

Thunderclap Newman

"Resurrection '95"

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Intro:

Yeah I'ma get this one off for Eighty-Seven Street
South side of Chicago, Chicago everywhere check it
It's like c'mon y'all, get live get down
Common Sense is in your town
I said c'mon y'all, get live get down
Common sense is in your town

Verse One:

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter-in
That be scatterin
Over the globe will my vocals be travellin
Unravellin my abdomen it's slime that's babblin
Grammatics that are masculine
I grab them in, verbally badgerin broads
I wish that Madeline, was back on Video LP
Raps I make up like blacks do excuses
I feel like Noah, hookin my mellows up on deuces
If a broad ain't got a mind or job or crib she useless
Acoustic basslines embrace rhymes while I chase
mines
They say signs of the end is near
I wonder can I walk a righteous path holdin a beer
Got more verses than a Kramer, go off like a pager
Skills uglier than Craig Mack in your ear I'm the flavor
My old bird said some of my songs sound like noise
Don't watch the Bulls as much, they got too many white
boys
A million black men walkin, towards one direction
For sure, the cream of the planets... resurrection

Verse Two:

A prophet, raised among black disciples and Vice
Lords
Who don't give a fuck about mic cords and nice swords
get up, together black risk your cup
I'm wishin for a change, my man want his change in a
cup

Yessir, I'm in the Mix-a-Lot
Bitches put em on the glass while I'm puttin stickers on
they ass
I rule everything around me like cash
On the rocks of reality, dreams get smashed
In jams I M*A*S*H like Alan Alda
Niggaz nod, they say hey as if I was Little Walter
Eighty-Seven strip walker taught the code of the area
by staying, within the barrier
Exposed to stony stimuli, with that I identify
Brothers went through my rotate solidify the realness
Skull-caps, Murf Puffy jacket, Lug boots on
Steppin to me is like goin to the county being a Neutron

Verse Three:

I ride the rhythm like a Schwinn bike
When in dim light
I use insight to enlight
Device up in da skin tight
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe
Imaginations in flight
I send light, like Ben's kite I've been bright
Get open like on gym nights
And in fights I send rights
Don't hook with skins my friends like
I spend nights up in dykes
I've been indicted as a freak of all trades
I got it made
I bathe in basslines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums
Come from a tribe of bums
Hooked on negro and mums
Had to halt with the, malt liquor
Cause off the malt liquor I fought niggaz
Now my speech and thoughts quicker
Cruisin Southside streets with no heat and no sticker
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker
Eighty-Seven got my back and we don't get no thicker
Chicago got my back and we don't now check it
I'm a ho but not a ho nigga
Ain't scared of no nigga
But it's my turn to go I gotta go
And I'm gone with the storm

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