

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"LSD"**

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Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldn't hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation x be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doom
Control the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot
Check the passports tap the telephone
Surprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing
Now what i see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I don't know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like i know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long ride

Now i be damn i been a man
Figure i never call myself a nigger
To get benjamans
What's love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales
How the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead
Lord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west

That funk to the east is phat
Atl be krunk dirty south
Thirty thou crankin trunks
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
Now what be indebted
Better get over it
Those times and raps ain't never comin back
No future without a pass i kick ass
Rock the sox offa pandora's box
Is it any wonder why the clocks flavor got
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox
I set the bomb between the r & b scene
Go against the grain run up on the train
And so i parallel the brains of cobain
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne
Make it plain the sound remains insane
Come the same no holes closin up the lane
Don't ask no questions on the simple level
Can the magic get shaq back
Knicks get van exel
Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs
Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks
Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
Lie for a lie i look em in the eye
History speaking lawyers should die
Kissed the companies and made them all cry
A new rap song and a real drive by
Why o why did the video die
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid
The god damn white man got you afraid
Social service got your mama afraid
Scared of the fact before a niggas black
Some of you say nigga before you say crack
You got no back is what you lack
Just say black and i'll see where your ass is at

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