

7 Sixes

Hieroglyphics

Before we get outta here, I got this track I want y'all to wreck on
Gimme 6 lines...6 lines...that's all I need
Alright, ok
I write in the light of day and in the night for pay, nigga!
You my main motherfucker, right?
You duck and hide when Pep Love touch a mic
Out the back door
If you ain't got that dough
I'll click clack blow and kick down doors
I roll backwood trees with that emerald green
When I'm on the scene, chillin with my nigga Rolls gettin blown
Watchin ladies with them pretty eyes and straight teeth
Sittin' in my ride, playin make belief
Like that's my car!
That's my girl!
I'ma go up to my house in the hills after I burn one
I write rhymes for the fun of it
But give me all my money or your gonna be facin capital punishment
I'ma soldier of fortune
My style is extortion
And I'm gorging more than a portion

Take an excursion, oceanography odyssey-D
Ballin' 3-D
You don't want to see me, not for one second!
Not for one bar on one record
You think you come hard, then come test it
I'll turn a threat into a confession
I'll turn a mic into a blunt weapon
Make you forget what you was once reppin'
See I'm a bass drum beater
Mad high hatter
Ensnare the snare with this here
Choke the life out 'it
Revive it and vitalize 'it
Prop it up proper so you guys'll idolize it
I'm not at all surprised that you're modelled after my shit
The masterminds is ahead of whatever the times is!
You niggaz saps...maple leaf
All your raps is make believe
I get an eighth and breathe like I'm Toni Braxton
Get up on the action...you gettin no reaction
Slowly stogie packin'
Lean back one foot up
Your style is put up
My turn to burn good up
You're boring...I'll suffocate you while you're snoring
'Kill 'em Softly' like Lauren
You spit and I'm pouring
My flow's adequately hydrated
And I waited to vibrate it
It's live ain't it!
Fuck with me, get stuck with cutlery
Luxury, I'm living luckily!
Music is my sanctuary (it's my life!)
They shootin blanks
My every round is a live one

Surviving the mind numbing propaganda
Eyes closed with blindfolds
Handcuffed and ambushed, struck by the lightning bolt (oh shit!)
I'm comin out your plasma screen like 'The Ring'
Make excellent cadavers of your fascist regime
Cause I grab the mic and niggaz couldn't understand
Why I'm fuckin' up your summer jam like the son of sam
And punishin'
Dressed in black with a skull on chest
And holdin' my nuts exposin my 5-star general
That's spittin flow...unpredictable
Ricochetin'
The shit gets bullseye
We hit 'em...ohh!
Velcome all vulnerable vocalists
Visualize vivid verb play in my vortex
Virtually, no verse'll be vinnin ova me...they vapor
My verbal voltage vanquishes
Parental advisory
Vamoose...I'll vick your vitality
Vindictive with voodoo
Valiantly save the virgin from the viper
Vanglorious vide world of volcanic violence
Your vessel gets violated over the velm
Veracious, vivacious
Veto your village voice
Void your vibration
Vultures got me vergin' on vomitin' they vishfullness
Get's met with visciousness
Every verb's visceral
This is no kiss under the mistletoe
A clip will cripple foes
Crucifix for (mental?) cliques
Triple 6...flipped...now it's 9
Now it's time for vertigo
Reverberate for your convertible
Yeah...yeah
Hard nose in the contest like Ron Artess
The con artist
Bombard 'em and start 'em in Vangar (?) shit
Get serious...grown from expeirence, and our shit
A lyricist to the tissue...bones and cartilage
My fare for the hair raising
Razor sharp with rare phrasing
Perfectly scripted like Scorcese's 'Raging Bull'
Lanky like Hiralanko (?)
Paid in full
I skipped grades in school
Exhume verb and further with no sherm (?) on the burner
Mostly Turkish hash on the purple grass in the sterling
Wave your checkered flags, I'm world class in the derby
Paragraphs off the flow chart topsy-turvy
Yeah...every day A respresent
With a weed habit affecting the trade defecit
They ain't never met...nobody like me
Til they comin' in from work...see me holdin they wifey
In the 80's, I was spoken ice
Not from diamonds, but rhymin' and flowin precise
Type of nigga that get ya scolded politely
It really wouldn't show if I was holdin'
That's why no one would fight me
Bush bombed Afghanistan with the missiles
And it still ain't puttin' my hash man outta business

Hieroglyphics, we feelin' stand to the finish
Full Circle on you niggaz...don't forget the bitches!
Wooo...yeah, that's what I'm talkin about!
y'all did that!
Couple y'all kicked ass
It's cool...we out!