

Sunday in the City

Wax

Sunday in the city, Sounds good to me
Sunday in the city

Sunday in Baltimore city
And my B-More girl looks all the more pretty
With her shorts on, And her shades in hand
And every bar gots sports on, ravens fans
Pack the street, First game of the season
We in our own world we ain't came for that reason
So let's take a long walk like Jill Scott
There's this chill spot on this hill top where we'll stop
Spark something up, have a laugh
We got, two straws and a half n half
And I'll be honest girl, I ain't got much money
But I'll spend every dime to take you out to lunch honey
Your picking, we can score chick and a half steak
This west coast living got me missing them crab cakes
So let's go, start drinking yo
And maybe later we can catch the grilled Lincoln show...

Please Be Cautious... Of Abraham Lincoln's feet and top hat,
As you enter Bill and Ted's excellent adventure telephone Booth...

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It's just another day yo, down in sunny day go
Even though my money stay low
I still manage, to find a tall smooth beer
I swear all the hottest women in the world all move here
I can't even drive down garnet
Without damn near causing a car wreck
These girls are ridiculous
I think when axel rose wrote the lyrics to paradise city he pictured this
It's just a, sunday on the porch my crew's chill in' out
Listening to Zap, playing horse shoes grilling out
Thinking it can't get no better than this but it's bitter sweet as I reminis
ce...
Cause every time I think of that city, I think of my man Fresh
And wish he was still with me on the stoop
Watching the women walk through
I wish he was still living to talk to... Damn

Be cautious... Joan of Ark and Ghengis Khan can be quite unruly as you enter
Bill and Ted's excellent adventure telephone Booth...

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Yo, and these days I'm in hollywood
I don't go out much on sundays although I probably should
I just recover from the previous night
Put in the EOM beat CD and write
I'm trying to grind harder, and focus on rapping
Enough bullshitting and try make something happen
I sit back on reflect on what I'm doing
When I walk around the city I can smell something brewing

But it fleets, I dunno is it still there?
Is there magic within the smog filled air?
And I'm a stay till I taste it
I'm good at one thing no way will I waste it
I'm faced with a choice from the voice of the Hollywood hills
Asking me 'Wax, do you got skill?'
I'm like - 'Yeah'
It says - 'let's hear it'
Sunday wondering pondering the next lyric...