

The Roots

"Adventures in Wonderland"

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Fuck, kill, and prosper is the gospel of Wonderland
Where street sands are quick to suck you down to the
abyss
With the lure of pure bliss if you kiss the dicks of the
niggaz?
Never, Nosferatu's, those witches and warlocks in blue
Government gumshoe, keepers of the First Zoo

Who? Me?

I'm the modern day vixen vampire slayer
Unauthorized player, in the capitalist contest to see
who "Gets Money"
No milk and honey, in this land 'coz justice has been
banned
So it's play dirty or die by the hand that's holding all the
guns

Plunged, deep into religion was my first decision
To save me and my daughter's lives
But I can't thrive off spirit and scripture the picture
grew clearer
I made the move to rear her in a life wanting for
nothing

So I got into this drug thing not doing, but dealing,
sealing fates
And healing struggle gaped wounds of the doomed
became my mission
Izm was just too small time, I had to find the best
design to
Fuck with the massive motherfuckers minds, and
pockets

So I sold [Incomprehensible] kits and alleyway thigh
splits for two bits
And five year old preschool pussy
And once strong now bony backs and stretched out
Weary racks of snatch, in other words, I sold crack

Morality was buried deep, beneath the new Jeep
Silk sheets and money heaps

Still the good mother, I sent my daughter off to
Boarding school to keep shit under cover

All the while envisioning myself
A champion of ghetto causes
Plus his, game I was playing, and winning
While sinning, against myself and soul to get the gold

I was the Female Don, the Crack Queen
To me I seemed unstoppable, my coffers full
I went buckwild, wanting more like the pipe worn
whores
I began to deplore

No time for playing with my coochie counting my man's
mad lucci
While he was up inside some hoochie's loose piece
I signed the checks and, I counted out the cash
Wasn't saving ass for no niggaz sent upriver
I thought my shit was tight, 'til my empire started to
quiver

Taking every chance, under surveillance being listened
to
And watched, like Assata Shakur my place on the top
was no more sure
Loose lips flipped the script, the fantasy trip, swiftly
ended
It took no time to blend in with the population prison

My jaded vision, busted like a cherry every, dream I
had now tainted bad
I fucked and I killed to prosper
Upheld each tenant, of the ghastly gospel
Shift to a different wonderland to pay the price for my
vice

A land of fields to toil in like slaves
No lillies in this field, just plenty of souls to save
Plenty of fat uniformed rats with below average size
cocks
That slither through cell locks in the night

Lactating tits being licked, left and right
Plenty of coochie burning with desire
Like black churches in the South
Black prayers and pussy on fire

Penned up behind barbed wire
Me and my fellow female mammals, animals
Bitches in cages, bodies racked with hormone rages

Minds haunted by our children's faces

They mace us with promises of rehabilitation slash
corruption
Place smoking guns in empty hands of native sisters
and sons
I joined in this nation's favorite pasttime on a quest to
gets mine

Now I'm passing time standing on line
In the commissary to buy Maxi-Pads
Instead of shopping at Barney's for Chanel bags
Nana who raised me, went to bed a-dazed via my
mistakes

And my daughter hates me for what I did
And I'm fucked and I'm stuck doing the Devil's bid
Being locked in a moral corrupt crib
Missing my kid

Hey girl, you wanna get finger fucked tonight?
I swear I'll stick it in and up tight just right
Yo sis, I've had to kill and shit
Just blow my head pretty and I'll give you a slip

Alright ladies, lights out

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