

# Zion I feat. Goapele, Boom Bip

Artist: Zion I

Album: Deep Water Slang 2.0

Title: Boom Bip

feat. Goapele

I taste the bitter

And the sweet

The sweet and the bitter

Number one draft pick

Metaphysic flow spit up

Sip my own licks as strong like pop liquor

Drink from my flask, kick back till it hit ya

Hick up, excused we sipping Jah brew

Got me so high, hardly know what to do

Been waiting y'all, glad you finally came true

Celebration of yaself, family and friends too

Crew, who? Said it's taboo, for me to show my feelings

Don't you know I'm loving you?

Capiche, released stress at the doormat

Fresh with the raw rap collapse in your format

Backspin again, Jah 'll wade your waistline (???)

Why hate and waste time, bounce with the bass line

Follow, to sunsets and tomorrow, why rappers don't never

Understand their role models, sick with the bottle

Let it get hollow, medic, get sweaty by the spit (of )my motto

Holler back, I've died cold and you got the 'nac

I'm asking all of my people, where ya loving at?

[Chorus: Goapele]

So don't fight the feeling

When we got it right here

We ain't going nowhere

Open your mind

When we got it right here

We ain't going nowhere

I shot the tribe: death, Judah

Twelve when I delve

Deep into your mind

Praise Jah know yaself

Wealth is at state in

A mental debate

It's all in the fate

Plant seeds then you wait

Be patient, backwards ??? is found

When the ancient are the living , stay down

Kings sport ya crown, queens sport ya crown

Jah brings light, now the cipher goes round

We build, chill, party, act ill

Then we back to the lab for some more battle drills

Skills that's for real, fellness is kill, houseless is lost

In the blizzards of their mills, still I arise

My a ancestors let my soul catch fire

And serve as a beacon, for lost soulseeking

A candle per say like in a dark day

We reaching sky high, help me get by

Sometimes I need a boost, so I touch the lye

Don't fight the feeling, when I write

Revealing I'm a light the mic, with hype

Might you fiending for

[Chorus]

Cold Cold copper

Skinny, rap 's in it proper

Drop funk like a sock in ya gym locker

Pop collars, I rock impala's

Meet me at the beach, money rain dollars

Rhyme scholars, the green and the MP

I plan to be out like Marcus Garvey  
See D-awn, trip on ya sizzle, cocaine and pistols  
Boy that's a issue or two, you can 't see thru the lies  
Control the mind, lord knows I'm trying  
Resign, flip manuscripts It's amp live with the beat  
And boom tick  
[Chorus]