

## Quarashi

### "The Force"

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We got game. [x4]

(A fast one) When I listen, I feel the mic that's in my hand. I think your brain is on my land. I simmer down but when you're sure looking to the sky you see the laws from the rhythm of the force. You're running down the street and meeting people from the force. An open door, and guess what I saw. I saw the crew chillin' by the liquor shop they were sitting down and listening to the hip-hop.

We got game. [x2]

Every now and then my mind makes a mirror. And it tries to see the kid that makes life a killer. The face is in the haze but that leaves the taste, I start to think it's light from heaven. (Woo!) The memory around is beginning to fade. But the stain it made will never really go away. I hit it off with this lady dusk she was driving the fast lane and getting hyper pain.

Where are we going? [x4]

Where are we goin' when I don't see ya movin'?  
Beggin' for a ride yes you know I stay cool but up into the sky, now back onto the earth. Now that's the funky part but I ain't got my bird. The whole universe is sittin' in my mind. I think too much but I ain't fucking blind. I do a mean rap but I think about the other day, about the time I turned shit to haze.

I know I'm not the only one who's getting affected. To the people all around that make me disruptive. I smoke a pack a day and I drink all night and when I get horny I pick a fight. The wind has changed and the sun has come up, everything's been working since I got my new haircut. I'm teaching my style, I'm makin' a G smile to this world I was living in exile.

Where are we going? [x10]

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