

Hieroglyphics

"Chicago"

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Here we go
Souls
We got a show in Chicago
4 hours in flight, it seem like 25 though
call in the promoter
where is the chaffeur
out here it's hella cold
and where we from it don't snow
the wind chill'll crack a windsheild
waited for dude to pull up
packed it in and spin wheels
now we can blaze
checked into the tel and
take a shower and things
we only got an hour and change
Dj lets to went and bought a seagrams
mixed it with 7 up i had to fucking
took a couple moments to smoke i get to cheefin
knew at 6 o clock in the lobby we all meeting
you eat man
i'm hungry as fuck
the airplane food what's up with peking duck or some
chicken chow mein 'fore we getting out on stage
lets do a quick about face and get down with a plate
i gotta energize my body with some sustenance
cuz i never know
what the fuck i'm up against
promoter rushing us
but i take my time though
we get there when we get there
nigger you know how i go
alive on arrival baby
show me your Hiero thong
and they playing my song
the crowds maniacle
check 1-2
turn up my monitor so
i can catch the vibes in here it gets phenomenal
honey in the front row climax that's when i feed money
with the wire tap
ear piece behind the track

bored with the engineer
on the fringe of fear
as they both got
drenched with beer
to a vicious cheer
you could almost sense revenge was near
maintenance might need astringents here
bo! and the tension just startin to grow
i think the crowd thinks it's part of the show
i thought i left that part of the O with marvelous flow
like when niggers wouldn't back up

now we deep on stage like
callin me no
pardon me bro pardon me bro
pardon me man
excuse me
get the fuck out the way
wuddn't my fault know wha i'm sayin
i hear you
oh shit sierra
pounds drippin all on the oh 6
flex respects
ready to throw a fit
so meat head frat cat with that
abercrombie cap flipped back
damn near collapsed
my mind recaps seeing him backstage
with that bootlegged ninety three till vinyl
tryna get us to sign it
i could tell by his eyes
not laying in why
he was too high
headed for hard times
kept coming from the side
"yo daddy this our time"
you interrupt the set and sparks fly
even real fans throw their hands
yo plus get his legs
though i saw a touque fly
when old knucks hit his face
gotta couple swings in
fore i felt that stingin
burnin sensation(my eyes)
either pepper spray or mace shit
they tore down the place
while we stomped that boy
who the fuck said hip hop aint no contact sport

