

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, hillfiguze 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 l.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)