

Anti-Pop Consortium ''Z St''

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[M. Sayyid]

hey yo this theme wasn't a dream I'm dead ass no lean it started with this chick who moved in thirteen I started hearin a knock at four o clock am started hearin a flock of high heels pop across the hall I'm sayin 'yo what the fuck' through the peep hole seen some people tippin the lab chicks I mean badass kiko smack you off your ego out to eat go but chill, here's the segual I mean here's the meet yo takin out the garbage on the creep yo the door opened up a voice said 'nice to greet you' I played the low, noddin, half lookin in the room til I seen what was cookin, ooh (oh, shit) another chick rockin a bra watchin tv holdin keys to a car, boom now I'm definitely not lookin, yo I gotta loom the chick at the door said their gonna party til noon as the light from the moon hit the hall wall she talked a little, wigglin her middle gigglin like she had plans to fiddlin focus not shooken sayin she just moved up from from brooklyn (word?) wasn't really tooken, wasn't really lookin yeah, whatever, whatever, well welcome to white planes, you stacked with a tight wanna smash (errr) whiplash in the right lane ???? nice game she laughed, asked me if I knew mike zane in fifteen I was like 'ummm, not really, no' 'well, I know he's got that blow' I was like 'oh' took a picture of that body in my mind, yo then it was time to go cause I wasn't tryin to get caught up in the snow picked up the trash bag, time to break yo next morning woke up to a fuckin stage show seven squad cars, DEA three sheperds and snitches that sing like Stevie J

for that green, cause those chicks in thirteen

were undercover strain and busted mike zane with twenty six ounces of pure cocaine

schemes are not always what they seem in the maze these days there's many demons to get you soul by any means

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