

Canal

Ratking

New Ratking!
Canal, canal
Stop soul, soul stop

You best die my way
On the West side highway
Or get high my way
Hanging off the left side of a sky scrape-er-er
My words word have drifted
Sideways, migrate in the Tri-State
Mind state, thinking don't violate
Thinking that I'm vain
Cause when I spit, you see my veins
Bulging out, cold as cuts from my blades
And they used to cut cold cuts five ways (Five ways?)
Thin, slim, extra slim, large, extra large
My rhyme spectacle sees time perpetual
Back before I was ape, I was a vegetable
Life-form, trying, to become, an icon
I once, was an ion
Now I'm eying, every motherfucker passing by on

Now the power in my brow
Make a thug uptown, come down to hustle on Canal
What's the bustle all about?
Sweet kid with a free crib, hustle on his couch
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Hollowed spliff days
Stained canines, decay minds
Now wait mom
Always gave me the chance
But I stay blind
Outlive me lots of love
So churned for me to say
Promise me this know I was done
So Lenox here I lay
Lay, lay, lay you're my guest
Breathe out the stress, let's digress
Sweated seventeen summers so surely you're my nest
Suckled ya stopps 'n' ya honey combed coral chest
Hak 'n' his hounds hover the heights ritzy won't have the rest, rest
Feeling trodden talons trickled as they tear into your flesh
'N' try to gnaw the nectar 'neath ya knit floral dress

Sense of a city that you breath
What a mess but yet you continue to feed
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Think the city has let up?
Get up, wake up
Open your eyes
Wake up!
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Get up, wake up
Open your eyes
Wake up!

(Turnstiles are nothing, they called me grasshopper)
(Salt stained Clarks, sixth sense stashed proper)
Think the city has let up? Better check up
Kids that is fed up
Instead of
Bitching and moaning, they get buck and get up

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