Candy Strip Experience

Urban Dance Squad

Mic checka checker, never hack a story-observin'-time this time I ain't the wrecker of brainpan, veins and there's a gameplan grind teeth, in a small timespan population, real frustration - ready to bug no formation, it's really hard against streettugs so the blocks shock with rock, different from a jvc box another sick dance over some designer drug boys to men in caps baggies hoodies eyes of destruction, now could you look moody ? day and nighttime, they prowl like a nightowl dispatchin' more tactics than my man colin powell they dodge, hush, rush without a blush cat and mouse with five-o that holds a grudge and it's like that On the candystrip candy's gold out of hands gotta note thank you man on the candystrip people stroll in a trance understand with one glance on the candystrip instant build-up ain't clean not far from a dream on the candystrip Man, man, man, man I must say I'm touched when you dilyy-dally 'round the methadon bus the soul with the same hole as their pockets here's the supply quy, don't need no ducats and off to the famous spot be a leech for the twat ownes a lot had a blast - that can no longer last build up fast in the moments of rash had a bash for the cash 'n purse that you snatched take cardboard tatch, build a home to rest shame in a game when the eye's upon you a tramp in the land, but the world went wrong too turned psycho-paranoid, it's the world you dodge starin' at the bloodcrust, your monster of lust