

## Laquan

### "Let The Vibes Flow"

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Pump me up, yeah, that's it

What's that?

[ VERSE 1: Laquan ]

Hear the wrath of my vocab, straight from the rhyme  
lab

Scopin my gold rope but don't attempt to grab

Watch your step, keep a civilized head

The truth is said to awaken the brain-dead

Why intercept me from a positive destiny

Music, music, my important necessity

God bless me and those who test me

Help those that I'm down with and let the rest be

Stuck in a black hole and yes, I withhold

A key so you can see me in poetry motion

Steadily coastin to a lyrical plot that puts a knot in my  
pocket

Now let's bear witness to the sight of the no-good

Minds are molded, and flooded with falsehood

Too much TV, you're brainwashed by Hollywood

I speak truth, so let it be understood

You want peace, boy, you have to show some

Some cry for peace and still carry a gun

I understand, get or get got, shoot or get shot

That's not to way to go

Well, I'ma chill back and stay out of crack and stay low

And let the vibes flow

[ VERSE 2: Laquan ]

The set is not done yet, some have learned but I bet

Some will twist the truth and rebuke the positive groups

Who prophecize and open eyes of the blind

Use words like tide to clean dirt from your mind

Often I practice cause practice makes perfect

You disagree with that? Yo, I feel it's worth it

I can't hold back, yo, I must expose the fact

Truth is hidden, self-knowledge you lack

Let words slam, back-track, check the diagram

When Spanky flex he creates the side-effects

Set my course, proceed to speak with force

Grab the sourc and take lyrical intercourse

Secure my rhyme from suckers and rhyme grabbers

Watch your back, you never know who's a backstabber

You're now a slave, feel the force of my soundwave

As the vibes flow

[ VERSE 3: Laquan ]

As I hit my conclusion you find it amusin

How I drift to the rhythm of the samples I'm usin

Status is proven by the fact that you're movin

Words flow rapidly, melody soothin  
One never prospers from a negative thought  
You might win in the begin, but lose in the end  
Suckers being drugged into my lyrical pit  
Brains are lit, they throw a fit but still they sit  
Alone in my death dome scared of my voice tone  
Step in my path, you're just entered war zone  
Now how can you quiz me if you don't know the answer  
The effect from my dialect is somewhat cancer  
Slow death, you lose breath as I rip what's left  
of your flesh and let God save the rest  
So if you didn't know, now you know  
To chill back when I go and let the vibes flow  
It's like pumpin in my ear drums  
Yeah, the vibe's pumpin in my ear drums  
It's like pumpin in my ear drums  
Yeah, the vibe's pumpin in my ear drums  
It's like pumpin in my ear drums  
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