

Sneaker Pimps

"Poly Sci"

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[Forte' - Speaking]

Political science...
The study of politics, mixed with science...
Speak on it, baby...

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

As I look in your eyes
I see the sunrise
I see the moonshine!

[20 Grand Pिकासoe - 1st Verse]

I'm from the days of the Colt 45's and gang bangers
Cocaine slangers who sliced doors, no time to cook up
Them niggas like raw
It's all about the dollar now, white powder now
He owed us money so I watched my niggas tie him
down
The conflict is crucial, police is neutral in this battlefield
Where the battles grill, like cattles grill for a platter mil
I even watched little Darryl deal
I love the ghetto, hate the ghetto
Must've been a genius who helped make the ghetto
So I sit back and taste the 'retto
I got beef, how can you misplace my metal?
It's a sob story, it's bad the way they robbed Tory
Of course, must've been religious
'Cause they took a small tainin' across
Wrong game to play, boss
Every night's a bug out
They shot up every corner where I hung out
Some nights I cry to this
Even though it's posi-flip (?)

[Jeni Fujita - Singing chorus]

It's like the sunrise
Just like the moonshine!

The rain stops, and your girl smiles...just for you (Yeah)
For you don't know, the love I have for you!

[Forte' - 2nd Verse]

Mommy, I keep my name on your brain like Missy
With The Rain, I'm from the school of stolen sneakers
Speakers and heavy chains, no lie
To the knowlie, why?
God see I, learned the ways of the street, degrees in
Poly Sci
Many days under heat
It pays for sticking him
Watch him beast on the lean, routine curriculum
Black vans, maybe a TransAm, exams get done
Pop Quiz, figure out them niggas who hit son
God give, God take away
And it's easy to see
Spell 'til, the lord kill indiscriminately
We infinitely excel, keep the fans compelled
The bigger picture, watch the ones who're wit' ya
I clean the pie, and seen 'em die
Travel life more than once
Maybe, me and I...had been greeted by, so many
conceded eyes
That'd be wise, when I met too many girls around the
world
And delete the lies

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

It's like my music, a new tune you never heard
Hear, your heart beat
The bass hits! And you feel it
It's real it's not a sample! I saw you playing my piano!
Unh-Huh!

[Forte - 3rd Verse]

Now I, rock jew-els now and then
A little lights - n - platinum
A little beef on the street, no harm in clappin' them
Savage nations, ghetto life no ramifications
Dead debating, keeping every crackhead basing
My auntie steady saying that we wasting, money
I like tasting, the finer things in life, like a mason
Police, plague - hatin'
Everything that the court own
Brownsville would pry, classified as a warzone
The Brook god, so trife
Originale low-life

To sport it, boost it, the ghetto can't afford it
Trade it, sort it, stress, new port it
No tags never ordered
You broke it, you bought it
A twenty five - to life, my little son-son caught it
'Til this day, we admit it, that we did it, he 'gon bid it
Kept his mouth shut, and never shitted
On who his murder flirted with death
Like every team, aiight! You know the verdict!

[Forte - Speaking]

Want me to say it one more time Ma, is that what you want?...

[Jeni Singing]

Say one more time!

[Forte - Continues]

For every city blocker, glock rocker
Cats who get they weight off, for every kid who had a
parent laid off
No healthcare, had us co-dependents out on welfare
Speak amongst yourself, 'cause in the streets, no one
else care
The powers that be, I see you knelt there
Them jealous cats who slang crack, I'm glad to send
you back,
'cause you dealt there
We all wanna shine for basis, 'til we easy
LG for GP, only the realest niggas meet me
Conversing through the wee-wee hours of the morning,
sleepy
Always stay alert, 'cause the pain hurt too deeply
Ain't nothing changed, I'm stuck on myself
'Cause you mundane
You wonder while you're just gold?
You're stuck on one plain
Now we must hold, very fueled make it through the
threshold
I'm blessed though, the head distincts before I let go
A major death toll
It's all about the babies, fuck the best coast
I keep my family eating, 'til I'm done breathing

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

Hear, your heart beat! (Forte' - You heard?!
.....Nutzbaby]

The bass hits, and you feel it
It's real, it's not a sample! I saw you playing my piano!
Unh- Huh!

All you had to do, was make a record! Yeah
All you had to do, was make a record! Say one more
time!
All I want to do, is hold you!
Forever, Forever and ever, if you need to lean on me!
Don't run, I'm here for you,
Just like the sunrise!
Just like the moonshine!

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