

## Steve Holy

### "Interlude"

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Intro:

On the southside. Ha gon get down with that get down  
let me spit rounds  
this is how that shit sounds check it out ch'all. Ha.

It's the, metaphysicals some say the score the  
revolution therefore  
I have come, a calm before the storm  
Words are born formed drawn in the brain  
Sorn scorn by the pourin' rain  
But I can stand it seldom do I feel stranded  
Granded I stand with the style that is free  
I'm the Mandela ask Nelson brothers love me  
I lay it lovely I'm ugly bogus on the mic  
I strike like a teacher rappers are line  
Stand in line with they signs tryin' to picket  
They pick it the way I kick it  
Cause with it I'm not wicked cause that's malignant  
I use my figments which is vivid  
And give it to ya baby like love without no limit  
I have no limits no gimmicks no image don't mimick  
I'm finished no minutes to be timid  
Which shit stick should I spit with?  
I'm the nitwit that shit sick I stick with and kick with  
The crew I clique with that's who I sit witha and trip with  
And sip with the buds are lifted and gold digified  
And hit without equipment I've often been depicted  
On the solid when it likwit  
Yo this is shit is for my man Honda

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