

## From Miami to Cali

[Chorus]

Grew Up in Miami/ I'm movin on out to Cali/  
Leavin behind my family/ In search of something to make me happy/  
Don't know what it is but when I get it/ I ain't gonna let it go/ And That's all  
I'm a let u know/

Dangerous Thoughts/ Weapons collide in the form of insults/ against the pride/  
Most ninjas hide it under the surface/ But the worst is when the verses are spit to  
hit the heart/

As for me, I hid my heart from the start/

Grown up/ Not knowing what I was throwing up, would come to represent the next  
generation showin up/

So Noir Body came to be my mental seed/ A brain child born from special brew and  
scented weed/

A special crew made up of a couple kids from Kendall/ Some sold Indo/

While others known for jackin golds and/or rollin in the tinted benzo/

I know I look simple/ But my thoughts are really deep/

On the streets/ My peeps/ Used to call me Killba keax/ Maybe cause I rarely used  
to speak/

Born in Haiti/ My histories a little bleak but darker than my future/

My pops was the type to shoot ya/ with his ruggex/ then relocate to cuba/

He left when we was little/ But then again that's nothin new, so ain't a riddle, I  
know/

But i'll paint a picture in your mind/ with the scriptures that I find/ in my little  
bible/

I spit Scriptures like an aerosol can/ Use my mouth as the nozzle and my lyrics is  
the paint/

I paint pictures in your mind like apostles/ who love to rep their God and turn sinners  
into saints/

[Chorus]