

# Lewis and Clark (feat. Herbal T)

## Wax

With the clique, just another day  
Drink in my cup and I'm feeling okay  
Just killed a 30-pack, got another on the way  
Got the homie's Chevrolet full of Tecate  
LA to TJ, we do this all day  
Getting paid for the stupid ass shit that we say  
We the illest motherfuckers while your crew is some marks  
Big Wax, Herbal T, bitch we Lewis and Clark  
You heard the rumor probably that I sold my  
human body  
To the Illuminati and now they use it to copy  
My brainwave patterns  
I'm a master of a stupid hobby called rapping  
I'll prove it probably when I'm right about at Susan Boyle's age  
I'll have my first hit when the world's in a no-longer-using-oil stage  
The soundtrack of apocalypse, looking back from the rocket ship  
Thinking I might have gotten rich in the nick of time  
Intense Imagination, we in places your basic complacent mind can't relate with  
Outside the Matrix, outline my face with chalk  
We're already dead, where ya'll steadily tread  
You walk, on the path of a mortal  
While me and Herbal T we are practically orbital  
Trash your recordable device and all its contents  
Nobody feeling that nonsense  
I got the feeling that Columbus must have fell when he reached the shore  
Vasco de Gama rhymer, I'm a conquistador  
Venturing to territory no one's ever seen before  
Rap El Dorado, let the bottle of Tequila pour  
Legendary Lena Horne status for my clique  
Y'all more like the Katrina storm, tragic as shit  
Been doing this since the doc pulled us out by Cesarean birth  
It won't stop 'til I'm buried in earth  
I'm saying, the flow's so nice it's got great karma  
LOA chop the beat like a Sheikh Shawarma  
Great like Parma-  
-Sean cheese on your marinara spaghetti  
Repping Maryland steady  
People preparing confetti, girls raring and ready  
Comparing to Betty Grable or Marilyn wearing a teddy  
We up in the Serengeti with a pair of machetes  
Up in the bush with the kush, motherfuckers ain't ready  
We ain't new to this new to this  
We been doing this doing this

Since the uterus  
People been asking "Who is this, who is this?"  
It's the crew with the fluidness  
Under numerous influences  
Getting loot off the fusion of music producing is stupidity  
A human as ludicrous as the group of the two of us  
Is elusive as tuna fish in a pool that is fluid-less  
Or a brain tumor that's humerus  
Or a stewardess who had just flew in from Cuba using a route that was two minutes-  
Please...

(Please prepare for takeoff!)With the clique, just another day  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>