

The blood scene followed by catch up
Peep the cinematography
A chopped up body found in the dry, spin it
Now who gone clean this mess up?
I'm from the school of ninjas
I free the crime scene in five seconds
Flash of a shadow, designed methods
The fine essence, divine blessings
Mind the tech, might've been fine
Tomb skilled fountain in the gloom tooth
The womb tail ran from the temple at 22
Memorize the manual, warning for death
I'm throwing stars at you putas
For trying to corner me up in the juice bar
That's your head plus an arm and a leg
It's back to the future for bread
I'm on the spot hustling meds
FedEx fair envelopes with the black dust in it
Meaning we coming to kill you when you can trust in it
Too many bodies for estimates, my goons is with it
You appear regular like city pedestrians
Honor to scroll, minus what it sells or what is sold
From the creators of rock and roll
The DNA was locked and load
Toxic bones, watch us getting it popping with poems
We're not allowed mouth strapping their tones

I heard my ahki say he God Body while we drinking hard body
Made me thinking about God's physical, kinda odd, probably
Christians say body of Christ
Hindus think each cast is a limb, Buddha's reincarnate every life
Me, I'm just Bacardi and Sprite
But if the creator got an anatomy of somewhere holding the mic
His skeleton in every creed color and nation
Defeat Mohammad, Jesus and Abraham, cause that's the foundation
Martin Luther King, Gandhi and Dalai Lama the heart
Bob Marley the lungs where the herb got sparked
Red blood cells is Damu and Piru
Crips the veins, cause your body and pump blue
The muscles must have Malcolm, Hannibal and Nat Turner
Che Guevara MC's that are holding that burner
And neck turn your attention to 12 ribs on each side
So we must have 12 great women who changed lives
Like Mother Teresa, Mary Magdalene and Nefertiti
Harriet Tubman, Anne Frank, Marie Curie
Gloria Steinem, Sojourner Truth, Rosa Parks
Oprah probably did too, arguing with Joan of Arc
Marcus Garvey and Dubois - good thoughts in the brain
With Obama with ideas for real change
And everybody got a place to fit
Cheney an asshole, which makes George Bush a piece of shit

I'm stepping raising, no stepping fetching
Pervade it truth 'till you get it
Then work it 'til the code is embedded
Program the letters like I'm working for Microsoft
My micro hard, these cold written rhymes by God

Contemplate it like I'm John Austin walking a yard
Trying to balance to these being recorded and my tablets
Despite my transgressions at life I'm still at it
At least I'm not dead on the streets, a crack addict
Searching for salvation inside of a strange nation
Where niggers'd shoot each other than warn you about a motion
Rather live on the run and have to face incarceration
Fuck them crackers 'till they suffer from sense of deprivation