

# Sickness

## Nazhand

Yo, the great Digi  
What are you looking for?  
The World's greatest mind, Bob Digital  
Man with no mother  
Yo, try to cross reference, my epic preference  
Fresh mint, tight lint, you get trapped inside the monkey wrench  
Ain't no man lover ever gonna silk the sealer  
I'm blessed like the seed who sucked the milk from Mahalia  
You wishin' Shaolin Island could be swallowed up by the sea  
Gobbled up, like the lost city of Moore and Atlantis  
But I'm fierce as the cyclone winds that blew through Kansas  
Have your clan stranded on the enchanted land of Gumas Azubar  
Gem blue star, razor blade scar  
Who dare wanna spar bar for bar? Allah U Akbar  
I turn the most degenerate hood into a pop star  
Bless the seed who prays the Most High without askin' why  
Flicks from ocean shore, kick like Marshall Law  
I might strike with the eagle claw or tiger paw  
On the shores of African beach, facin' the east  
White sands stretched out as far as the eye can see  
Found buried by the sea  
The heat of Allah son will crack through Antarctica  
We ride blue whales, you sell Nautica ships on the carpenter  
We should send all these Devils back to Hell  
You small as to die in my sentence, I speak with vengeance  
Snatch up 17 million plus 2 million Indians  
Your incorrect retrospect on the situation  
You didn't know, it was a Wu-Tang affiliation  
Legs speak like twigs, you're forbidden like pig  
You can't fuck with the Zig-Zag-Zig  
Raise your sword and praise the Lord  
Enrage the war on this wicked society  
Raise your sword and praise the Lord  
Enrage the war on this wicked society  
The village must be pillaged  
The merciless, the Earth is damp from blood spillage  
Cursed the ancestors and the seed of the assailant  
Dissect his body like an alien  
My seed must be spread

I bust sperm cells with Bobsleds  
Then race to the egg and bring forth  
The arm leg leg arm head  
All you niggas out there who got money  
Better watch out for the money hungry, straight up  
The most beloved from a region undiscovered  
I've been hovered over by black buzzard walkin' through public  
Imagine the feelin' of growin' up  
Ten children stuffed inside a shack  
In the project buildings  
Women, infants and coupons  
One stole camel soup on  
Stressed out with four kids, aborter  
Next door the dope fiend neighbor  
Tryin' to sell his little daughter  
Poisonous, heat from the oven

The only way we had to live was survivin' of mommy's lovin'  
Dead bodies found in the incinerator  
Lights out, somebody fucked up the generator  
Talkin' welfare, cheese, franks and beans  
Mud stains on mockneck shirts and tainted jeans  
Twisted up, how the fuck we get bended up?  
And ended up in this four block radius where they enslaved us  
Sweatin' from cheese ravioli  
With tomato sauce and anchovie  
Spoiled, ah, shit, my blood boiled  
But, fuck that, I'm ready for open hand combat  
It's the Tomcat  
And my thoughts are unlimited  
Inflicted fatal wounds  
And I'm immune, see a evil society  
So, praise the Lord and enrage the war  
Against this wicked society, society  
Praise the Lord and raise your sword  
Against this wicked society, society  
Praise the Lord and raise your sword  
Against this wicked society  
There was a legend of a 'Liquid Sword'  
That was Only Built for niggas with Cuban Linx  
Who entered the 36th Chamber  
And keep the true links, inherit the W emblem  
Movin' the muscle, changin' and bone tendon bendin'  
Science of 25 thousand year millennium  
The sinners from the men who exiled the Indians from India

Who's times can't be measured linear  
In all tribes on Earth who can't find  
    A friendlier group of people  
Who shunt all evil, treat all men equal  
Even though we see through your wicked intentions  
We gave you land to experiment with your inventions  
    But you strive for global lynchin', extension  
    But it's yourself that will become extinct  
You inherit this power to think and build things  
    The free wills of love, not hate or kill things  
And when you went astray, we sent prophets to reveal things  
    And left scriptures behind to fulfill things  
    But you still wanna kill things, rob and steal things  
So don't blame us when it's time to fulfill things and kill kings  
    Raise the sword and praise the Lord  
    On this wicked society, society  
    Raise your sword and praise the Lord  
    It's a wicked society, society  
    Praise the Lord and raise your sword  
    Against this wicked society  
    Rage the war  
    Against this wicked society  
    Yo, the sickness, that's what I want  
    What are you looking for?  
    Man with no mother  
    That's what I want  
    What are you looking for?  
    Man with no mother

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