

Hail Mary

Outerspace

Uh, we in Seattle wit the Mag the Knife and the Pharaohs
We loaded wit double barrels and all the cipher & apparel
We banging the Lost Battles and everything is a gamble
'Sour Diesel' that raw purico wrapped from the gravel
We travel 'A Vicious Cycle' from Illadel to the Eiffel
My wife will walk wit a rifle, if I ask she'll snipe you
Best believe the shit on my sleeve repping what I'm here for
Therefore my arm extends to who I'm here for
I'm still raw still spitting and working hard
Like King Syze walking thru them 'Labor Union' doors
Its real, conceal a weapon till the day of the election
When Bush gon' it's on I'm licking at his direction
Spitting it to perfection, my ghetto report card A plus
Lay plush, new Chuckers laced up gritty
Shitty Saturdays, jewels look like Gamma rays
I'm Bobby Knight wit a mic in his Indiana days
Atlanta Braves tomahawking your parade
I fuck wit Philllies, watch you silly nigga
Watch what you say (I smack the shit out you)
We ducktaping whoeva the fuck hating
We leaving no prisoners, I'ma sin this to Son sacred

(Chorus) Planetary 2x

Hail Mary full of grace
Praise that the Lord be wit us when we walking thru space
Bless it, are those who rose to step in our face
We gotta get 'em, I hope they in a betta place, got 'em

Nah, y'all ain't hear me on Gun Ballad or Black Christmas
Or Bloody Tears, I was busy handling my bizness
Me and Planet the same but we a lil different
Back in the booth like we left something missing
Back wit the truth I pray to God you niggas listening
Stack to the roof like pyramids but ain't Egyptian
Use the mic as a brush to paint this diction
They gotta quarantine the lab they say we sickening
Music is like cook raw we blazed the kitchen
We got love worldwide amazing isn't it?
We Blood Brothers from another father, another mother
Rhyme guzzlers son touch us and ain't no one above us
Who put in work like us and who the fuck can judge us
We change it up a bit don't understand what's all the fussing
We make it happen; we persevered thru all the weather
We Puerto Ricans so we accustomed to do whateva it takes
We stand firm, we stay together
OuterSpace that set in stone and remains foreva
QD for life, for worst, for betta
I got a hunger for blood and I thirst for chedda

(Chorus) Planetary 2x