

Yeah

Gather your thoughts and take notice. I'm focused
Holding the staff of Moses, bringing the plague of locusts
Break my opponents down in exponents
I wrote this opus like Deepak Chopra's
The smoke's to cope with the fiends and culprits, D's
Want us in the belly like that whale of Jonas
It seems so hopeless, so I toast Coronas
With my queen and plant seeds when she opens her lotus
My shoulders hold the weight of the world like Atlas
Pen touch the canvas, so you could catch visions like
Saul on the road to Damascus, at last it's the shepherd of greener pastures,
I'll unearth the hatchet
Watch your back, kid

Wipe down the ratchets. Invasion of the mic-snatchers
Pirate the radio in eyepatches. Land-loving
Bastards walk planks backwards, pour salt in the gashes
Never pour malt in glasses, strictly sour mash
My verse splashes, tsunami the cords
Twisting rainforest. Tyrannosaurus, your arms
Too short to slap-box with Horus. Sun shining
Spit at the swords, flash like diamonds on Namibian sands
Touched the rocks? Chop his hands. Spot cops
On the block, drop the grams, flop their plans
Artest-pop a fan out the stands. Just to vacation
With my clan, Rhodesia by dollar van
In Africa, we patient, fam. "Things Fall Apart"
We take the pieces and make art. Edward Said, I took
His thesis and made darts. "Shanty Towns," new
Desmond Dekkers, sacks of that mega drawing believers like Mecca
Form like Mecca, Castro lecture, nom de guerre
Bodega

"Backwooded up"

"Backwooded up"

Yeah, yo

Perverts run the church. Espionage in the synagogues
Truth is camouflaged behind the veils of demagogues
Epilogue to the Genesis scarred by blemishes
Iron remnants cobra spawn, but sentient
Beings all are seeing it. Strike my nemesis
With the wrath of God while I ride the track like
The back of a Pegasus. Emphasis felt from
Jersey to Ephesus, Earth is reflecting this
Heavenly body on three-fourths of Her surfaces
The purpose is clear: exertions of fear
Destroying all your false idols like Easter was here
Vegetarian? Nah, I'll make beef disappear. My heart
Beat with the snare and the verses is like the angel
Gabriel appear and beatbox in my ear
The future is clear. No fear, I swear to throw
The truth out there like Zulu spears, yeah

"Backwooded up"

"Roll with sativa"