

# BT, Love On Haight Street

(...The vibrations and compatibility - I think it's like a magnet)  
(the magnet brings to itself steel)  
(we shall wait no longer)  
(we look forward to a future, where life is...)  
For rap it's live and die as we hurl thru outer space  
Witness the Omega theory in the lines of my face  
Caught up in dead aim  
Picky to ferris is startin' over  
Checkin' for phat rhymes to help us start gold'n over  
And replicate  
Cowards better get this shit straight  
Grand and Fiz done brought it to yo face some more then I play  
Young stars push weight, bad brawls, who take the bait  
Evolve, and lay low without constant marinate  
Livin'... live for hip hop - two for Bicardi and women - three four  
The legal hustle: cash money and women  
'til the day I die, strive to be a corporate exec  
Vocal graphics like Pentium II, 3D effect  
Grand and V I apply 'nuff pressure to snap yer neck  
Keep it bouncin' like P R records and bad checks  
(tell me when you ready) (I am ready)  
(check 'em out) (listen to this)  
My inner thoughts get caught dwellin' in the valley with heat  
Keep it primed all the time for these bruthas I meet  
That be talkin' behind my back  
Thinkin' they slick and sometimes it be the bruthas in ya clique  
Don't be fooled, they'll tell you that it's cool  
The brutha that you knew for twelve years back in school  
Back on the set and coverin' all bets  
The lyric champagne that's keepin' you all wet  
But don't celebrate let's get some things straight  
Started nine-7 but finished in nine-8  
Dogs at the gate for unexpected guests  
One hundred percent cuz I expect the best  
Nuttin' less  
Don't hit Ras with the stress  
Spittin' rhymes hard that's crackin' the bird chest  
Took me twelve months to stack money in lumps  
Far from livin' foul but further from Don Trump  
Hit the speed bumps got slowed but still flow  
Huntin' bruthas down for money they still owe (owe)  
Bruthas gettin' killed and bruthas in cell blocks  
Comin' home to bills that's fillin' my mail box  
Felt all the pain thru sunshine and rain  
Hopin' one day that all of this will change  
Had to rearrange my life - I strike twice  
Standin' on the curb with bruthas rollin' the dice  
Never nuttin' nice when all of yo cash flow (what)  
'pends on how the ivory's hittin' the Castro  
You know - that if you ever needed Rasco  
That I would be the first to stand in toe-to-toe  
I never ran - my moms raised a real man  
Taught me all the tricks to formulate the plans  
World in my hand - she said it was all mine  
Always made sure that everything was fine  
Stop it on the dime - drop nuttin' but ill rhymes  
Started as a hobby - I did it to kill time  
Now it's got perks - no longer the desk clerk  
But sometimes that's where I was doin' my best work  
Hope that vest work - we spittin' the teflon  
Get out of the way before you get stepped on  
Never negative we keepin' it on pos  
Team with BT - we doin' it for the cause  
Because (because)

(check it out)