

Rick Guard

"Understandable Smooth"

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For the live ones, not the shook ones
For the riders, not the hook ones

Immaculate conception, like a black Madonna in
mangers
My crew consist of millionaires, failures, and
gangbangers
Say my name like Candyman
Then I'm creepin out the cut with a gallon in hand
I span forty-nine states, bounce rock skate
Similar to movin weight out of state
Lyrics lacerate spinal columns, "I bury all cockroaches"
Stare in his face, Stomp-in on bustas like Kirk Franklin
Intrigued by the speed of a 911 Porsche? "But of
course"
Still screaming Behold a Pale Horse
Watch my flame turn green like a Promethean torch
Pay no child support when me and my divorce
Some of y'all cats in the game look confused
Where's your butterfly collar and your crocadile shoes?
Gotta pay dues, street crews -- you know it's off the
hook when
oh-three-one is gangbangin in Brooklyn

"Understandable smooth shit that murderers move
with" --> Nas
To all my live ones, not my shook ones
"Understandable smooth shit that murderers move
with" --> Nas
To all the riders, not the hook ones
"Understandable smooth shit that murderers move
with" --> Nas
Music to live by, music to die by
"Understandable smooth shit that murderers move
with" --> Nas
Uhh, Music to Driveby

I puff the Black & Mild, crusin on a Harley -- flickin
ashes
Givin crazy baldheads the finger like Bob Marley
Suaver than synthetic players, that's my word

See ever since the days of Turkish gold chains and
cross cords
Uncle Sam wanna play me on some
"All you people do is get on welfare and have crack
babies"
Yeah maybe, but a lot of po-po is racists
they keep a brother fightin federal cases, "ju know"
I'm sick of gettin the short end of the stick -- so I
sharpen it...
and stuck Ron Goldman
If ain't nothing wrong, something just ain't right
Sometimes I'd rather have two dykes than five mics
See I'm fat, my shit is mo' John Blaze than that
I got John Blaze shit, and then I was un-recognized, and
then fuck that
Who is you to be askin me questions?
Bustin caps in nine-eight, exposin niggaz intestines

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Now if I ever fall off, then take a picture trick
But I'ma play Dennis Rodman and kick you in the...
damn!
Hip-hop smoothed out on the R&B tip, with a pop feel
appeal to it
I'm so for real to it
I cream it, wet dream it
Support it like a Wonder Bra, when I bust like cleavage
Eff a spot lock up, I rock three-quarter top Nikes
on the handlebars of the homey beach crusin bikes
Fifty-thousand dollar warrants, just-us/justice, no
peace
No bail, no release, from Inglewood court
South to La Brea then East to the Pen, handcuffed
I shoulda jumped off the roof like Mack 10
Create the funny styles with the chokers round the neck
Flossin at the chest hairs in a sequined vest
Ras Kass the Nova Don Juan, the phenomenon
You know I'm the bomb, I raise hell like Spawn

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