

# Nujabes, Latitude

What side you on, you want alive? It's right here  
Don't look any further while your vision is clear  
A lotta fog in the mist tryin to throw you a curve  
All these rappin thugs gettin on my last damn nerve  
You eat the same piece of cake day in and day out  
That tired ass flavor gets played out (no doubt)  
You say that tag along warning to a rhyme for the rest  
When we rock all the people say "yessuh"  
We fresher than alla these miggy-figgy-niggies on the mic  
The scratch, you know the wickywicky words to match  
You still playing catch-up, fall far behind the line  
Trying to cut, but you wasting your time please, come on dude  
We the Five Deez, superior rhyme steez, don't have our own style  
We got styles plural, you still caught up in yesterday  
Steppin and fetchin, gettin swept away  
Futuristic black holdin mics like soldiers hold weapons  
On the attack im reppin, cincinatti's finest no question (give me five)  
Now you say Queens City

Throw your hands up in the sky  
Wave around from side to side  
We about to get fly

Roll my glock over on a sucker who's locomotive  
I'm moving in like the ocean, devotion within my rhymes  
Same year, last time committed crimes like a felon  
Three fifty seven lyrics can bust you up like melons  
They ending when I'm dealin at five hundred decibels  
I'm yellin "Five Deez" tellin cities and countries before me (say what?)  
I'm lucky, these other cats bore me, cold and plastic  
I turn the crowd into elastic, I'm stretchin them to the left  
And get pulled to the right  
Like a periscope, seeing over normal eyesight  
I rock all night, so you can roll through the day  
Feelin the rhythm to hear my rhymes in delay  
I give em what is needed while you just form what they want  
Who gonna get jumped, chump? Crunk brothas  
Bounce to my jams like blubba, we doin it for lovas  
While you suckled with the hatas, on the crossfada  
And you say Queens city

Hey, you can call me on your mobile phone  
Or grab a pen and a sheet of paper and write a letter at your home  
You can download my music off an internet site,  
Or you could be mixtapin it, we'll still be creatin it  
You could have a compact disc, with vinyl gratin' it  
Vibrations, be still, and keep the vibe waitin  
A watcher or a reader, a loner or a leader  
You could be the one that make the party cold or make it heat up  
(make the beats heat up)  
Bust slow to my motion, from the highest mountain to the bottom of the ocean  
You want it? Final attack, get attacked on DAT  
Cause and effect, it's because we wreck  
There's no flaws to detect  
So don't pause the deck  
Local or international, took galactic respect  
You could fall from the pressure  
Or could you take the weight  
(and rhythmic break)  
And you say Queens city