

# Mystic

# Prodigy

(Thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus  
Thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus)

You are now listening to the sounds of  
A God in the flesh, my lineage is ancient  
I come from beyond any place you could imagine  
In your imagination  
Mommy was my spaceship  
It took her nine months to get me here, I finally made it  
Goodness gracious, great balls of fire  
My star got six points so I burn brighter  
There any pentagram on Hollywood sidewalk  
I'm much too hot, you cannot cool me off  
Not a son, don't chill Allah  
Check the rhyme that I spill on ya'll  
It's the best by far  
Initiate of the sacred brotherhood of elite rappers  
I'm a master builder  
Grand verbalizer, young old-timer  
The tippy-top shot, original Don Dada

It's written in the stars, look me up then  
Two or three bars, got you pay attention  
I'm gifted, my rap is mystic  
It's codes that I speak so the police missed it  
Spray painted on the walls, the writing's on the walls  
I'm gifted, my rap is mystic  
It's codes that I speak so the police missed it

Put on some real tough shit that I could rock to  
Then write the illest words you ever could bop to  
I live the illest life you could ever have  
So much joy I cry, so much pain I laugh  
At my best I am excellence  
At my worst I'm not inspired by the beat, shit come out weak  
It's not bad for a bad day  
I smack you and knock your head off  
Damn, I don't know my own strength  
Like a lion, I was just tryin' to play  
It's not my fault you fall apart so easy  
I need to be with my own kind  
Take me to where the rap music is powerful beats and rhymes  
Whole 'nother channel, don't be so shallow  
Expand your taste  
There's more to life than your narrow mind think  
And we live from the refuge  
Is anybody out there?

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You've got to keep them pretty scared  
Because unless they're properly scared and frightened  
That all sorts of devils are going to destroy them  
From outside or inside or somewhere  
They may start to think