

Tarralyn Ramsey

"Coney Island High"

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I raise the roof like Luke and smack u wit my tactics
Impact u like the tooth u call the wisdom
Shirley Chisolm from the boogie down to b.k. in my
pumas and kappas
Tarsha Vega's a dapper rapper I expand with Frank
Zappa
Beta kappa on the mic like MC Lyte drink cappuccino
We flow at casinos from Las Vegas to Reno
Cause life's a slot machine of dreams and
I'm a verbal fiend been rockin'
Scores of metaphors since I was only a teen

I think I'm winning but I'm losing again
I find religion in a pad and a pen
I plant a flower in the desert
Then I'm back to Coney Island in the middle of the
summer

I'm so high Coney Island high
Walkin' on the boardwalk w/ my baby tonite
I'm so high Coney Island high
Beats and cotton candy in the summertime

Tarsha Vega like Suzanne who sang the Luca
Divine like Pink Flamingos
Got'cha searchin' for my lingo
Ridin' on the wheel they call the Ferris like the Buhler
Circle is the motion like the hoop they call the Hula
In the cycle of a lifeless tomb a crackhead's womb
Build a bridge across the River Phoenix
Impend the doom while I'll eclipse ya like the lunar
Use your wisdom it's ya essence
Got the lessons like a professor at the college flipping
knowledge

I dig the silence as u holdin' my hold
I dig the rhythm of the waves on the sand
I see the hard knocks on the boardwalks pushin' rocks
And that's why families don't come to Coney Island
I flip the script like David Kelly on the tele
Then take ya round the corner score some ginseng at

the deli
Melle Mel was like the message but it's all been
convoluted
Love the pictures of the boardwalk when the shit was
not polluted

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