Tricky, Heaven Youth Hell

Drunkenstien: da da da

Beastie boys sample : hold it now...

Tricky:

Cycle, someone gone It's like...
These kids are connective...
Crazy. these kids are crazy.
You think you're in heaven --

d pearson/g isabell:

Yo i'm dreamin' Bitches be screamin' for my semen Like hard on my 125 (?) A mouth for luxuries, chickens can cluck to these Better yet, we'd have to (?) these Rhyme styles that i rock all night Devote for the (?) turn barry white, my insight Is far beyond the rhyme (?) Soon to go (?) I glide, hillfiquze homicide Like europe i leave mc's drivin on the right side The ripper, no one's hipper Honey getter Quick to put a (?) straight in yo shitter Rhyme bitter, like styled strife Layin' min (?) buffs in back with wesley snipes A buuncha kleptomaniacs Fingers that sticky? You ask what happen? Hillfiguzes got tricky.

Tricky / drunkenstien:

These sounds is like (?) Kids are crazy, they're crazy You think you're in heaven but...

d pearson / g isabell:

Lyrical meditaion Styles be bangin' like masturbation So open yo ear to the ejaculation Time flies and crime gods be makin moves Leders of the underworld be baggin' 2s So fools lose Why the I.a. (?) crews Poppin' (?) Frontal ease w/ the honeys Countin' moneys, A hillfiguze reppin' in his 20s The black (?) we pull cards on g.p. General purpose, my surface is reality Mob mentality is actualy the war pedigree That sits me on the stool w/ the extra t's - please Down on yo knees or i'll squeeze (?) You met defeat The feedback is hardcore rap

Liscensed by hilfiguzes and tricky you never knew that

Tricky / Stike:

It's like, (sumner cybercafe?)
fff... It's like i'm connecting
These kids, crazy
You think you're in heaven but youre really in hell (repeat till end)

Stike: gonna check what's comin' next)