

## Mr. Majesty II

Bizzy Bone

This is Mr. Majesty representin' on behalf of the 7th Sign Regime (Yea, yea, yea, 7th Sign Regime representin')

Thunderstorms when they mourn fallen angels  
Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle  
365 I'm live at every angle  
Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle

Everybody knows 7th Sign got the hoes  
Everybody knows we divine wit' the flows  
Shouldn't have to tell you when it rains wear your coat  
It's thunderstoms because we mourn the dope

Manipulatin' metaphors I take full credit for  
You can rest assured you'll never more suffer through flaw  
You can steady toughen the law;  
they'll be harder criminal brushin' the shores  
Tuck in your jaw  
If your confidence is lower, minus lead blower  
sinus flaired to the smallest odor  
Tried to get open but just a file folder  
Next man style holder, weightless chest a tasteless death  
I'm compound to be a sound souljah  
On tracks compact, bolder abstract flava  
Drift like the mist holdin' a black fist with right shoulder  
Addition to the culture went fishin' with these vultures  
Enlistment predicted to be held over  
Hired wired cobras to work front desk, smoke  
Dress the dress, pure moist no choice but to be less  
His ploy to decoy the congress, skills  
Too broke to pay homage  
In a craft he shows his ass, in a trash conglomerate  
Had your staff astonished precise math, most dominant  
Switch

Enchanted romantic mechanics will banish  
No talents damaged in fragments unbalanced and silenced  
Stompin' the housing, crowdin' kids  
That's pounding playgrounds and courts  
Where small missiles went through  
So often a sport on the wrong course trailing the horse  
Raps biggest divorce needs figures  
For me, my niggaz: weed, food, and cloth  
When the greed mood falls off  
The danger remainder is a hard rock slagged soft  
Walked past slop almost crushed by a bus  
Not lookin', in a rush, might have been a mascot for  
I.H.O.P. as human slush, keep it lower than hush  
The diploma for lust and slight comas  
When I bust and then again works skins to heavy musk, everready cuts  
Coincidentally is simply a mystery melody rush

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Percussion rushin', crushin' the sounds  
The inner raggamuffin', got me bustin' them down  
A nine milli really make a nigga worship the ground  
Preparering kings, courtship is now  
Ignite torch for sundown  
Quiz of a ninja disguised as a stupid nigga  
This biz will injure the unwise and traumatize offenders  
White lies turn shades of gray like skies in November  
At the brink of dismay  
My eyes will never flicker  
Herbs, got the nerve to pray when the city gets sicka punks  
Intellectually drunk with butter flies in their liver  
Have no ties to the beginning  
Cold fries, but I've put in work for dessert and dinner, no perks  
Incentive: soul search the whole earth extensive  
Had a low chirp, slow birth in placenta  
Incubated and escalated to contender  
Pushin' through gush waitin' for air on mush  
Now sexually molest ovaries, finessed  
Locally approach me with respect and royalty - Majesty

"And after this you'll call me Your Majesty"

Motion sicknes prevents the wickedness from overseas magnificence  
No talents with instruments  
But the choke-hold vocals compensate the difference  
Society full of menaces - abnormal residents

It's like I'm floatin'  
I think I'm floatin'  
Got me open, I guess I'm floatin'  
No jokin', I'm movin' as my words are spoken  
A vibe in groovin', lightening movement  
I feel so exclusive