

Sammy Kaye "Walkin' To Missouri"

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Droppin dimes on a high diva got beats and rhymes
I mean whatever man I be sort of like a reverend
Said I'd be back one day severin
Come now come all b'say sister and breddern
Whether'n you got faith or not
Beats fat like three cheese see I took walks with Jesus
Now it's time for me to make a reappearance
Now in form on beats and rhymes sample clearance
I do amazing miracle theoretical cause I'm global
All around the world, from the Merc to Chernobyl
May be on the tongues of millions, like throat lozenges
Whateva I utter is butter, homogenous
To the stuff that they put in tapioca; style's pudding
Wrapped around your neck like a choker
When it comes to rhymes I got a plethora
I'm a definition of a sister who can flip it yo
So where you at? (I'm comin')
[So where you at?] (I'm comin')
[Where you at?] (I'm comin')
[So where you at?]

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