

Pound

Stalley

And I'm a go to a place where the bass sound thicker
Slow the beat down cause the pace a little quicker
So we stay up, while the sun goes down
We ain't make enough, so let the elevator pound

From the 'jects to the penthouse
Synonymous to what my life been 'bout
Kinetic energy, brain waves of intelligence, is what I send out
Still in the cutlass doing spin outs
'87 boxed up all tinted out
Living life on the edge, couple links that excite the feds
Shout to mister jones
It's funny how sparkling stones bring attention from these hate
r heads
A lot of changing faces from these potato heads
Eyes dilated when I sashay lifted
Couple doobies in the ashtray, cash clay run my mouth like a so
on be champion
The long beard, hows the pain I be dancing in
The reign with the Pharoahs, mirror image to the gods
My homie glory brings head nods, the only story I been bout
This controlled mind with no facade
The dreamy intuition from a street politician is scarred
Back and forth with the pimps and gang land symbolers
Dope boys with the bang in they trunk
See the tremblers
Milq city where I'm from, where the opie emblems
Street names after indians, so wild cowboys watch where you com
ing in
Tomahawks with assault rifles
May bump into the next king pin or Haile Selassie
Civil with the spiritual
This city feels unlucky searching for a miracle
On this elevator ride skipping floors
Trying to reach the top, then the structure falls (falls)

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