

Conant Gardens

Slum Village

Where we come from is a place we call Conant Gardens
(Motown) We getting shit started
If you every hear us say Magnet-net-net

It's going down like that range rover
When ladies see you they get the love hang over
Day or a night if you wanna stay over
You better have the will to bend over and take

Off your clothes in time
Conqueror, come back to give some of that old
Pictual, actual, factual, let Mac'll bring you the raw
With gigantic flow that my people come to love

Azurite, get down with it
Can't fathom these brothers fantastic
Uh, I heard cry when I dip that ass in some plastic
How could you master, you deal with rappin' bastards
Because you asked us if we could bring you fashions
Fascists , because we turn this rap shit into something tragic
I didn't wanna have to put you in some action
Uh, I know you asked but did you really wanna have it?
See, I cause havoc like a loaded automatic

Blow!
How do you like me now nigga, you know my style say WORD
I'm from the city where we know for slayin' pounds of herb
Getting dough is a must, and it's the money making its
Yo, the never faking its creating shit that's taking your hoe
After the show you know I step up in the place

When I step up in the place
Mind Is not strong enough, to hold me back,
The tools you lack, the skills you deal,
Lyrics to kill, cars to deal,
Cops to peel, image too real!

Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come, on
Do it, do it , do it, come on, come on, do it do it

Back again from the bank baby, common my chain
Chains for most of these cats probably cop my rings
Quick, fast, and always got a way to get cash
Whiplash is what you get when you mashing the gas
If you ask, you might catch me

You might catch me on my rental
Won't catch me in tinted windows
Might catch me rented rims
Or various instrumentals and yo
Got a whole crew and my crew is monumental and yo
You need to lo and behold these innuendos

Its just the fine talk
Mac'll come with tracks, you relaxe-d
My rhyme is universal like a elastic-uh

I hope you feel me like you feel your past-or

What if you rap
And you so used to babbling
Cause we mastered this rap shit
Pockets get madder cause its hitting so immaculate
You like the way it goes down when S attacks-it
It will get tragic when the S is on the mission

The S is on a mission again
So listen! Relax, take a seat in the place
Its livin! Living up to expectations and still
Rippin! With rhymes and filling the chrome
Dippin! Cruising the neighborhood is just local
Pimpin!

As for my memory, we were meant to be.
I am the soul Melchizedek, from the D
Role of the world, ever see, who got the Key
Its gonna take a master, yo, yo, the S, S

Where we come from is a place we call Conant Gardens
Motown, we getting shit started
We don't stop, we don't quit
We just do it, do it, do it, do it do it,
Come on, come on, come on, come on,
Yo, yo, yo