

Steve Harley**"360"**

Visit "[360](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

(*clears throat*)

Ladies and gentlemen

Thank you for coming out to Basement Beats tonight

I'd like to introduce to you the #1 jewel dropper

..Big Lee (*applause*)

[Ali]

Yo I'ma bring it straight to niggaz this time

Derty, fo'sho (uh-huh)

How we was doing it (uh-huh)

Now they doing it (uh-huh)

Like a wise man once said (wise man)

Like the Jackson 5 (St. Lunatics though)

But rap-wise (rap-wise)

Check

[Verse]

I'm out herre on these streets

Trying to survive through the cocked heat

The block deep, pop you once watch the spot leak

But right now, I'm trying to restrain from that

But if you trip, I'll grab that thang and let him spray
from that

I'm just a God of the universe, nothing more, nothing
less

Don't believe in spooks, I missed three places after
death

My mind is clear, while yours is full of distortions

From all that flesh you eat, and scrambled abortion

My portion is one, yours is three

3D, you claim to God Lee, not hardly

You looking for Leezuz partner? Well her I am

Walking on water with 3 dumplings in 2 hands

Whoa damn! Let me slow it down one time

Resurrect the mind and give sight to the blind

How many eyes you got? You say 2, I say 3

You see what I'm saying, and you still seeing me?

You add it up

[Hook] - x2

[Verse]

Check, check

Just do what's right y'all (tell 'em) and that's the bomb
You know I where we from, read the Bible and Quaron
We roll real drinks, shots of City in the clinc
I said shrink, last night hurling in the sink
Boy think, know your type, don't gun snipe or gripe
But couldn't get doper than this unless it came through
a pipe
I'm trying to tell y'all, 'Tics drop shit, we here to sell
y'all

The truth, real always, tight like hallways
Brawl like ball face, squint the God pay
Hit, bumping and flick, collecting green print then
Heavy cent, we roll the third behind the tent
Tires spent, and then we float like lint
Me and the man child, since a youth we ran wild
Gats busting at everybody, "Hands down!"
Big house, mouse zip blouse for the spouse
Crazy bucks, tv's and rims on crazy trucks
It's the Ghost rider, a new science to God a-
Blunt provider, the kit made the 6 wider
I serve, touch nerves that swerve in a Suburb'
Out of life I deserve, define wisdom define herb
It's the verbal abuse, what's the use of calling truce?
Let's ooze loose out tools, Lee without the Bruce
And while you cats go popping bop, me I'm out tops
break it down like shop chops and come off like flip
flops
That's hip hop

[Hook] - x2

[Ali]

Feeling good right now derty, feeling good about our
self (*echos*)
Pass that sub-conscience, pass that conscience
Pass that super conscience, I'm into that magnetic
I'm towards infinite (*echos*)

Visit [Steve Harley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.