

**Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes****"Live and Undrugged Pt. 1 & 2"**

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**Live And Undrugged Part I**

Its been a long time  
Since the rhyme rode  
A rough road  
I'm riding rhymes & givin  
A dose of brotherland  
Never said I wasn't good at it  
Cause I'm a static addict  
No fear you gotta  
Know I had it  
If you know better  
Spose to do better  
So I know like Al Green  
We gotta stay together

Knock, knock...who's there  
Where? overhere  
Da boom kids knockin  
Bang and they outta here  
The dopemans livin at home  
Aloneman  
They dont understand  
But they can  
They can can  
If I dont say it  
I'm a sucka parlayin it  
Don't really matter  
When the flow fatter

But I dont dont  
Believe  
& duck bob an weave  
Will deceive a street corner  
And the 40 thieves

They bring em in  
You do em in  
He bring em in  
You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom  
Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha  
Live and uncut  
An undrugged  
These days they be thinkin I'm bugged  
Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it  
Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be  
Seekin is self preservation  
A nation of millions  
Gotta go wit a feelin  
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom  
And when it comes to drugs  
Uncle Tom gotta bomb  
Can I get a pop  
Till the muthafukas stop  
Sellin nat shit  
That make the hoody drop  
No more easy gettin over  
For da cracka in the back

Yo its over  
Number 1 wit a bullet  
He pull it what I do now  
Cant out run it or duck  
Or get a new Chuck  
Up against the wall  
Wont confess yall  
I mo move & I'm gone  
An so I guess yall  
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen  
I'm missin a life  
If I aint givin up an ass kissin  
No television or movie style  
No buckwild thinkin  
Cause I dont know what he drinkin  
But he better act quick  
Cause I'm gettin quicker  
3 mo seconds to go  
I hope he hold da trigga  
If he do dat  
The gatt iz outta his hands

& then he gotta deal wit a man  
Punks jump up to get beat  
I'm on the funky beat

Beat beat yall  
Until its 6 feet  
Under dirt & the mud  
Here we go again  
Another enemy if you  
Never was a friend  
Never clever  
As I was in this endeavor  
Never again trust a smile or grin  
From comin outta da womb  
To endin up in a tomb  
Another sport  
Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts  
Head brother in charge  
So I better get bodyguard  
What can I do  
Break a leg on the avenue  
Where the bootleggers  
They be stackin the odds  
Try to be hard but they playin my cards  
Fuckin wit chicken  
But I'm duckin in the lard  
Been goin straight since 78  
I wanna live I dont wanna be late  
I head em comin at me  
Runnin fast & ruff  
Aint this a bitch & test for the tuff  
Bang/doubt it  
Without a life  
I cant live without it  
Bang

Live And Undrugged Part II

Rhymer in a zone

Say u wanna revolution  
40 acres to 40 ounces  
Plus they announcin  
The mule is the one thats fooled  
But I pass to be that jackass  
Knockin that boom  
To the tomb  
Out the womb  
I bet against the spread  
I flipped death threats  
And the 3 to the head  
Never get enough  
The raw, the rugged, the ruff

Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff  
I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta  
Hard in a rock place my corner  
And the winner is  
Whoop there it is  
33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz  
Rather get frunk off  
Hearin rhymin wit biz  
Rhymamatician, rumpshaker  
Mindquaker  
Not a cracker or a quacker  
But a waker  
Put my thing down  
Step my shit up  
Put up or shut up  
Peace to the original what up  
Back to the motherland  
Where its warmer, transformer  
Kill the informer  
I hear em talkin creepin  
But I'm not sleepin  
My mellow I go back  
Way back going, going  
Before crack  
And the 8 track  
Still goin, gone, goodbye  
To the lazy  
I ain't pushing up or drivin  
No daisies  
I gotta remember Philly in September  
Aint nuttin finer than peace  
In Carolina & to the gods  
Wanna be, gotta be  
Starter of mo flow  
Here we go the front row  
As I cut the silly rhymin  
Riddlin still the flow  
Gettin ridda dem  
Racist swazis  
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes  
They gotta give us where we live  
We don't own  
What you think is home  
Its time to go up in smoke  
911 is no joke  
Once again friends  
This enemy states fiddy states  
Still say chill wait until  
The right time baby  
Damn the blood line  
Gettin raid with AIDS

But somebodys gettin paid  
Lets get it on and a on  
But brothers gettin killed  
Cause blunts & 40's is like  
Cookies to da milk  
I'm not crazy  
I'm the revelation  
Last days in time  
The overtime rhymer  
Rhymer in a zone  
Right vs wrong  
Good versus evil  
God versus the devil  
Public Enemy  
Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age

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