

RBX

"Blunt Time"

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Dead
(Blunt time-pull out your philly)
Ha ha, mighty aftermath
(Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli)
Whose soul ever contest, dead
In me ear Dre, you hear me now? Dead
(Blunt time-pull out your philly)
(Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli)

Thought they were moving in and now they wanna cut
us wrong
Room for moving in but that was only mine
They will shake the hand, never really seen and only
heard
They will shake the hand, he is only to heard long

Knick-knack, paddy wack give a dog a bone
Long Beach City I wreck is my zone
I be the solo rollo which means I rule alone
You droop first blood, mother thought you was the lone

Fool now break for ya two
It's called the ol' Rambo, catch ambush
I wish you wouldn't moosh like ya wanna come push
I'll dump ya and leave ya stankin' in the forest you
Gump

Long Beach City-firmly represented
Narrator X is representor
Lyrical the kick make me ya mentor
Freeze MCs, don't enter
I'll take like Anne Arden's new chips in winter

Or since I'm Sun I'll melt the metaphor
The metaphors are meltin', style is beltin'
I heard a dog yelpin' but no helpin'

Blunt time-pull out your philly
Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli
Dancin', puffin', sippin' or set trippin'
[Unverified] keep on flippin', flippin'

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Dre's bad beats they rat-tat-tat-tat
X flex lyric they can't come back
Fact, El-elevant, elegant and eloquent no shit
I boots hits, throw tantrums like Ella Fitz
Nah, the member X but you'll remember X indeed
Now remember don't contest the
([Unverified])

Got you in spot like Lindsrafter but you try to diss
I burn you like Backdrafter
After that you'll get nothing from me but laughter
Similar to this, ha, what's the repertoire-kick deadly wit
lyrics
Shot your punk ass like ELEC now it's

Blunt time-pull out your philly
Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli
Dancin', puffin', sippin' or set trippin'
[Unverified] keep on flippin', flippin'

Mighty aftermath
Once again can't hold us back
Refuse, refuse you lose dead
(Dead, dead, indeed)
Attempts will be futile, it's way to brutal

Hear me now narrator to the X,
Tellin' anyone who contest
The mighty aftermath Posse, dead
(Who?Who?)
(Murder)
Exclamation point
(I)

(Blunt time)
Ha
(Blunt time)
Mighty aftermath to the 9-7
(Sip a glass of 'gnac my friend, don't cha friend)
(Roowl, I don't wanna fight no more, no no, ooh)
(Blunt time, blunt time, blunt, blunt, yep)

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