

Saafir The Saucee Nomad**"Big Nose"**

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I've been down this corridor
Before you enter you have to bring
Back the creator of winter damn
Too late I'm spoiled I need the napalm
I got it I shot it in my left sector
Blew up the timing device on the reactor.
Time shifted I had to remold the floor
The foundation for creation mate's blend
The pleasure dome into another roam
A walk stalked nightly by the ogre
That's rarely sober. But there's no tracin
I see the place in the flow. I'm beyond dawn,
No I'm not in the lawn under pawns -
Don't rest, never possessed stagnate magnets.
I never pulled slits lips wit no braille skilled eyes -
Balls through eyesockets. I'm currently current
Currents of electricity; They can't get wit me
Invisible to the retina half - way reality part limbo.
A nervous laugh while ya climbin through windows,
Never spin ho's on merry-go-rounds,
Be the ground level for ghouls, schools of fish,
Victims on a hit list me like Geronimo on a pratt -
Tackle patt tacklin patterns addin in seasonings, flavor.
No false teeth for beef, catapulting fingers to light
Switches so you can see the real, I feel the tension
My sight twitches - I'm bent.

Second Scene: I'm the star in a step show
Around corners, the coroner's office;
Where my rep grows. I'm on some sort of drug
Like the President, it's evident that I'm noid,
A little bit of pizza - the riddle gets deeper.
I'm lookin for outs n ins, stolen isotonas,
The gloves, the bout begins three jabs on a transport
It's a sport for me to take another life on landing,
Branding wit a prattle prod designed by God.
It's my job to resign frauds,
The odd is against you got a degree in me,
So I know that I flow, credentials are essential -
It's blasphemy the type of shit they be askin me.
I don't feel the vibe, abstract art the veal

Doesn't heal this deprived stomach from a plummet.
Swinging on a duet with the bullet.
I never pull out for suspense - I'm on a bent mission.

Jack Cousteau couldn't take it no deeper -
I'm a resident in Davey Jones micro-locker
Holds the phone, foamin at the mouth:
Mad Dog, a taste, never had hog I'm droppin
The scrooge, makin fools hit the log - axe it.
I seen it beneath where the cowards hope
Trembled sleeper see if you can find the lost
Treasure through measures in bars - I'm bent.

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