Jadox "Contact High"

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[chorus]:

I'm not Tupac and I'm not Biggie Not Slim Shady, and no not Fitty (50) Not Rakim, Nas, Jay-Z, Busta Or a New-Jack Hustla but I'll STILL dust ya (x2)

I'm Jadox, five nine and three quarters A beanie-sportin' true underground beat supporter Keepin sorta...a low-profile--shorter A street reporter keepin all of my speeches in order

Breachin the dysfunctional border, I enter Buildin' with cats from L.A. to Loma Linda The founding member...Of the Board of Directors Plus I got connections from Cali to Texas

You know I Strive 4 Perfection like my EP CD Ea-sy distributed freely At least, for the most part...
All of my Big Girlz they wanna know:
"When the show start?"

But see, where I come from Life is one big low-income conundrum On a constant paper chase Well, for that and abstract tracks With the phat bass

Noun lyric goes to waste when I'm in the place
In ya face when you hear my words interlaced
With the beat...never incomplete when I'm on a streak
Only time I halt and screech is if my celly beep:
It could be Mytress or Elyse
That's wifey and seed
An emergency with them, well then I leave (gotta go)
If not, then with my rhymin' I proceed
Breathin' in the second-hand smoke
From y'all's weed...

[chorus]

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