

(Thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus
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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