

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 guy, don't need no ducats
and off to the famous spot
be a leech for the twat owns 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