

It's 1999

Bizzy Bone

East 1999, East 19, East 19
East 1999, East 19, East 19
East 1999, East 19, East 19
East 1999, East-East-East-East

What does it matter? Why did we deserve to be chosen so angels could bow?
We have to go back to Jurassic classics so fasten your safety belt, it's goin down
The dinosaurs speakin with life, who knows of the spirit, the soul or the mind
Only the Lord and some of these babies and others were either the ones in the night
Enlightened when man was created, did Adam survive on the ship? I don't know
Soon as it's told, there's my stone because these intricacies are too bold
Let us move on with the story of Egypt where Pyramids roll through the deserts in present
In so many aims you think from Allah, the evolution is ever so present
Think of handsome birds and animals strictly to show Allah as much as they can
What of the love, or beamin with light, they body give out then come back as a man (damn)
The knowledge that one would possess when they dig in the deep of the psyche the brain
In the midst of that haze, understandin they dreams and what does it mean? Show us the way
So many wars, it's so many pressures, oppressors address the lesson for or change
Some vultures could never come deal with commitment so where they pick on the strange
God was teachin the kids to stand on their own as a father could teach his son
Then come back and be proud of his children, Jesus sacrificed his life for some love

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Under the zam-zam, Charlie shall lead them, most should understand
They plannin to plot on Allah, already had a plan
Adam man, prophecy logically, possibly, probably
Oh look at the monopoly, best friends, nobody can stop me
Hit 'em in the middle with the rhythm, better when he comin (uhh)

Look in the mind, tell 'em what we from God - they comin
Atilla, killa, for reala, manilla, Manolo, Bolo, tell me it's bust 'e
m
You know what it is when we comin around, man I don't think we can tr
ust 'em
Mush 'em, yeah you right, we should love 'em; winds givin 'em somethi
n holy
One of them up with no commandments, manner, that's enough, you know
me
Seven they (hey) seven they (way) I'm wit'chu every step of the way
Shotgun go blow, blow, blow, blow
Is K okay? What about Wish and Flesh? Mo' Thug Millenium pray
Acrobatic, no static, slave circus - hey!
Everybody bust the shots, run to the Glock, did you see that timid an
gel's face?
A-salaam-alaikum, my Illah Illah, with Jesus, yay!