

Len**"Studio Street Stage"**

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Chorus:

Caught up, burnt out and turned about
lurked about streets, about studio and stage
true ways to get paid

Mikah 9:

A chosen few I choose to roll in crews who be my trues
exposing fools who broke the rules and cast 'em out
my point of view
they end up assed out, without a clue
and there's me without a shoe
they're booted out of my living crew
they can't do the things I do on these streets

Abstract Rude:

Peeped the game, wrote the book
seen that look before
been that crook at the store
had hookers galore, gigolo
the bigger those rocks the quicker they close up shops
'til it's sewed up
nigga wonder why yo pager blow up

Aceyalone:

Now where would I be if I really wasn't G-O-D
'ing on info and it's simple to see my symphony
is packed to capacity from the floor up to the balcony
I'm free
must be the eagle, the hawk and the falcon in me
and a little bit of Malcolm in me, to make me me

Chorus x2

Abstract Rude:

all I want for Christmas is a new drum beat machine
to say this shit and make a hit and get the green

Aceyalone:

yes, man
currency and the urgency, the emergency
the economic surgery, the perjury and the energy

surging me

Mikah 9:

computerized in this engineer's eyes
has to be very acute to manifest these words in me for
the loot

Abstract Rude:

Cigarettes and coffee tickle a studio's fancy
just right for the mood of audio enhancing

Aceyalone:

and the herbals get me strong on the mic like Sampson
I throw some land, some miss some win some
and some I don't win

Mikah 9:

but I'm getting in where I'm fitting in
headphones in a sound proof booth
you got a problem with me living in
I'm advancing

Chorus x2

Aceyalone:

Who is that standing on stage with the micro
psycho-analyzing every sucka in the room
whom could it be that slicing up the energy
providing food for thought for those who need to be
consumed
I assume that if you walk the streets you will be
doomed
marooned on my planet from the cradle to the tomb
I zoom at a million miles a hour 'til I bloom
and I blossom like a mushroom
since I been out the room

Abstract Rude:

I'm the universal platform, I'll let you talk trash
generic or abnorm can we still get the cash
you don't know yet as long as they pay you can be a
poet
after the show, we'll get the dough and it's on me moe
I'm the bright lights second hand smoke filled arenas
this mic's tight severing 'em, heard 'em through Cerwin
Vegas
people diving off of me into the crowd, vibing off me
and the style
my philosophy is a wild stage show

Mikah 9:

Hecklers, inside stage hater are expendable
they alive as long as they know something dependable
we can rendezvous and vibe if you boo then that's
offendable
there may be discipline resulting in an experiment
to see if yo limbs are bendable
if your jaw bone's breakable
and then I'm a take a full eighth of the shrooms
and blaze the boom
black man gold mines, hold mine, old rhymes
got my fingers on the strings of east and west coast
crimes

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