

Spearhead

"Chocolate Supa Highway"

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Rock rock y'all Spearheads comes alive
On the eve of 2 triple O
11 45
No jive we be survivin'
Singin' praises to jah
Every time we throw down and every time we puff La
Haaaaawell you can roll my way
On the chocolate supa highway

Late last year
Some of ya mighta had fear, that the Spearhead crew
Would never be back through your way, no way
We naw go out like that, becaouse we livin' for the
riddim
And the funk is always fat so
We bring fat beats like a gift for Xmas
I'll make you testify just like an O.J Simpson witness
Our sound is so alarming like killer bees people all be
swarming
So like the price is right come on down, make a little
wish
But excuse me while I light my spliff and make some
noise
If you think the herbs a gift. Hoooo

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Check it I'm descending back into this record
The heavy breathing funky rhyme paramedic
Shootin' funky venom from my sharp teeth injectors
Not vex ya but yes to resurrect ya
'Cause I can't stand the pain outside my window
Why ya think so many smokin' indo blunts
Sippin' gin and juice for confidence
Blowin' more la than Jackie Chan be doin' stunts

The Buddah elevates the stress off the chest
But could never elevate boot off the ghetto necks
Flex like flash when they try to pull me under
But like the lightnin' I'll be there before the thunder

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Yes I remember the time in Oklahoma
You tried to blame an Arab
But the whitey was the bomber
You be jumpin' to conclusions
I think you spent your whole life
Watchin' cable in seclusion
Illusions 'bout what's outside your door
One nigga two nigga three nigga four
Robbing every house and every liquor store
Run for your life we marchin' one million more
Plowing the fields like some natty dread farmers
You can roll your own in September from our harvest
Big up yourself when life comes gets the hardest
Spearheads comin' straight from the cartridge

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