out of Me"

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[Pace] Yo.. hah..

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pace] Yo..

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh-huh

[Rich] You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pacewon]

I'm the rap music Mozart, one who love cheeba

Bounce and buy quarter pounds like a drug dealer

Fly soul brother same color chocolate tye is

Roll hard, got traction like tires

Let's have a contest, who get the highest?

Us, Roc-A-Bloc, servin kids like diners

Cock it back and shoot the K-9ers

Word from Pacewon, and J's Finest

[\*\* guest \*\*]

Blaze the pen pen, pockets full of yen

Tryin to get my hands in classes all Benz

See the ends, make you choke this way

Loc this way, only if I smoke today

Blunt scents, me and my dog stay bent

A hundred trees lit, Roc-A-Bloc, wanna hit?

Full of smoke, Taurus 40 with the scope

Beam shine so red, murder's all she wrote

[Chorus: Richie Thumbs]

You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh

You know the smoke can bring it out of me

You know the smoke can bring it out of me, uh

You know the smoke can bring it out of me

[Pacewon]

Yo, no better to put this

I hit up many spots, but Harlem got the goodness,

138th

If they don't got no weight, then it won't piss me off

I just step and get pepperhead from 164th

[\*\* guest \*\*]

I stay shivery on cash delivery  
Cats ain't never gettin me, high as I be  
Get my think on, get my drink on  
Cuban links on with my ice blue stones

[Pacewon]

Yo, they sell weed around my way, crooked eye, do or die  
Brew and lye come together like two-for-fives  
Smokin out 'til my brain feel ruined  
And my eyes chink so much I can't see through 'em

[\*\* guest \*\*]

You know the feelin, game keep me spittin venom  
A street villain, play your cards or don't deal 'em  
Pacewon, now and then we lace one  
with the hashish, job well done

[Chorus]

[\*\* reggae chatta, best guess \*\*]

Smoke ya herb, give Tom Tom praise  
Blaze ya ganja everyday  
Smoke ya herb and feel irie  
an' everyt'ing will be okay

[Pacewon]

Yo, my boys be speedin, actin large  
Wax they cars, crack cigars and pour weed in - yo  
Be alert, cause I got a sharp feelin  
My rap's about to swing on you like Mark Breeland  
By all means, just like Malcolm X  
I, make you people dissolve like Alka-Seltzer  
As for me I'm ganja infested  
Workin on a book called "Tales of a Sesshead"

[\*\* guest \*\*]

I blow dutches, cause it keep me proper-like  
Hoppa-type, and love jeans like Israelites  
Stack chips, Komar accounts this  
Fancy whips, smoked out with dark tints  
Ganja, stay Jane like Fonda  
Willie Honda's the boss from Yonkers  
Peep duke, double-breast pimp suits  
Cheeba'd up, still sharp as ginnsus

[Chorus]

[\*\* reggae chatta, best guess \*\*]

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