

Adrian Lau

"In The City"

Visit "[In The City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I used to get high on the cheese bus
Game on the double D cups with the main drugs
Pocket full of blue dream crushed in a green dutch
Clean cut with a flow tighter than police cuffs
I used to write graffiti on the sidewalk
Hannah Montana hand styles with the Krylon
Night bomb war four was the icon
Writing on any rooftop that I could climb on
Hit the trees like George of the Jungle
Spitting that raw by the bundle
Till the money tall like Mutombo
And long like the China Wall
Spit game sick, think you need a Tylenol
Old school, smoking splits with the vinyl mob
Get cake then I dictate who I'm styling on
Flowing like beside a widowed leviathan
Let me see your vice, baby, go and get your biting on
And I let the money buy a lawn
And you are not on that game on

We smoke till our vision impaired
Everybody put your lighters in the air

You light my world with a billion suns
Make my dreams come true

As I sit on cloud nine
Thinking of a way to outline
A plan to outshine 'cause this about time
I wanna know what heaven is like without dying
I wish I could've told you more without lying
But like a lost watch I just never found time
Blow it up and hit the hash like a pound sign
Smoking shit ain't enough to make the ground fly
To the Skyfall, I'm 007, call me young Brooklyn
But I am not Beckham
I just wanna kick it with you, sip a little liquor with you
No hit and misses going down like you hit a missile
Haters gotta hear the whistle 'cause they dumb
balling
Took a leap of fate, I'll call you when I'm done falling

You got cold feet while Iâ€™m on the sun, walking
I give you two cents when our money done talking

We smoke till our vision impaired
Everybody put your lighters in the air

You light my world with a billion suns
Make my dreams come true

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.