

Cruisin'

Us3

Now and then I feel as though I wanna escape the real
And take a trip to the heavens to a world surreal
But I don't do drugs so the yea is out
Instead I use my mind power to move my spirits about
I might write my girl a poem showin' her how I love
thee

Or just write myself a rhyme about why I'm so funky
This is how I escape the ignorance and hate being
cooked up in this planet
About to disintegrate

(chorus)

I'm cruisin', cruisin' in the beat y'all
I cover my head as the media shower, I glance at my
watch to check the hour
And it's half past a moonbeam, gleamin' as I daydream
I'm feelin' for the beat to make my mood complete
And when I got it I'm gone, gone in the rhythm
Kickin' the slang with the knowledge and wisdom
I may speak a scribbly doodle but I keep on track
'Cos if I didn't yo you wouldn't be sweatin' it

(chorus)

One to the two to the three to the four to the five
It's rardy-ardy-ar and I'm kickin' it live
On an ever present journey through the depths of time
I skip from beat to beat in the form of a rhyme
My vocal techniques are unique to my band
I'm a butterfly MC, smooth with much style G
My tongue-like quivers when I deliver the funk flow
The verbs expand with a ghettolistic glow
It's like that y'all