

## Ill Harmonics

### "San Jose"

Visit "[San Jose](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

we rock all the way from san jose  
to the east time zone cause my microphone is  
worldwide  
you can't hide, no matter where you reside  
and it's all the same from the shores of maine  
to the left coast where the sun leaves ya stained  
we steady rock that doin' it , rock that do it  
still bein' ill when we check one-two it

[Verse 1]

sit back while I come and attack the simulac dance track  
your headphone jack is still in tact cause my nack for  
ripping the abstract  
practical tactics, you're getting your rap fix in plastic  
cellophane keeping it plain we stain ears with cheers  
from volunteers  
who loving their raps clear and simple, but at the same  
complex  
so I gotta open up and spit the bomb text  
the conquest-idor you requested for, so what you think  
I was bringin out my best for  
to restore the art prepare to depart, from san jo yelling  
land ho we flow  
through the record pop I'm reckin shop and never stop  
from the present back when my record dropped I  
copped attention  
to make you sit back and listen  
and bring your seat to an upright position

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

lean back unwind, let your spine relax  
these tracks gonna take you on a magical ride  
bonafide and certified 100 percent real and ill  
and still reinventing the wheel.  
it's a one-two punch with all the splendor  
wack emcees get their tapes returned to sender  
I got places to go and people to see  
mics to meet, beats to freak, got knobs to tweak

so turn up the maines, lobster gettin' hot  
all the way to TJ to hit a taco spot  
then head north on the 5, its all the way live  
from the 214, bringing Christ to your door  
now the rubber hits the road like adidas hittin' stages  
I compose hits upon college ruled pages  
used as my treble clef and so def  
jose can you see, we love to emcee

[Chorus]

[Verse 3a]

I'm airborne till I find the place I never been  
While I'm piloting my pilot ink pen  
We move to new places trying to keep pushin  
And if you drown in the sound your seat cushion  
Can be used as a device made for flotation  
tourin the nation, rocking my playstation  
in the back seat while I make blake drive  
going city to city just living off the vibe

[Verse 3b]

and i'm doing my best to avoid the road rages  
bumpin' sting's third LP, the soul cages  
hittin' thrift shops and only clean rest stops  
hoping everything's great, haven't eaten since eight  
when we stopped at quizno's, I guess anything goes  
left my calling card in case anybody needs tracks  
selling stacks of wax out the trunk for wages  
traveling to festivals to emcee on punk stages

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