

Light Years

Jay Electronica

Ash Hadu Allah Ilaha Illallah
Wahdahu La Sharika Lahu by far
Rock rock y'all, between the tick tock y'all

I came out the Magnolia like the beetle
The genie of the incense smoke
From the church steeple, mixed with the prayers of the people
Pollination Subhana wa Ta'ala Nation
Global recalibration
Roc Nation causing shock waves in the basement
Seven thousand kilohertz
With every verse I heal the earth
With every line I drop the tears of man into a cloud
In a fine mist until it bursts and rain from the brain
Snowflakes for the pain
The flow is just so insane, we wondering why you came
Here's a jewel son, be yourself
Quit looking like someone else
Get your dignity off the shelf
The true jedi code is stealth stay in tune with whatever else
The asiatic galactic master of the atlas
Author of mathematics civilized the savage
Terrorize the clerics
Big black chief like Robert Parish
I broke the deputy neck while Metal Face shot the sheriff
Soul rebel in the deadly bout with the devil
Conquering every level
The best part is where I settle
Spread love through every ghetto, plus suburbia
Me over the track is a acquisition, a merger couldn't be any further
Woke the game up into a fervor, then disappeared like the burglar
The style you never heard of the very premise is murder
But sweeter than a Werthers
Roam the Earth like Bedouins and Berbers
The great ancient goat herder, emerging through your server

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DOOM out the vortex to your neocortex
Your guess who spit the rawness is good as gore-tex
Metal Face turtleneck vest, built to support bras
Standard issue for broads, carbon like a sports car
Anybody ask- he retired
Tried to hold the villain to task- he was fired
Fired up, his own boss on strike
Accused of using hot pepper sauce on the mic (get)
Tossed on a spike or cross if you like
So be cautious, leave 'em nauseous as pork sausages
Salami and some bacon, some bacon and some ham
Plans get mistaken for a scam, ah damn fam
Bless the child who hold his own, none could master respect
Soundwave transform like Rumble rapture eject
It's more secret than Al Gore's wallet
Or Val Thor's comet
Or style wars, bomb it
Or that gal of yours armpit, darn it

(Wa Dahu La Shareika Lahu)
I promise