The Baby Namboos, Ancoats2zambia (Geoff Bar

Go as a luxury pass on to the middle class
While the poor play in parks filled with broken glass
And as we point our fingers we turn our backs
We can't accept each other and that's a matter of fact
Indoctrinated you since you were a boy
Ever since the day you've seen the rich kids
Told within a year you'd be a part of them
Broke away from the grape and this all started it
So you won't stay or take a drug at all
'Cause you know you're so susceptible
They turn against you, now you're full of hate
You can't accept it, now you're in an irate state

This is Wrecks-N-Effects and i shake up their flex
They got techs break their necks
And their building their reps
Who the Boos
Who to choose how they wearin' the shoes
In army I enlist and takin' a piss
Certain things I have seen
So i'm lookin' to grieve
Powers usually runnin'
They're buyin' the buildings
And then they sell
At least a bell and they're breakin' 'em down
My life to the rocks
Livin' in a shoebox
Social security
They like the poor in me
Bring out the whore in me
Then knock the door on me
Cheap tricks don't like chicks
And I'm rubbin' their hips
Who the Boos
Who to choose how they wearin' the shoes

It was a long time ago and started to grow
Forest fire earned and sent me afrocentric negroes
So i juxtapose
This goes out to those
Who turned up their nose a long time ago
Now i flex upon a rhythm cushion tempo
I flex upon a rhythm cushion tempo
So open your mind
If you feel you could go
Clean out your ears well
While i clear my throat
The vital ingredient, the antidote
Willy Wee flex like some other one

It's a feelin' that I get sometimes
When I'm lyin' in my bed sometimes
Black cloud in my head sometimes
Intoxicating my mind, my mind
It's not that I wanna die
Baby just that I wanna fly
But this feelin' that I get sometimes
I could sever all ties, all ties

Hate the color of my skin sometimes
Hates to see what I see sometimes
So how can i ever win my time
I was sold on the other side

'Cause a wasted life is no such thing
There's no such thing as a wasted life
'Cause life is death and death is life
And these here thoughts are not a crime
One day is forever, forever is a day
It's so fucking easy to throw it all away