

Johnny B. (Video Mix)

Down Low

Check it out - it's eleven-thirty,
My hand is getting dirty
Snatchin' up things that probably can't be waitin'
Now this is a vision of a violent life
Livin' by a guard and totem of the night
I'm slammin' doors 2-4-5 'n pullin' the keys
Now these are the traged valuable luxuries to me
In the early dawn, before you yawn
I've been there swiped you and then I'm gone
Now it's six-o'clock, my heart tic-tacs
A black sadden bag full of bad ass rocks
My identity has to be exposed
Stealing from the spot that I chooly chosed
I lose and enfuse my choice to chose
Now I'm sick and I'm fallin' deeper in the mess
There's no hope for me, see??
My path has been chosen I'm Johnny B

Johnny B, how much there is to see
Just open your eyes, and listen to me
Straight ahead, a green light turns to red
Oooh why can't you see, oooh Johnny B

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The situation's tight
You are billin' by the night
Can't choose between the wrongs and the rights
I'm searchin' for the clues, yo-what am I gotta do
I got the habit to take valuable things from you
Here I stand and I'm physically trapped by my tent
Drifting northern breeze triumphal is this adman
A lonely path when I stand alone
A round mothern flexion bendin' by my own
Here I lay down into certain deaths
Two spirits calls grabs my very last breath
Sometimes I wish reveseness in my path
A simple guest or a simple laugh
But I'm evil, dirty and mean
Two pounds blood pasts through my bloodstream
Frightened huh? You should be
Who am I? I'm Johnny B!

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Here we go here we go now check the flow
Here we go, Johnny B is in control

Here we go here we go now check the flow
Here we go, Johnny B is in control

It's a sleepless night, he's callin' your name
It's a lonely ride, I know how you saw him
Again and again
He's dressin' his dreams
Yeaah, Johnny my friend, it's not what it seems...

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