

Oblique Brown

"Thoroughbred"

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[Verse 1]

Rap labels polish pebbles and dim diamonds
So tell 'em quit spittin' and stick to bling rhymin'
I'm you times ten, times ten them dudes you miming
Dudes is hype-men, hymen soft and ass crack
I ransack their lab and insert their album with a laugh
track
You're a joke, Your career's the punchline
I sold less and made more than you, and did it
unsigned
Sirens blaze when my, vinyl's played
Cause I'm, live on stage with an unbridled rage
Pacing like lions locked in an iron cage
Listen man, I came with that migrant wave
In '89 before rap hit its suicidal phase
Nowadays every rapper's dyin' to lie in his idol's grave
In dire straits strapped, with dull knives and blades
Carve the night a new day till it bleeds vibrant rays
I'm sunshine, you? A sundial in the shade

[Hook]

No rings, no bling, no rims, no cars
(Chee). What? Chee) Malabar
I'm the man that you think you are!
Chee). What? Chee) Malabar
No rings, no bling, no rims, no cars
(Chee). What? Chee) Malabar
I'm the man that you think you are!
(Chee). What? Chee) Malabar

[Verse 2]

No publicist dog, I'm a one man street team
Shove my cleats in your mouth and scrape ya teeth
clean
Since cat's yap with gold fronts about plaque and
flossin'
I jab them soft then, unleash Jack Johnson
Soundtrack to the brown experience, this verse is
strapped
to hijack your train of thought and Colin Ferguson the
track

A new version's appeared and he ain't turban clad
and if I was, I'd rock it with pride and still burn ya flag
By any means the ends necessitate, rehearsed that
mantra
Now they sayin' I can sell more if I just learned some
bhangra
You know? Pet dog while I'm screwin' in the light bulb
Fucker, I pull my pants up and lean back in the club
No crutch, just Chee, no microwaved hype
Just one, two's that turn the stage into fuckin'
gravesites
So, to sum it all up, with this last bar
The name's Chee, I'm the man that you think you are!

[Hook]

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