

La The Darkman "Fresh Flowers"

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[Intro: La the Darkman] Yeah... fresh flowers... La the Dark... yo... [La the Darkman] Figaro chains, Cuban Linx, three quarter minks Private planes, jet lear, bull horn, cardiere Insight done told me that I live, elevator in my crib Backyard, full court, literature, Rob Report Blue diamond, BBS, double breast, bulletproof vest Two g stack, bulging out my coochie sweats Forever in competition, Cryst' pissing, roley glisten Type nigga been baking pies, in my momma kitchen While she at work, fucking virgins, screaming in hurt Lift they tennis skirt, seventeen pumps, then I squirt Favorite bitch; Mary Blige, favorite gun; four-five Been in multiple shoot-outs, three times, I almost died I ride, like a cowboy, B.K. wild boy Heartless child, like to play with forty cal. toys Half a millionaire, try'nna be a billionaire Osama Bin Ladin's father's an oil zillionaire Tycoon, causing mass destructions, like typhoons Believe, you cross the Clan, you die soon But rather than later, have you breathing on the respirator Busting at your click, niggas running out of they data's It's La... [Interlude: La the Darkman] Understand... it's just the life, man Get a load of me... yeah... [La the Darkman] Feel like I'm locked in the cellar, La the Darkman, Nelson Mandela Smoke scents in suites, Penn & Teller, cigarello fella Momma wished I went to Yale, but I ended up in jail Making collect calls, try'nna post bail And that wasn't where I planned to be, fighting for my sanity This world is about money, not about humanity Young dude, taught to do math, eat food Older Gods, from the yards, trained my attitude rude I'm Godly, but when I'm pissed, I'm devilish Malcolm X type, with a John Gotti twist Stay blitzed, on the daily, except when I'm with my baby I gave out consignment, fuck you, nigga, pay me Elementary Dear Watson, gats keep popping Drugs keep clocking, the feds keep watching So I stay low-pro, always keep a calico Beemer or the Benz, both got the stash, yo It's ridiculous, my style is sicker than cyphillis Don't laugh much, cuz my heart ain't ticklish It's La... [Outro: La the Darkman] Nigga, yeah, fresh flowers, nigga

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