

Gerald Levert F/ Eddie Levert "Soap Boxn"

Visit "[Soap Boxn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bicasso]

Oooooooooo ...oohhhhhhhh watch out a watch out a
watch out

I can't stop how come? It's no breaks in what?

This hip-hop say what? No low stakes they high!

I won't flop but flip cakes and breaks to rip shop and
why not?

Well go head I'm 'bout to that's right no doubt dude

That's tight why thank you

I just might replay some true shit

That type stuff you don't fool with

I'll call a bluff cuz I knew it

I'm like psychic when it blew thru the winds who?

My ancestors whispers answers the questions

Get twisted, I choose the path less taken

Less walked on, forsaken, betcha beat breakin'

Breads we be bakin' but it takes dough though

So songs we kneed so slow no move fakin'

This Bicasso the next level

Penetrated thru the outer crust in a wood shed

Let go of the baggage on my shoulders, now I feel
good

My neighborhood switched, I'm in the hills now

But not quite how I planned it,

This nest ain't my roost I got that hot handed

I'm bout to shake em, I'm bout to shake em,

Collect them dividends

Give me that ten that I'm takin', I'm

Makin' you wanna look, study the handbook of fresh
shit

I'm blessed with a gift that uplifts and shifts what you
think

What I think sometimes gets missed

So hold this opinion tight,

My third eye in flight for third eye sight

I might live longer and I might breath deeper

So that I might be stronger

Best be a believer and a singer of these songs

[Eligh]

Where can we be headed, without music in my system

I'd topple over unbalanced,
It's a part of me and my talents
Help to ventilate, lung capacity featherweight,
Your audacity to judge me by my cover
A mistake unlike no other.
Would your brother judge your father
If he left the family tree?
Probably, quite simply,
Put his foot down to the earth.
Regenerate from the soot
And put more effort than the first
Attempt to get some, get right,
Get closer to the meaning of life
Without repeating it twice
I must know ten repeated offenders up in this blender
A melting pot of letters all marked return to sender
Embark like a gypsy vendor
To market the rhymes I render original,
Remember:
If you're ever in a spot where
You feel like you'll never escape
Like a rock and a hard place,
Where the dealers got the ace
Don't about face.
I'm one to talk
I've been the one to walk and turn the other cheek
And some might call that weak
But there's a time and a place
And two aces for every one man
Don't give up on the first, try,
Be the first guy to take a stand
Landing feet first is a lesson in its own hand
In this land I'm a man who's a fan of next levels
And I'm attacking the central nervous system
With shocking wisdom
Unlocking wandering light, reflected in prisms
Keep the colors vibrant inside the database
I made a fatter face to fit the mad hatter bass
That we pack like a weapon with a crack,
Then we steppin' out the arena
Gladiator putting up his belt for the title
If you felt your liability than test the flexibility
Who's next to rest comfortably,
Idle hands burn and turn to dust,
When you learn to trust the music comes naturally

Visit [Gerald Levert F/ Eddie Levert](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.