

Tha Blue Herb

"A Sweet Little Dis"

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TBH saga, mad mad drama, disembarking once again,
the northern top planner.
Pancrase champion class funcrusher, the back pacer
bringing back all the freshest material.
Rappers turning into harmless pop stars, still the big
fish in a pond of zines.
We see it through, we don't need your seat, stinking
rotten underground brand.
Overcoming the slump with zero stunts, the new
century replicant loading works with passion.
The remains from 'Thumpin' have no chance for
reissue, juniors aside, no one gets your instant jungles.
Our mission operates beneath the surface, a
revolutionist using mics like a Beretta.
Battle quallity, propped against the countless
obsessed hit-makers, second to none.
Spirit photograph the succession of epemeral speaks,
like sketching the contour of airflows.
A chain letter from my pen-"Endeavour", the so-called
"scene" should be able to tap into this one.
The press interviews fill up the schedule, leave definite
impressions with top notch metaphors
Suck in all self-conceit, running through, the
drum'n'voice TRANS SP EXPRESS.

Let the fair wind blow, let the audience wait, a dirt way
wrapped in dust.
The Rap game is no joke, let nobody surpass us, even
the folded arms' indifferent ears could not
shun this.
Let the fair wind blow, let the audience wait, a hard way
wrapped in thick smock.
Let the disc spin indefinitely, border control can't even
stop these radio waves.

Rivals and clients, buyers, dealers, disseminators,
gamblers, upstarts and the fortunete, diamonds,
Street teams and women on the street, think of us as
your old friends and listen.
Once you start, there's no stopping until you lose, a
tournament, the fuse is sparked.

Steer clear from yes-men and apathy, let the stone roll
towards the break of dawn.

Sneering at the mimics-on-parade, winnings all awards
that start with "the illest".

The light is green, straight on through industry
intersections, no one has enough guts to stop us.

Let me remind you, hip hop doesn't appear through a
TV tube, it's a culture of survival.

There exists another top-liner, another Khun Sa
reaching ove to Hunza and Yungnan.

Brimming, words circulating, in a type of endorphin
rumba pulse.

The mother of creation is always the hunger, who do
you think we are, we are the Blue.

Orient based nouvelle vague, crank up and accelerate,
the JP EXPRESS.

About to run through your mind hell, kids and ladies
getting choked by slang.

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