

Johnny B. – Down low

Check it out - it's eleven-thirty,
My hand is getting dirty
Snatchin' up things that probably can't be waitin'
Now this is a vision of a violent life
Livin' by a guard and totem of the night
I'm slamin' doors 2-4-5 'n pullin' the keys
Now these are the traged valuable luxuries to me
In the early dawn, before you yawn
I've been there swiped you and then I'm gone
Now it's six-o-clock, my heart tic-tacs
A black sadden bag full of bad ass rocks
My identity has to be exposed
Stealing from the spot that I chooly chosed
I lose and enfuse my choice to chose
Now I'm sick and I'm fallin' deeper in the mess
There's no hope for me, see??
My path has been chosen I'm Johnny B

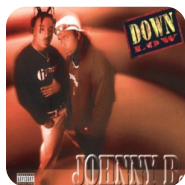
Johnny B, how much there is to see
Just open your eyes, and listen to me
Straight ahead, a green light turns to red
Oooh why can't you see, oooh Johnny B

Johnny B, how much there is to see
Just open your eyes, and listen to me
Straight ahead, a green light turns to red
Oooh why can't you see, oooh Johnny B

The situation's tight
You are billin' by the night
Can't choose between the wrongs and the rights
I'm searchin' for the clues, yo-what am I gotta do
I got the habit to take valuable things from you
Here I stand and I'm physically trapped by my tent
Drifting northern breeze triumphal is this adman
A lonely path when I stand alone

A round mothern flexion bendin' by my own
Here I lay down into certain deaths
Two spirits calls grabs my very last breath
Sometimes I wish reveseness in my path
A simple guest or a simple laugh
But I'm evil, dirty and mean
Two pounds blood pasts through my bloodstream
Frightened huh? You should be
Who am I? I'm Johnny B!

Johnny B, how much there is to see
Just open your eyes, and listen to me
Straight ahead, a green light turns to red
Oooh why can't you see, oooh Johnny B



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych