

## 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