

Spit Low

Shaka Ponk

Beat it in my boom is the limit
All the pieces of my own body town are getting down-down
In the press, the face of my boy is overex... posed!
They composed a funny pose with the poor body cause:
The tales sells better, drama is right with a little touch o' lie
The truth is a money-
quiz bizz (like in tv series), so I, buy my dope in a (coffee) shop
What's the last power-fun solution for a kid on the run!

Beat it in my boom is the limit
Masta tv'ees spit, spit the pictures in my eyes with the loco media stlyle:
Putting in my head what's good, what's bad
I've got a bomb'ho tickin' in my head 'ho
A loco bongo is kickin' in my head
The priest egal the punk, and the punk egal da fight!
It's out of pure Spite!
The bang of the gang is to blame but the cop's handcuff leadz the gang to th
e bang
Medic is the last funkcd solution for the kid on the run

Shakin' on
Movin' on
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Movin' on

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Movin' on

Beat it in my boom is the limit
Masta tv'ees spit, spit the pictures in my eyes
Every-day-every-night the world in on fire
I've got a bomb'ho tickin' in my head 'ho
A loco bongo is kickin' in my head
(What?)
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