

Tha Blue Herb

"I'm Private Army"

Visit "[I'm Private Army](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Selfish words and crime of unlawful musical preparation, Susukino of smoke and snow, all green. Cross-eyed tamed handler, mankillers, O-RESIDENT and ILL-BOSTINO. In the reality of accumulated truth, we settle the floor and drop it dirty. Unjust killers, bitter, illegal, WE'RE TBHR. Out the SP GHETTO, the MOST WANTED, gracefully judge you right in you face. Fight the amnesia of the frontal lobe, zen dialogue intensive meditation method. MIT's VIP class MIC, close my eyes and show you my calligraphy skills. Aromatic THC goes at a trot, chased by psilocybin. In the capillaries blood begins to flow backwards, potential abilities link up one after another. Joining up to become a great river, I'll show you my tenacity before I reach its delta. To be beaten down or become recognised, I only wish that you last longer than your predecessor. The FRESH and unstoppable stranger, my counter attacks as distinctive as Beckam's. POT DIGGER, BUDDHA STICK and ZIG ZAG in my pocket, infallible skills make it reach 6500/g. We cultivate borders in deserted lands, I feel like a top runner far ahead of the pack. Vivid blue MASSIVE hitting straight to the cerebrum, this is where you experience enlightenment. Not into temporary 'SAY HO!' shows, no different to those who enjoy Para Parappa dancing.

It's the working season for hunting gimmicks, Travis likes to dis all crappy hip hop. I chose to become a heel out of choice, just one of the indies from the North.

MCs who have been compared with me are unfortunate, I see you trembling, I bet all your plans are maladjusted. After all, you remain in second place, fortunate enough to believe in your dreams for just a moment.

I'm the rapper with three red eyes, the northern battle
front is no joke, there's no pause.
The lowest unit of the GOOD MUSIC organization, now
it's the orient's turn to invade the West.
A real-life game unike fake swordfights or sports, the
beat is a taught tight rope.
A clash of indivisible thought circuits, ying and yang ,
high and low, twisting hydro.
A life with a pen's calling is amazing, why don't you let
me buy all the words you never use?
The only cruterua here me it's like you've been
scolded, proof that my words come from reality.
'Only I am holy', directly shipping the poisoned disc, I
stab you with Concord and sit in your memory.
A man with an encyclopedia hidden on his tongue,
intent on a true revolution without compromise.
Yesterday's friend is also a lovable enemy, take the
jokes from the scene's mood maker.
FUCK YOU 1ST KILL YOU LATER, just please don't
become a stripper Mr Entertaier.

Camouflaged by the black curtain, Tha Blue Herb style,
enter through your ear drums and snatch
away your five sences.

Visit [Tha Blue Herb](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.