

The Transplants, What I Can't Describe

"What I Can't Describe";

(feat. Boo-Yaa Tribe)

Album: Hounted Cities

Let the funky beat blaze!

[Chorus]

I take my last breath

It's like I'm dead inside

It's like I'm past it

It's what I can't describe

[Rob]

You said money can't buy me love and that's true

But money can buy me drugs so that's cool

The best of the worst skinhead Rob one and only fully loaded

Riding dirty and I'm feeling kinda lonely

Of a wet one throw back dip in the fifth

Punch drunk with a pistol so I'll probably miss

Any chance that I have to turn my house to a home

Times up, game's over, I'm dying alone

[Chorus]

[Guest]

That's what it is it ain't me to complain

Cut khakis, brown chucks, white t-shirts and braids

Boo-Yaa Tribe unexplainable gang

transplanted but I came

west forward so let it flame

they love the music

so let the funky beat blaze

we keep it G'd up

with the heat up

Royal Crown Tequila

six trey with the uso's

puffing on the silver black guerrilla

on a Saturday afternoon

alpines 808 go boom soo woo ooh wee!

For the G's and the harmony

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Cause everyone's victim

And everyone's a target

And everyone's an enemy

The reason that I spark it

[Tim]

In this life I got everything I wanted

Money and fame but I don't flaunt it

Walk through the state undaunted

State of California but the state is haunted

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, now we're gone

Ain't gonna stop till the early morn

Ain't gonna stop till the break of dawn

I got my crew coming over now I know its on

[Rob]

From the land of the lost where the good die young

Got yer son smoked out in the hood buying guns

Not the first or the last time test me and I'll blast mine

Neighbor versus neighbor and its killing as a past time

I've heard it all before and nope Im not buying

The biggest and the baddest get broke im not lying

I could get get it next you could get it right now

I roll with Samoans, if you want I'll show you how

[Chorus]