

Kmd "Black Bastards"

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* this album was only released promotionally (bootlegs do exist though)

"I ain't black, I ain't white!"(Repeat 12x)

[Zev Love X]

Well I'm a be a pleaser, if I had skeezer
I'd put skeezers stacked up like ice cubes in my freezer
I'd rather live to be an old geezer, O.E. squeezer
Any times I need a stress easer
Like Ebenezer Scrooge I'm rude, my batting average
is huge
Making street kids like Quaker with the goods
For as a monkey spits, I never gots the shits
Some rappers is faking, they silicon tits with plastic
nipples
Pass the ripple, or anything sippable
Except for plum juice, the plums ???
Slip and slide, the next thing they say is we're with pit
Who's to flip? Who's the bitch to get fucked by a clip?
Ask Tyson, he knows about a hoe is rotten juice
Want fifteen cent, and burning like a loose
I take it to the grudge match, and she made my budget
budge
Kick ehr in her snatch, and drown her in some fudge
I judge trees by the fruits and the deepness of the
roots
Hard pack, and rats, chewing fruits of the roots
Some are coming bums, some zoot suit apparel
Either way to wreck shop, lock, stock, and barrel
Shirts I get ??? some dump especially when I hump
Get dough by the lump sum then hops get the jump
Sip wine in the dump, rowdy ways of any state
When I roll, bounce, rock, skate
Life will concentrate, concentration
Location's Strong Island, most skeezers on strike like
Penn Station
If you don't believe me, kid come, I'll show you
We'll nurse the black bastards who act like they know
you
They say 'What up black?' I say "What up?" I'm taking
you black

Has to be hard they way they master how to act black
Give my monkey slack, a funky track, still wack, you're
black
You suck, you're too black, get your back

"Ya black bastard!"

[Some ragga toaster]

Ayo, yo bum raga a la
You ain't nothing but a dumb black bastard, man
Your mama was a bastard, and your daddy, too

[Zev Love X]

Yo black, yo black, I'm back ransacking through the
stacks
Of maniacal thoughts I brought to distort the black
Of mistakes of something, so Zev says "Keep 'em slum"
Styles to dough, rum is on my right
Of black bastards and bitches, which reminds me, I left
them out
Two on my list of shit I don't give a fuck about
Smokes an artist and a butcher wears a smock
Like a butcher I gots beef with a a looptie for my cock
Call me a carpenter from how a brick my lumber got
Some now they try yard and black bumba clot
It was a lover's birthday party, a block from the spot
On stage I heard some off-beat "Lick shots, lick shots!"
Well goddamn, guess who, looking bitchy as hell
Parker Lewis, well well, I brings an L
I gave him a "Beep beep" look, he acted like he
couldn't tell
I guess that was the sucker in him, ready sense of
smell
The door said it was insane, the price to maintain
The damage has to be hard the way they master how to
act like
Or off the funky track to rock the house that can bang
As we sat with curiosity and sipped champagne
See I became underground like the life in the street
The love of the beat, large is the fleet
That will remain underground for all my boys who souls
sleep
Six feet deeper than the soles of my feet
It's like that, never the wack, and actual fact
It's like this, sweet as a kiss, I've simply got the knack
I've thought I've seen the worst with the pimps and the
macks
The blacks in skull caps, suckers keep popping that

"I ain't black, I ain't white!"(Repeat 12x)

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