

# Mics of the Roundtable

Hieroglyphics

Yeah, Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop  
What? Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop

[Intro/Chorus: x2]

All nightin, all dayin, crusadin  
Invadin, tryin to find out who's Satan  
Hieroglyphics on the conquest, move makin  
For the holy mic you takin

A man dies once, but a coward dies a thousand deaths  
Man you must know how to step with no power left  
Those words are words of the prophetess of the powerless  
as she professed, we became incensed, set up on a quest  
Totally entrenched in every flow that we dispensed  
Any foe'll be a cinch, cause we know that we been sent  
By the divine, universal mother and father to rhyme  
You pre-millennium MC's are far behind  
So we off to find, the holy mic it's only right  
Hieroglyphics mics of the round table can hold it tight  
Keep it stable, collectin, scriptures and secrets  
Projectin the cohesive, beam like graviton  
with the avalon, Hiero is dope ask God  
And evil-doers on the mic you have done your last fraud  
This ain't no practical joke, or anti-factual hoax  
But something each breath in my avioli sacs'll promote  
Opposing MC's will be stomped in the process or taken hostage  
until it is accomplished and you can't stop us  
Draw down the drawbridge, cross the moat, let's go  
Hieroglyphics adventures in the Twilight Zone

[Chorus]

[A-Plus]

Rumor has it, in a far away land  
The enemy's partly a devil and he's partly a man  
Now we, on a crusade, and I, got a new blade  
from the blacksmith, plus some chainmail that fits my frame well  
Three Knights walking, Knights stalkin for the Holy Mic y'all  
Sun up to night fall  
Despite all efforts from the sacreligious interlopers  
Mountains, snows, swamps, even bridges we will venture over  
We were amazed it took  
only a mere, three hundred sixty days on foot  
Now we, better be brave 'fore we enter the cave  
If we don't our people will either be dead or be slaves

[Tajai]

I've got a, vague, feeling he's here somewhere  
Feeding off rage, villiany, tears and fears  
Hob nobbin with Hobgoblins, drinkin blood out of golden goblets  
Waitin for us to throw the gauntlet  
And start some conscience, so it can locate then squash us  
Lest we stay cautious, remembered our spells  
Only kept the strongest on parchment  
Excellent swordsman and marksmen  
Who's souls have been tarnished, but still escaped the demon's harness

Treading intrepantly upon a course  
So many mornings, noons and nights no snoozing  
Following the Northern Lights  
Does this Holy Mic, really exist?  
Or is it I'm risking my life, following visions?  
The Knights got my back, original is black  
I keep thinking that, it strengthens my attack  
We blaze the final sack, tribuning, then start up the stone stairs  
to the inner sanctum, to do our duty

[Phesto D]

We're prepared to shed blood and die as mortals for the Round Table  
If we just happen to get slaughtered, depart our coil deep in soil  
Her royal highness was boiled alive in turpentine  
Right in line with the serpentine skirt, she died cursed  
The whole Oligarch was torn apart before the Dark Ages eclipsed the planet  
So the Holy Septum known as the microphone would be in sole control  
We'd unfolded the scroll that told us where to go  
Through the mongols, the concrete jungles  
slipped in The Man From UNKLE, was swashbuckling  
beat shuffling, acrobatic attack with titanic force  
Back and forth, trading slashes and gashes  
The torch dwindled, then rekindled with flashes  
Right again, then I put my scimitar right up in em  
Venom is like a scorpion sting, retrieve the age old relic  
Now, I'm back to the Round Table...

[Chorus]

Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop!  
Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop!  
Yeah, we shall continue