

Big Syke

"Satelite Niggar"

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[Syke talking]
laughing
Shit, yeah
Yeah, beam me up,
The only thing on earth,
that can find a satelite nigga
is a black superman
(Above The Law)

Verse 1:

See I dwell in the land where nobody else can
understand
How I feel the need to increase my speed
I keep my shit on potent while I'm ignoring,
Punk motherfuckas, KMG, westcoastin'
Do what I'ma have tos,
So you can catch the essence of this black brother
Caught up in the rapture,
I bend a corner in the mist, (Str8 up)
On the low rider town
Chop a chicken deal wid it
Satelite niggaz, all up in ya home town
Cultivatin' and waitin' to put this California grind down
Yeah and it just don't stop,
Got that S on my chest
And my five hundred out the shop
Laced wit twenties livin', lovely
Indo to drug me,
Beverley rats to rub me,
And I think that I'll never go legit
Long as, California keep pushin' that bomb shit

Hook:

Satelite niggaz gotta ball,
While the willies lay and pray for our downfall,
We slide worldwide, rollin' memorising
Cookie hungry hoes keep despizing

Verse 2: Big Syke

Remember me I got kis comin' from overseas,
Ain't no fleas around these clockin' Gs
From LA to North Carolina you will find a,
Satelite nigga big wheeler wid all kinda
Rem-edies to kill poverty inflation level
Street degrees to Gs, congratulations to several
Thug scholars we honor cause you made it out baller,
Street clout, fuck what they talkin' about, shot callers
We need, to kill the greed of the starvin' youth
Substitute game from loot and what you plan to shoot
The stupid niggas get disciplined, but listen when,
Incarcerated hated enemie

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