Electric Blue

We are the milk crate raiders keepin' up on ya neighbors the flavor that you savor but burnin' up like a laser here n now, I be the lock load blooka blooka blaow fun and drop, the body gettin' down I am the Stephen king of these lethal things the people sing puttin' life to a tomb makin ya ears ring, catchin the holy ghost so we hope chewin on Curry Goat, puttin grease stains on the lyrics we wrote the coolest pachyderm to twist a verb sometimes he touch the herb but mainly he sips just calm his nerves be that smooth nigga cool water n be that full finger dope momma my sell so please holla be that pop collar rogue scholar n be that new kid gimme some gin and a little tonic water takin a little sip n let it slip i am banana clip fully automatic flyin from the lip

cause everything we do, my god, electric blue seven thousand watts, we hot, electric blue strappin' to the battery, bang, that's what we do burnin up ya amp too bad we blowin a fuse (2x)

a rap mougle, nah nah we transglobal cyne blowin up ya spot too hot just like chernobyl fuck ya flash n rocks we roll n stay noble peace to the fans of course we love Grenoble so breath the rhythm we bang to positronics transmittin' this we wave radio college cause lights out but I remain in higher office a speech halogen bright nice this nigga awesome

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eh yo, magnificent fly n paintin bringin honor where there's glow in the dark show art that im rythm with 88 style baby, it's still futuristic florescent lit brain waves except Einsteins(?) I'm that nigga, shop right mista swept her off her feet, gave her power when I kissed her legendary rap missionary lost at whirlwind visionary wraith just scary when the world end now or never, the sunshine weather the storm blow way beyond but na dog I'm better

it was Luke skywalker fire walker lord Palmer bullets in the blood say ya sorry for the sonna cool and collected while you other fuckers restless you listen to my record and you wanna call corrections flee from the scene and resume my regime flowin' through ya circuit boards vocal cords... flowin' through ya internet interject my intellect until the dead resurrect on DVD and cassette. Pick it up on net flicks, funny young and the reckless, such an 80's baby, my club stays breakfast.