

The Baby Namboos, Trials And Tribulations

You're like the missing piece
Of a day's old puzzle
Try to shut me up
I won't wear your muzzle
Nobody's got my back
I keep it our visual
It's the only way, seems you wanna ridicule
Trials and tribulations
Cross the border through the nations
With your juvenile intentions
Things like our idle expectations
Could you blame us like the famous
We just wanna live like you too
Do what you did to get you through

Devious intentions but its a money making habit
Just a hand to hand transaction
So you might as well just grab it
Station to station 'cause the city never sleeps
Your rhythm driven hard, skips a beat

The weekend's like some kind of Mecca
Slow to come round those lips so wait quicker
48 hours there ain't nothin' much better to do
Than to mess up and get back together
You drink your poison for personal pleasure
Anticipation to arouse your own pleasure
But my force remains the same
Over a billion in making change

(Aurora Borealis Scatting)

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Well introducing myself well I'm just too much
The MC on the mic with the magical touch
Can turn silver into gold, fat into grass
When I rock the microphone
I'm bound to pass
I got no oral levels, but massive degrees
The reason for that is plain and easy
'Cause when I went to school
They said I was the weapon
They stand up in the place with the D on my cap
Yes sir
Right about now you're shaking out the original-
Willy Wee
It goes

Don't wanna be a hit or part of your clique
About the present situation
Seems that some are in a mission
Tricky you got
You gotta drink to drive
You gotta go a lot

Don't wanna drink from your trough
To the top, but nothing less
While you'd be bidding in your staple nest
You're just bugging so why don't you give it a rest

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