## ABC's by K'naan & Chubb Rock

## Fill in the gaps

| Bundle up my whole style is so cold                |
|--|
| I glow like old guys who go bald                   |
| My flow got no front in the vocal                  |
| Your flow got no button, it's so old               |
| I don't mean to sound like a showboat              |
| But it's true, my persona's no joke                |
| I stepped into some kinda portal                   |
| I'm legend and sometimes I'm noble                 |
| I'm from the most risky (1) (oh)                   |
| No place is more (2) global                        |
| More pistols, (3) revolvers                        |
| We shootin' all that is normal                     |
| But it ain't just because we want to               |
| We ain't got nowhere we can run to                 |
| Somebody please press the undo                     |
| They only teach us the things that guns do         |
| They don't teach us the ABC's                      |
| We play on the hard concrete                       |
| All we got is life on the streets                  |
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| They don't teach us the ABC's                      |
| We play on the hard concrete                       |
| All we got is life on the streets                  |
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| Rock, you know my era                              |
| B-boy seasoning, salt and pepa                     |
| Grown and sexy, come with the extra                |
| Crushed up linen, fly like Cessna                  |
| This type brew, I (4) it birth                     |
| Now it's time again to give it a verse             |
| Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja              |
| Boulevard, (5) to Somalia                          |
| And it goes in the background                      |
| Playa, that is my sound                            |
| The green doesn't symbolize, I (6) it on the top   |
| Pioneer legend and they call me Mr. Rock           |
| No B word or N word, I don't need those words (no) |

Respect for hers The game dried up, so we come with the grease Leadin' ya right, and treatin' ya right, so peace They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's We (7)\_\_\_\_\_ on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets Superman is known by the locals \_\_\_\_ who's so fly it's global As this (8)\_\_\_\_ Attitude that came outta struggle Destitute but I make it hopeful You real, but my real is tenfold My real'll make yours a rental Gangsta if at ease, essential Fight with guns or utensils So bold, nothing's confidential Breakfast was not continental And lunch could not compliment all We still become competent souls These streets ain't paved with no gold Matter fact someone stole the light bulb Nobody fat enough for lypo They don't teach us to read and write, so... They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets They don't (9)\_\_\_\_\_ us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets



## 1. zone

- 2. shifty
- 3. Russian
- 4. gave
- 5. Brooklyn
- 6. made
- 7. play
- 8. dude
- 9. teach

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