

Jake Lefco

"Landslide"

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"I don't understand"
"What's the matter with him? What's wrong?"
"Yes that must be it, it must be the song!"
"The song? You remember"
"The last time he heard the music..."

[Jake Lefco]
Another Lefco landslide, get your hands high
I'm modest but I can't lie
Make material that money can't buy
It's ironic cause you jumpin up and down like you won a
grand prize
Ha, I can understand why
I'm a boost to your system
A beast from the East and I feast on the rhythm
Get acquainted with the beats then I kill 'em, say peace
and I'm chillin
It's absolutely, too late to screwface
Past the due date, pack your suitcase
Don't forget your toothpaste, tie your shoelace
and raise, go find a new place to graze
This is not Green Acres and I'm not your Zsa Zsa
You're not Goldmember and I'm not your fahza
I'm the man, but I'm not from La Mancha
I'm from conjure, hop I got you right where I want'cha

[Chorus: scratches]
Lan-lan-landslide, Lef-Lef, Lef-Lefco
Yeah yeah check it out
Lan-lan-landslide, Lef-Lef, Lef-Lefco
This ain't the final or the last-last bit
Lan-lan-landslide, Lef-Lef, Lef-Lefco
Yeah yeah check it out
Lan-lan-landslide, Lef-Lef, Lef-Lefco
Throwin heat on the map, for the underground massive

[Jake Lefco]
Yo you hear the chords poppin, you feel the floor
rockin?
Opportunity is at my door knockin
'Bout to unlock it, pull in a profit

But I'm wearin sweats and a hoodie, there's only one
pocket
Fuck it - I'll stuff money in my sneaks
Bills in my socks and my boxer briefs
When I speak everything you say is obsolete
It's not just me, listen when they drop the beat
... See what I mean? I'm keepin it clean y'all
If you ever need a shoulder to lean on
Take a week off and throw my CD on
Pick a theme song, get your freak on
I could be wrong, but I'm not~!
I'ma take it to the top, makin paper on the spot
Drinkin Maker's on the rocks, say goodbye
to days of punchin clocks, watch the faces on 'em stop

[Chorus]

[Jake Lefco]

I'm not yo' average nacho, it's hot though
Type of shit you won't find in a combo
Got you dancin like you stompin a cockroach
I don't care if you do the running man or the mambo
Whether you spittin or you hittin the bongo
If you're from Philly or you live in the Congo
You'll agree I get deep like trombones
Even if you're sweet like TCBY cones
I'm takin the high road
Straight through the no fly zone, shoot with both eyes
closed
It's a rush, but I don't miss much
I never once asked for respect, I get tons
'Bout as quick as a kid can get guns
Aim one, pull the trigger and commit a redrum
I get money 'til it's in a hedge fund
Then milk it 'til I'm chillin with the Jetsons

[Chorus] with variations followed by ad libs to end

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