Next Up

E.ness

[60 Second Assassin]I traveled so far
Im chewin niggas lyrics for a Mars bar
New era, bust em like reign terror
So highly Mecca Nas a nigga died and measured
The inevitable, beyond the ever so, this deadly technical
Scribes get revised in the time before celestial
No being or lyric ever hit precise, double sight
Take light, through the crypts at night
Spark pathetic brains and meteorite
Seven heaven verses the seven wonder, lyrics of thunder
As lightning strikes snakes out from under
Cloudy men drips, sinks Niles of fine mist
Worries startin to give, land for the tales out the crypt
Of the dark, dead senses, gods of heavenly business
Count Dracula told me how to find the eclipse
I leave your lip stitched
Cause you couldnt mind your business
But when it came to this rap,
You shouldve vacated the premises
Make way for a chilla, guerilla, down low killa
Get loopbtin civil, next up
[Prodigal Sunn]Yo I believe thats me
[Trebag]Aiyyo P get on the mic for the NYC
[Prodigal Sunn]
P attack you from the metronome
Catch you in your groove home alone
Blowin wit the chrome, nigga
Im blowin to the bone
My title be known, cannibal, dynamical maestro
Sparked and fully hydroed my team of psychos
Sell it higher than the Eifel Towers
Seconds minutes led the hour, wein the power
Spittin bibles, the sunshower, the wise out on the scene
They think we forget the dream
My aura sheens like morphine in your veins
Pastors saying can you and your crew, oooh stand the rain
Many men possess the gin in the jungle of sin
Deeper than, Sunn chosen others frozen
From the explosion, my opposition

Protect my team of demolitions, full competition
Keep em drinkin Benjin
Like some chicken heads on the ground
Bite the trey pound for foes that wanna get down
Me and my clique sharpen the sound
Infiltrate the town town town
[Trebag]Next up

[Hell Razah]Yo I believe thats me
[Trebag]Aiyyo Razah get on the mic for the NYC
[Hell Razah]If I could chew glass to this, true master shit check it
Hell Razah raise from the dead black Lazaris
Hittin ass to this on King Sols mattresses
Bust your gat to this, make sure you hold it accurate
John the Baptist this dip you wit the fish
Aladdin out the genie lamp grant you on your wish
Trapped in the studio booth and told the truth
You better try a video shoot or get the boot
From BK to Beirut we shuttin down groups
Gatherin the loot while you mackin in a chicken coop
Duck duck goose tie him in a noose
Whats the use of havin your troops if you dont put them to use?
Yall rappers couldnt blow if a windy storm produce
And sung a kiddie song and wore a Power Ranger suit
Salute the first fruit, King David birth root
Play the earths flute just before I execute
Next up
[Method Man]Yo I believe thats me
[Hell Razah]Aiyyo Meth lock it down like LAPD
[Method Man]While you proceed to cut the mustard, I cut the cheese
Mr. Freeze givin cold shoulders to mcs
The sickest of disease
Johnny Blaze at three hundred and sixty degrees
My PLO stees is from here to overseas
Guerillas in the mist swingin from the highest trees
Bombin enemies
See me in the global war being all that I can be
Camoflauge fatigue, hard headed major league
Got em under seige your battleship in sinkin
20,000 leagues beneath sea level
Adjust the trebel on that thang thang got your shovel
Can you dig it? Keep talkin bout it while we live it
All day, every days a Billie Holiday
Lady sings the blues get the street news by the way
Have you heard crime pay?

Hit your block like that lava that burnt Pompei, mega hot
In the melting pot, felt the shot around the world
We unstoppable like Juggernaut baby girl
Armed and dangerous treat militia, Ill make you famous
Camoradiated verbal going through changes

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