

Electric Blue

CYNE

We are the milk crate raiders
keepin' up on ya neighbors
the flavor that you savor
but burnin' up like a laser
here n now, I be the lock load
blooka blooka blaow
fun and drop, the body gettin' down
I am the Stephen king of these lethal things
the people sing puttin' life to a tomb
makin ya ears ring,
catchin the holy ghost so we hope
chewin on Curry Goat,
puttin grease stains on the lyrics we wrote
the coolest pachyderm to twist a verb
sometimes he touch the herb
but mainly he sips just calm his nerves
be that smooth nigga cool water
n be that full finger dope momma my sell so please holla
be that pop collar rogue scholar
n be that new kid gimme some gin and a little tonic water
takin a little sip n let it slip
i am banana clip fully automatic flyin from the lip

cause everything we do, my god, electric blue
seven thousand watts, we hot, electric blue
strappin' to the battery, bang, that's what we do
burnin up ya amp too bad we blowin a fuse (2x)

a rap moogle, nah nah we transglobal
cyne blowin up ya spot too hot just like chernobyl
fuck ya flash n rocks we roll n stay noble
peace to the fans of course we love Grenoble
so breath the rhythm we bang to positronics
transmittin' this we wave radio college
cause lights out but I remain in higher office
a speech halogen bright nice this nigga awesome

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eh yo, magnificent fly n paintin bringin honor
where there's glow in the dark show art that im rythm with
88 style baby, it's still futuristic
florescent lit brain waves except Einsteins(?)
I'm that nigga, shop right mista
swept her off her feet, gave her power when I kissed her
legendary rap missionary lost at whirlwind
visionary wraith just scary when the world end
now or never, the sunshine weather
the storm blow way beyond but na dog I'm better

it was Luke skywalker fire walker lord Palmer
bullets in the blood say ya sorry for the sonna
cool and collected while you other fuckers restless

you listen to my record and you wanna call corrections
flee from the scene and resume my regime
flowin' through ya circuit boards vocal cords...
flowin' through ya internet
interject my intellect
until the dead resurrect on DVD and cassette.
Pick it up on net flicks,
funny young and the reckless,
such an 80's baby, my club stays breakfast.