

Bt

"Love On Haight Street"

Visit "[Love On Haight Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(...The vibrations and compatibility - I think it's like a magnet)

(the magnet brings to itself steel)

(we shall wait no longer)

(we look forward to a future, where life is...)

For rap it's live and die as we hurl thru outer space

Witness the Omega theory in the lines of my face

Caught up in dead aim

Picky to ferris is startin' over

Checkin' for phat rhymes to help us start gold'n over

And replicate

Cowards better get this shit straight

Grand and Fiz done brought it to yo face some more
then I play

Young stars push weight, bad brawls, who take the bait

Evolve, and lay low without constant marinate

Livin'... live for hip hop - two for Bicardi and women -
three four

The legal hustle: cash money and women

'til the day I die, strive to be a corporate exec

Vocal graphics like Pentium II, 3D effect

Grand and V I apply 'nuff pressure to snap yer neck

Keep it bouncin' like P R records and bad checks

(tell me when you ready) (I am ready)

(check 'em out) (listen to this)

My inner thoughts get caught dwellin' in the valley with
heat

Keep it primed all the time for these bruthas I meet

That be talkin' behind my back

Thinkin' they slick and sometimes it be the bruthas in
ya clique

Don't be fooled, they'll tell you that it's cool

The brutha that you knew for twelve years back in
school

Back on the set and coverin' all bets

The lyric champagne that's keepin' you all wet

But don't celebrate let's get some things straight

Started nine-7 but finished in nine-8

Dogs at the gate for unexpected guests
One hundred percent cuz I expect the best
Nuttin' less
Don't hit Ras with the stress
Spittin' rhymes hard that's crackin' the bird chest
Took me twelve months to stack money in lumps
Far from livin' foul but further from Don Trump
Hit the speed bumps got slowed but still flow
Huntin' bruthas down for money they still owe (owe)
Bruthas gettin' killed and bruthas in cell blocks
Comin' home to bills that's fillin' my mail box
Felt all the pain thru sunshine and rain
Hopin' one day that all of this will change
Had to rearrange my life - I strike twice
Standin' on the curb with bruthas rollin' the dice
Never nuttin' nice when all of yo cash flow (what)
'pends on how the ivory's hittin' the Castro
You know - that if you ever needed Rasco
That I would be the first to stand in toe-to-toe
I never ran - my moms raised a real man
Taught me all the tricks to formulate the plans
World in my hand - she said it was all mine
Always made sure that everything was fine
Stop it on the dime - drop nuttin' but ill rhymes
Started as a hobby - I did it to kill time
Now it's got perks - no longer the desk clerk
But sometimes that's where I was doin' my best work
Hope that vest work - we spittin' the teflon
Get out of the way before you get stepped on
Never negative we keepin' it on pos
Team with BT - we doin' it for the cause
Because (because)

(check it out)

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