

Black Connect II

Camp Lo

* The wind feels natural
The crook
On some black connection
From continent to continent crooks reign
But I guess you already know that
Volume Two of this joint
Lo

I scuba in Bermuda with new girl
While in Cuba receive a message
Wide screen view from Cheeba
Got girls for some interceptions
I detect a weapon, passport, chains
We smile chameleon
Catching G-11 land on Kawasakis willy-in
Look at me

Look at the Bronx, Brooklyn, and the Harlem
Black Connection
"Cheeba, you pulled Suede operate tailspin"
OK Flynn need guns with cajun lens
Need funds a million yens
Here goes again
Time to shock the world!!
Top Co., Diana Ross
We set the feathers gloss
We jet, the flyin horse
Steal it then we
Shoot down the iron flies
Look up, with eye on top
The skies, the pirate skies
Kiss a story

Scar a feeble, throw the lassos
Black Connect at the Boscos
Hidin hollows and assholes
Matrix, bullets don't dodge slow
Untraceable grin gin pour
Palms is sweaty
Relax, relate, release
We ready (We ready)

Black Connection Black Connection-tion-tion
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Blue Eyed
Blue Skies brawn
Wearin blue suits
Blue through tall pigs
From the skies
Think its two Alec Baldwins
Crosswinds
Fold them in, we in the air

Yea my semi-bleached

Clorox, get near me
Might blow ox
This bunnies got chaos
The white clouds, gray fox
The mad purple, violet
In that the private pilot
You try it
In this I.V. will be the rest of your diet
We wild with fury for jury movies
Mass um up of uzis
Minus the fingerprints
The turbulence still got me woozy
Thats when I heard the engine blow
Screamin: "Cheeba eject!"
Free fallin reckless through the clouds
Now lets get this glow

Black Connection

We get the glow and
We blow these bird doors
Shoot the plastic explosive
While we on the hang glide show
We hit the falcons
Scout them bullions
Massage the mountains air

Suspended in air
Glitter till the clitters
Get this merchandise
Fu-Yun from Taiwan
And African emo-ice
Cargo from Key Largo
Powder porchable plants
Cashin foreign stamps
We taken these grants and brakin camp

We on the autopilot, thats why no bodies hear
We got bullions
Feelin like two front of stairs
Flynn: "You'll soon sing at the range
Yall Leave yall drain plane
Go down in flames I'm the hero
So I take all of the vibrate
Off to New Zealand
You guys maintain less than zero"
No chance for crookers to help us
We lost in the air
Hittin troopers up there
But we wont leave without a bang

Evacuate perimeter
Cobra dillinger skimmin ya
Most is patriotic
Plunge into the ocean
Cant stop it
Will we make it in time
Crooks to be continued
From continent to continent
Black connection up in you

[Chorus]