

## **N.A.S.A. "Samba Soul"**

Visit "[Samba Soul](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

It's Del baby back again now  
Shit gone change and it ain't gone change  
Wanna play games that's out of your range  
I got mad brains, I interpret things

Precisely pick 'em apart, my day start with art  
Foul remarks are met with the tart  
Attitude, that is rude boy, buddy embark on a journey  
Boy, the tumble and dry keep turning

I be burning the midnight oils  
Computer screens glaze while my ideas coil  
I'm a Leo, I veto my ego  
When I greet all my peoples I see through the evil

Can't outfox this, I'm cautious with gob stoppers  
Who pop they choppers, uh, uh  
No go, I said so  
You're flaky like the outside bread on an egg roll

Diesel, the measles, you don't wanna catch those  
Slap foes, dap bros, welcome to the black hole  
Let's all act now unless you cracked out  
My mouth spit math out, hope you don't pass out

And we can do this with a bit of samba soul  
I want y'all to really get with it, let it hit your in the soul  
Can you dig it, can you dig, can you dig it? Yeah, yeah,  
yeah  
Out of sight, I knew you could  
So let's roll and get down with this soul

Diesel neither come back or flow back, know that  
Cut off a limb this shit grow back  
Slip it a kojak, blaze up a drosack  
Just so I can get in the Bo black

Hoes that's difficult  
Just 'cause they weak inside, like speaking lies  
I'll ignore them, symptom of boredom  
Whores come in dozens, plus they a dime a dozen

No time for fronting, better find em something  
My motto is don't be saying shit  
You don't be doing and you wont be ruined  
I don't be fooling, I hope these useless geeses stop the  
foolishness

They're excuses merely lead to my inclusive  
Clairvoyance about a fear of enjoyment  
Of hoes trying to snare 'em a billionaire boyfriend  
Bitch, your pussy's not gonna hold me

My mind calisthenics is my whole motif, my flow go  
deep  
Know those streets from the solo creep  
Know those beats, so don't sleep  
That's how you get taken unaware

Aching for a share, hating on a playa  
Never wanna look toward, just sit there and look bored  
And got the nerve to be materialistic  
When knowledge ain't nowhere on their wish list

And then they blow they whole goal  
Don't even recognize inside they own soul  
And then they blow they whole goal  
Don't even recognize inside they own soul

And we can do this with a bit of samba soul  
I want y'all to really get with it, let it hit your in the soul  
Can you dig it, can you dig, can you dig it? Yeah, yeah,  
yeah  
Out of sight, I knew you could  
So let's roll and get down with this soul

D-E-L the man, you know he'll rock it too  
Whenever you hand him a microphone to use  
He is down to business, you know that he don't play  
So just bear witness to that samba soul he display

And we can do this with a bit of samba soul  
I want y'all to really get with it, let it hit your in the soul  
Can you dig it, can you dig, can you dig it? Yeah, yeah,  
yeah  
Out of sight, I knew you could  
So let's roll and get down with this soul

Visit [N.A.S.A.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.