

# Phesto D

## Hieroglyphics

We Silver Surfing over soundwaves, scalpin  
tickets to my show for twenty dollars more than face value pays  
Curse my vowels on you holdin kids, marvel and gaze  
I strip the tarnish off the microphone, sharp as a spade  
Bring my plans to fruition, with intuition known to witches  
The Hieroglyphic argonauts bombard the spot  
with sandblasting, grand eloquence eloquent talented  
like balance beam medalists, the seismic  
Hi fidelity poltergeist in your amplifiers  
Bustin from the top like snipers, niggaz hyper  
Ventilate at the sight of the arch nemesis  
When Phesto D walks the premises  
I leave em mumma-fied like Tutan-khamun  
With premonitions like Hyrahnameus, device is incisive  
And still be rockin the mic with arthritis  
And blow the sleeves off your shirt, cause you'll need a life vest  
to survive this, any anonymous character  
from Bay Area 51 to Copernicus  
I'm turnin kids to concrete, or be impaled  
on the stalling mic, with the slightest impulse  
I'm hair trigger, explode and reconstitute but bigger  
Put the mic in the death, crane like The Vigilante  
Manhandling, your crime family like Stan Lee  
Branding niggaz with the Hiero, symbol and  
adrenalin is, hallucinogenic  
By the time the ambulance rolled up, the pharmaceuticals entered  
They won't be able to identify ya  
dental records on laser disk, CD, tape or vinyl  
The Hiero, glyphics play the Iron Curtain  
Drop the gavel on your gangster babble and face the verdict