

52 Lashings

Billy Woods

Right after the blunt's done and the licks is thru
Here come the bodeans (woop woop!) right on cue
All bright lights and threats
But all they ever seem to find is a lingering odor
Fingertips slick with residue
Nevertheless, they make him hit the deck
And stand barefoot in the mud while they check his shoes
Type petty shit they love to do (you know how they do)
But I'm an African, feet tough like meat for stew
My beeper alert, the show improve
Goes off at the precise moment
It behooves to forget the names of crew
Like, "pshh, I don't know them dudes"
All smiles and no clues
Smelling like skunk and brews
In a circle of hooves, grinning like
"Yes sir, I do think I'm pretty smoove"
Parker Lewis Can't Lose
I'm the guy in the '86 Buick
That scraped your brand new candy Land Cruise
And left a note
Like if you want a fund terror, sell coke
Or buy my first album
My first verse was Malcolm after Hajj
Now a nigga straight
Laid up in the Texas Book Depository like it's Virginia Beach
Muttering that Lord Willin'
These Clipse will hit his chillen
Don't look now but We Got It 4 Cheap
Part two, blue trees blown in bashments
Bubble hash is shark food
Errybody coming for a pull
These fake-me-out tan boots was half price, so I got two
But that ain't the reason I kick it twice as hard as you
Still, I understand why they think 'It Must Be The Shoes'
My technique is a Swoosh sewed on some Payless
Middle school with the fake Guess
Niggas need to fake less
Stop looking for a treasure chest in this pool of cess
Getting gassed up at Hess
But who am I to talk? I plan to be next