

# La Quan, Let The Vibes Flow

Pump me up, yeah, that's it  
What's that?

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Hear the wrath of my vocab, straight from the rhyme lab  
Scopin my gold rope but don't attempt to grab  
Watch your step, keep a civilized head  
The truth is said to awaken the brain-dead  
Why intercept me from a positive destiny  
Music, music, my important necessity  
God bless me and those who test me  
Help those that I'm down with and let the rest be  
Stuck in a black hole and yes, I withhold  
A key so you can see me in poetry motion  
Steadily coastin to a lyrical plot that puts a knot in my pocket  
Now let's bear witness to the sight of the no-good  
Minds are molded, and flooded with falsehood  
Too much TV, you're brainwashed by Hollywood  
I speak truth, so let it be understood  
You want peace, boy, you have to show some  
Some cry for peace and still carry a gun  
I understand, get or get got, shoot or get shot  
That's not to way to go  
Well, I'ma chill back and stay out of crack and stay low  
And let the vibes flow

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

The set is not done yet, some have learned but I bet  
Some will twist the truth and rebuke the positive groups  
Who prophecize and open eyes of the blind  
Use words like tide to clean dirt from your mind  
Often I practice cause practice makes perfect  
You disagree with that? Yo, I feel it's worth it  
I can't hold back, yo, I must expose the fact  
Truth is hidden, self-knowledge you lack  
Let words slam, back-track, check the diagram  
When Spanky flex he creates the side-effects  
Set my course, proceed to speak with force  
Grab the sourc and take lyrical intercourse  
Secure my rhyme from suckers and rhyme grabbers  
Watch your back, you never know who's a backstabber  
You're now a slave, feel the force of my soundwave  
As the vibes flow

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

As I hit my conclusion you find it amusin  
How I drift to the rhythm of the samples I'm usin  
Status is proven by the fact that you're movin  
Words flow rapidly, melody soothin  
One never prospers from a negative thought  
You might win in the begin, but lose in the end  
Suckers being drugged into my lyrical pit  
Brains are lit, they throw a fit but still they sit  
Alone in my death dome scared of my voice tone  
Step in my path, you're just entered war zone  
Now how can you quiz me if you don't know the answer  
The effect from my dialect is somewhat cancer  
Slow death, you lose breath as I rip what's left  
of your flesh and let God save the rest  
So if you didn't know, now you know  
To chill back when I go and let the vibes flow

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