

# Black Connect II

Camp Lo

\* The wind feels natural  
The crook  
On some black connection  
From continent to continent crooks reign  
But I guess you already know that  
Volume Two of this joint  
Lo

I scuba in Bermuda with new girl  
While in Cuba receive a message  
Wide screen view from Cheeba  
Got girls for some interceptions  
I detect a weapon, passport, chains  
We smile chameleon  
Catching G-11 land on Kawasakis willy-in  
Look at me

Look at the Bronx, Brooklyn, and the Harlem  
Black Connection  
"Cheeba, you pulled Suede operate tailspin"  
OK Flynn need guns with cajun lens  
Need funds a million yens  
Here goes again  
Time to shock the world!!  
Top Co., Diana Ross  
We set the feathers gloss  
We jet, the flyin horse  
Steal it then we  
Shoot down the iron flies  
Look up, with eye on top  
The skies, the pirate skies  
Kiss a story

Scar a feeble, throw the lassos  
Black Connect at the Boscas  
Hidin hollows and assholes  
Matrix, bullets don't dodge slow  
Untraceable grin gin pour  
Palms is sweaty  
Relax, relate, release  
We ready (We ready)

Black Connection Black Connection-tion-tion  
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Blue Eyed  
Blue Skies brawn  
Wearin blue suits  
Blue through tall pigs  
From the skies  
Think its two Alec Baldwins  
Crosswinds  
Fold them in, we in the air

Yea my semi-bleached

Clorox, get near me  
Might blow ox  
This bunnies got chaos  
The white clouds, gray fox  
The mad purple, violet  
In that the private pilot  
You try it  
In this I.V. will be the rest of your diet  
We wild with fury for jury movies  
Mass um up of uzis  
Minus the fingerprints  
The turbulence still got me woozy  
Thats when I heard the engine blow  
Screamin: "Cheeba eject!"  
Free fallin reckless through the clouds  
Now lets get this glow

#### Black Connection

We get the glow and  
We blow these bird doors  
Shoot the plastic explosive  
While we on the hang glide show  
We hit the falcons  
Scout them bullions  
Massage the mountains air

Suspended in air  
Glitter till the clitters  
Get this merchandise  
Fu-Yun from Taiwan  
And African emo-ice  
Cargo from Key Largo  
Powder porchable plants  
Cashin foreign stamps  
We taken these grants and brakin camp

We on the autopilot, thats why no bodies hear  
We got bullions  
Feelin like two front of stairs  
Flynn: "You'll soon sing at the range  
Yall Leave yall drain plane  
Go down in flames I'm the hero  
So I take all of the vibrate  
Off to New Zealand  
You guys maintain less than zero"  
No chance for crookers to help us  
We lost in the air  
Hittin troopers up there  
But we wont leave without a bang

Evacuate perimeter  
Cobra dillinger skimmin ya  
Most is patriotic  
Plunge into the ocean  
Cant stop it  
Will we make it in time  
Crooks to be continued  
From continent to continent  
Black connection up in you

[Chorus]