

Gordon Irving**"The West Is"**

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The West coast is blowin up
The new innovators of style, but there's more to be
uncovered
From the undiscovered regions of this sector
Addin to the circulations of monumental demos
This should definitely be stamped sure shot produce
LIKE THIS!

[Verse One]

Yo whassup man to the rooftop runners
The one that's with the bass got some puff for your
soul
Plus the heavy meditator still jottin down ditties but wait
An equal sum, T-mass in elevational speak
The vocal bloom while my signal was tuned
Dissect, my set level to a hoverous form
Then release, to the ear, while I watch my spirit travel
See the evil dissapear like an atomless math
Through the U.N.I., which infinity is I
Where my energy is based, see I got a fat sack of
space
I toned it down for a recharge of tone
Then I threw it my sack, cause my travels are wild
Plus a power that'll read through a wearer's disguise
Through an MC form I walks, as a normal man
But my estimated time of the regular digestion of a
verb
stems days uncountable to many
As a being from beyond, cuttin wax, as I break the
many forms
Through a total mad account for myself
Spittin logic through a relay of words that might burn
through a century two-ways it's clear to the eyes
Then project, with approximate, greetings that's slow
Calculated to an intricate find, and disembody that
photo type place whenever rhyme with the one
True original phrase of words flowin with the page
that's written

[Verse Two]

As I blast, the last dash of my lyrical gas

I pass, a regular MC path, break them before me
How uneasy, to be the MC like B
But you know how we do this when we give U.S.C.
Or A.S.T., it's not me to speak in stutter
My lyrics break fast, like bread and butter
I utter, another style, meanwhile child I profiles
The funky-ass hip-hop makes you wanna break for the
mic and freestyle
Uhh, but these styles ain't free
I feel the fatness on this track, the bass frequencies
take over me, damage ya with my freaky freaky flow
Catch wreck, check ya neck, I come clean in ya
speakers bro
or sis, be you mister or miss
If you need flavor and funk in your life Sugar's what
you missed
Uhh, it's not good, not Nutrasweet nor a supplement
A shot of the props, leavin suckers stuck in detriment
UHH!

[Interlude]

The West Is.. "Bout to blow the fuck up"
The West Is.. ??
The West Is.. ??
The West Is.. "The place to be"
The West Is.. "down"
"And I'll tell you why in just a moment"
"And now ladies and gentlemen" {*scratched
repeatedly*}

[Verse Three]

Here's a sure shot take from the ground techniques
of my speak, blowin from the West
Era ninety-three is how we hit up the sticker
I glance at my ticker, it's time
To blow the text out my throat and get the oohs and
ahhs
of a applause and defeats, it gets my stand
It's how I, learned to be an MC
So take this tape, and put it witch a tape
And love it like ya breaks all smothered in the hiss
And plates of paper, to hold it all up
And I can give a fuck about a industry appeal
But watch 'em all steal this style, and blow the fuck up
Usin my shit

{*miscellaneous scratches*}

[Verse Four]

Right, right, right
Niggaz doin all that screamin, but really don't know shit

doe
You see, if rap were a tree
Then my knowledge would bear fruits
And if rap ever falls, then I guess I'd be a parachute
If rap was the news
Then me, I'd be the commentary
And if rap were a fine bitch
Then I'd be Halle Berry!
If rap were a three and two pitch
Then I'd be wild
Strikin out MC's, chokin up on my style

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