

On The Wall

Black Sheep

Black-Sheep
Spell it to the letter
I'm out of the ghetto
Some could tell my story
But who could tell it better
Nobody slinuner
Thinkin he's a winner
Pullin on the wool-er
Finger on the trigger
Scramb-a-lin, ramb-a-lin
Thinks he la right gamb-a-lin
Ambul-ance head crack
Cause he took a chance
That you didn't rip, the one he didn't think a flip
But if I'm shakin ya down, believe you're losing your grip
Money I'm rollin I'm rollin I'm rollin I'm rollin again
Honeys I know
That want to know me adapt
Let me tell a joke
Cause a funny'll get
Slept onna step I'm gettin money again
Yo flim to the flam to the D to the poise
separate the men from the boys, those are the toys
Negroes'll front, that's if they got what you want
But yo they freeze on a stunt
I'm feelin more than a blunt
Never was a gangster even at a street pix
But swingin on a swinger you'll be strollin with a limp
So get up easy cause it's simple as this
Give us a shot how could you think that I miss
Yesterday's a memo, the demo sold a bundle
No I'm not conceited though for y0u I won't be humble
Been around the block and it ain't our first day out
Crazy with a stick and yo I throws a blow a-way out
Kids who use to stay out till I roll needed the gray out
Hobbies we attackin now we're skelly and knockin clay out
Papap on the hurough, in every burough
Nobody could front, ya see my family's crazy thorough
Two quince sure
And yo the others are done
No fables at the table
We'llerit the no that's in my blood
So I, stand tall
And lay for the call
To counter-react
Because we're real I tell ya who's gonna pack

Yo it's not easy at the top
Which is why we play the back
Not to say that we don't strive
In fact, to be exact
It's a one-sided coin
Gotta know how to flip it
And I say lucky in the flip
If you ask me for a tip
Now we're back on
Word to the life build receipt

Me thinks this things are broken
Lings how can we be complete
Heads always collided
with the brain we could be glidin
While we stab him in the back
When I see Isrob beside him
So Lawnge/long (huh), we waited
So Lawnge/long (what), we hated
Play it to this day it doesn't have to be debated
If I played it as an ego
With a final life and group ins
On Lawnge (Never party poopin
Scoopin while my loopin went in
Rhymin I'm climbin check it out
It's like this all the time)
And I know (and I know)
And I know (and I know)
Black Sheep freak sweet styles
Just like we're supposed ta
Cause Dres will pull the wool
Cause before Black Sheep made a poster
Always liftin skirts
Fore we ever made a t-shirt
And we been leapin obstacles
Before the game of Q-Bert
Take this or that, both of that
Lookin past the cat
If she was playin possum
Then they pull a rabbit from the hat

Now rich man poor man
Beggar-man thief
If I were an engine
I wouldn't be the chief
You can play the chief
But we be tipper tee-pees
Cause money he don't owe me
And honey she don't see me
Chuckle at your belt buckle
Whether or not I'm on the DL
Expedition with permission
If the mission were impossible
Wouldn't be here dear
Black Sheep droppin songs
That last as long as Frigidaires
Call me un-Dres Dres go Dre go
Not to run it in the ground
I gave the recipe to Prego
Have to sell a million pounds
The ya-yo, from Play-Doh
Party the we started
Runnin charted some
Where? Over the rainbow
Guess I suffer from see-are-S
Cause I forgot em
Lyrics I got em you need em you need em I got em
Can't stand the fall
My beeperis out of reach
I mean the stakes are too high
So I got to get each
And every single solitary
Ligit digit on my leg
You're buggin cause we did ya

You come and we get ya
Clearin my eyes
Me and a tear in the corner
Layin on ya I'm gonna I'm gonna lay it on ya