

Mary J.blige

"Boom Bip"

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I taste the bitter
And the sweet
The sweet and the bitter
Number one draft pick
Metaphysic flow spit up
Sip my own licks as strong like pop liquor
Drink from my flask, kick back till it hit ya
Hick up, excused we sipping Jah brew
Got me so high, hardly know what to do
Been waiting y'all, glad you finally came true
Celebration of yaself, family and friends too
Crew, who? Said it's taboo, for me to show my feelings
Don't you know I'm loving you?
Capiche, released stress at the doormat
Fresh with the raw rap collapse in your format
Backspin again, Jah 'Il wade your waistline (???)
Why hate and waste time, bounce with the bass line
Follow, to sunsets and tomorrow, why rappers don't
never
Understand their role models, sick with the bottle
Let it get hollow, medic, get sweaty by the spit (of)my
motto
Holler back, I've died cold and you got the 'nac
I'm asking all of my people, where ya loving at?

[Chorus: Goapele]
So don't fight the feeling
When we got it right here
We ain't going nowhere
Open your mind
When we got it right here
We ain't going nowhere

I shot the tribe: death, Judah
Twelve when I delve
Deep into your mind
Praise Jah know yaself
Wealth is at state in
A mental debate
It's all in the fate
Plant seeds then you wait

Be patient, backwards ??? is found
When the ancient are the living , stay down
Kings sport ya crown, queens sport ya crown
Jah brings light, now the cipher goes round
We build, chill, party, act ill
Then we back to the lab for some more battle drills
Skills that's for real, fellness is kill, houseless is lost
In the blizzards of their mills, still I arise
My a ancestors let my soul catch fire
And serve as a beacon, for lost souseeking
A candle per say like in a dark day
We reaching sky high, help me get by
Sometimes I need a boost, so I touch the lye
Don't fight the feeling, when I write
Revealing I'm a light the mic, with hype
Might you fiending for

[Chorus]

Cold Cold copper
Skinny, rap 's in it proper
Drop funk like a sock in ya gym locker
Pop collars, I rock impala's
Meet me at the beach, money rain dollars
Rhyme scholars, the green and the MP
I plan to be out like Marcus Garvey
See D-awn, trip on ya sizzle, cocaine and pistols
Boy that's a issue or two, you can 't see thru the lies
Control the mind, lord knows I'm trying
Resign, flip manuscripts It's amp live with the beat
And boom tick

[Chorus]

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