## 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 zone (oh)
No place is more (1) global
More pistols, Russian revolvers
We shootin' all that is normal
But it ain't just because we want to
We ain't got (2) 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
All we got is life on the streets
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
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 (3) brew, I gave it birth
Now it's time again to give it a verse
Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja
Boulevard, Brooklyn to Somalia
And it goes in the background
Playa, that is my sound
The green doesn't symbolize, I made 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)



- 1. shifty
- 2. nowhere
- 3. type
- 4. teach
- 5. that
- 6. stole
- 7. teach
- 8. hard
- 9. life

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