Come In

3rd Bass

Knock knock knock knock, come in come in!
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Who's at my door? (I don't know but let him in)

Come in, to my cribbo, no reason you'll say ditto
No tea and crumpets, not servin you no vitals
Little one sit, I'll kick to you a fable
So recline on the recliner put your feet up on the table
Sable is a fox that's used for coats
The sable is a fable cause you bought yourself a goat
Skin all in, so ease up on throttle
No role model and your life is out the bottle
The roll of the dice on the corner of the street
You get beat, on 123rd street
Done by the system that ain't really sayin nothin new
Your kids flippin, so now what you gonna do?
Go home, hell no, she don't want you there
Why need a man or either work when there's welfare?
Oh yeah, another scam see
The government's way to destroy the family
See life is a gamble, find the ball under the shell
HELL NO, I kick two and make the dome swell
Son, that's the end I hear the doorbell ringin
And if that's your pops, tell the man to just come in

* doorbell rings *
"Oh hello dear!"
"Uahh, good morning.."
"Very well then.. suppose you come over here!
 But first.."

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{"I came in the door.." -> Rakim}

Ask me why I wander on desert plains
I say the Cactus still grows without rain
Plain to see from my horse without a name
I set it off, still things ain't the same
A case of wasted life, inner city blues
Goods for hoods from the merchant of grooves
I move your butts but a question lingers
I look at my hands, I sees ten fingers
A finishin touch, much on the TP
Here the Three-R-D and the blind see
why I flipped and why I ain't with the Klan
Which one you say all truth and
true indeed, y'all needs a speed knot
Knothead syndrome, sets off piano drops
{* Daddy Rich cuts and scratches *}
So I please, and step with Kool Poppa Sha
Scopin every skin without a bra
On the streets, Kurious like Jorge
Why don't you make like Run and +Pause+?
Flaws in characters, scrubs get done in

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I swing it open y'all, so come in

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