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 originalWilly 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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