

C**"New Whirl Odor"**

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[verse 1]Check that soul in
Tape is rollin
Black dont crack
Where the party at?
Stax, jumpback
Wax them tracks
Barkays cut it live
Like 45s
Strong songs survive
On records
95 beats per second
Get it mike on the guitar cmon wreck it

You go ooh ahh there go them superstars, of soul
20 times better than gold, stax,
Keep it here
Cuttin them tracks, relax
Pop them fingers, play it barkays
Jumpback baby
Soul gotcha crazy
Cold feet thanks
For the groove
And them bomb beats
To make me move

Color of dead
Looks like the future is history

Why you dissin me
Aint no mystery

On the outside peekin in
End of your freeride
No way you can win
Beginnin of the end

Of your liberal friends who pretend

Everythings changed
While nuthins changed much
Uhh this is chuck

Stays to the left of this
And to the right of that

Just black where my mind be at
Shit wheres the rest of my cats?

High trees catch a lotta wind my friend

My shits in a bind
Fine line between aware and blind
Dont mind
Some of them aint got a mind

Mind over matter

They dont mind
And we dont matter

[verse 2]I flock to refugees
Who flock to me

The roots the coup
And kick aside the genocide and the juice

Comedians actors nuclear reactors
Players and ballplayers
Singers dancers and rhyme sayers

Why do us like you do
Ska doo
Fuck da residue
Frustrated 5 on 2s
No breaks for madd crews
Nowwho the fuck is you
Sick a you

Community hoesis
Who posin as moses
In street clothist
Who be the closest who blows it

Every ryme be for the future of mankind

Crazy heads cuttin off the dreds
Ruin health
Wit no knowledge of self

Incomin taxes breakin backs off a blacks

Who done 400 years in this abyss?

And so im pissed the fuck at this new whirl odor
So i piss

[verse 3]Some things in the air
When the smoke clears

Will it only be white folks and black jokes

How many be gone

If they bomb barbershops and hair salons

Time to dot com

Before they rub out clubs
Where you get your drink on

Mother father sister bro
Love is the message

But war be the front page
In this mess-age

Ghetto celebs spread by the hundred
Macked by the same tactics
Wit us in a tundra

Goin under

Avoidin cries from sodimized

Society

Scary getting screwed without a dictionary

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