

Buck-0-nine

"Edie Brikell"

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I feel that most of you soldiers are flimsy
how the hell did you get over as an emcee
now the dialogue injectors they simply
and I respect those that hold it against me
paid rules and made rules to break rules
stayed cool amongst tools and fake fools
gave jewels to use from cradle to grade school
to the grave and still wade through the pools of
I love you and I hate you

[Chorus: 2x]

and the turntable keeps on turnin and turnin
nothing can fuck w/ the way it goes around

first off focus, figure out why you wrote it
what's the motive, what you use to grow it
do the people want it, do they need it
or would they rather that you keep it
is the party not poppin, or atleast a couple of heads
noddin
does the pass or fail depend on whether or not a
check's gotten
is it the laughter, the love, the hope
is it the aspiration to make other rappers think you're
dope
is it the fans, the adoration of devils and angels
the hunger, you want more than left over eggroll
shit, I made a video, I ain't even got cable
so if you ain't down w/ what we do you better lay low
my future's made of play dough, past is made of stone
virgo playboy slug is dumb building a home
and it lead me to believe the 3D that I breathe
thru the tv and the CD be the need to grit the teeth
a 20 something wasteland, here comes the out of place
space man
spread the wingspan, staring at the ocean like it was a
woman
hoping that she'll let me run my toes thru her pink sand

[Chorus: 2x]

Now here I sit in this cellar
writing my interpretations of Helter Skelter
it goes 1 part hustler, 2 parts good guy
sounds like it should, but the shit doesn't look right
took my hook and pierced your skin, so now when I say
jump
y'all say when, when I say now all of y'all say where
when I say Atmos, you say phere
you know me, but just the me I let you see
the me you need to so you could set yourself free
you'll have to shut slug up to fuck slug up
but for now baby close your mouth and lift your butt up

[Chorus: 2x]

I used to play the back of the club in study mode
placing bets on who would leave the set w/ a bloody
nose
(headshots) headshots used to talk alot of shit
used to walk alot of shit, the pretrial of accomplishment
before I knew that this network existed
just another baggy pants sweat shirted misfit
the pilot sticker bombed spell it right S-L-U-G
don't get it wrong, that shit's my life
and I'm thankful for the angles, the lessons I've
learned
I'm happy as hell for how the carrousel turned
smile at the angel that stole my sperm
cuz now maybe the legend can outlive the germ

[Chorus]

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nothing can fuck w/ edie brikell

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