

## DL Incognito

### "Audio Coke"

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[Verse 1]

My shit sells, tell your folk's  
[Nigga) I'm no joke  
My lines make your ears bleed I'm audio coke  
I'm audio blow  
You snort this threw your ear lobs  
A natural high, this is pumped all over the globe  
I'm worth, more then gold  
Got pushers on every corner I Take control  
Of these so-called streets  
My whole network, is underground, kept underneath  
The black market  
Sell my rhymes and my beats  
And weak niggaz O.D.  
Off my music  
If I told you once, (I) told you twice not to abuse it  
I bake niggaz lose it  
They fiend for mine  
Your heart starts racing like the deep bass line  
They say I've committed a crime by coming on in  
Like heroin in a syringe  
A friend to a friend  
A testament that the war on drugs just ain't working  
The nose candy got me the Benz, that I merk in  
I'm 24 hours  
Like Perkins  
My fine white powder  
Is addictive to the third person  
A certain, cause for concern, the laws inforced  
Here's a hit if, niggaz want to ride the white horse  
Feel the rush of adrenaline  
Fucked by my medicine  
Built in the lab, down in my basement  
So good you can taste it (one sniff)  
It's dope  
I'm drugs to your ears son, I'm audio coke  
I,m audio blow...

[Chorus]

"The aroma reaches up to my nostrils"

[Verse 2]

When I'm boiled to perfection, I rock  
I'm made for your block  
Created for the street's I get cut like crack rock  
You're boom box, gets hot  
And spreads my waves  
That's how I get paid  
Niggaz become slaves  
Addicted to the way  
Yo I smoke the MIC?  
Inhale the fumes, produced take you up to knew  
heights  
I sport the new Nikes plus a big gold chain  
I'm the cousin of cocaine  
But worst for your brain  
My audio is not what you use in moderation  
Get heavy rotation, On radio stations  
I'm what your parents hate for real  
Make the product your kids buy  
And the record stores sell  
From half to a mill  
I make niggaz kill  
I'm independent so I go where I feel  
For real  
Bring the Ruckus  
2 tears and a bucket  
The more they hate this, the more the fans love it  
And the cops can't touch it  
We much crook's wiser  
The dealer ain't problem, nigga it's the supplier  
Where there's smoke, there's fire  
Take a toke, you desire  
More of this you require  
Then purchase the album  
Like thousands caught up in the web we weave  
At first we practice to deceive  
So strong you can here it, one line it's dope  
I'm drugs to your ears son, I'm audio coke  
I'm audio blow...

[Chorus]

"The aroma reaches up to my nostrils"

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