

Next Levels (ft. Lil' Sci, ID 4 Winds & Stahhr)

King Geedorah

1, 2 1, 2 yes

Yo, it's King Gheedra, combined with the forces of nine ether

Blowing woofers and tweeters, shaking syllable meaning

Disaster's cataclysmic, mystic natural, it's about time

We hit you with some substance that's actualI got a gift call, hip-hop prophecy, says 2003

Ends the reign of the jiggy MC

No more roaming on this planet like scavengers

Sciences broke the code of the Gregorian calendarDefine laws and space in time, trying to trace my lines

Hold up, respect the architect

Digital rollin', my whole crew roll with VS

Type to master this whole universe in three stepsWe stretch across the equator with something major

Universal rhyme tones, tamper with ya time zone

Minds blown by the millions jus' for the feeling

Hip-hop, it just don't stop until I make a killingNah, I'm kidding, but for real, the world ain't the same no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Word up, word upWell, I'm colliding with the mind of a survivor

Surviving, uncover the time brother

The high volume white collar high styling

Verge jocking the side, dodgin' miragesConquer the vibe, hunger lurks

Nine to five work saga, God bless the life

Father trife, crawl for the light, pounding the globe on sight

Vocal pimpin', it's throatSo you know how we go down yo

Struck from the ghetto yo, medal throw

Settle the dough, live showbiz

The cannonball, weapon, men and armsFour section, super intelligence, balance

Benevolent, stinging nettle medicine

Crouch tiger, dragon, craftmatic

Watch ya back, if, catch thisFascist through the atlas, first class diplomatic status

Stagma flag, overstanding the plan

Bar skin, then a [unverified] streets watch timex clocks

[Unverified] punchless [unverified] on the dot fiveMinutes to rot

So we blew blocks, crews

It's old news how we doI'm a drop one rhyme

For every time, I cross the thin line

Between yours and mine, see, it's part of my design, shifting paradigm

Yin and yang combined, must be out ya mindThinking star would never shine

Pops duke, focus with a hawk's eye view

I'm all that, a plaintain, and some Ital stew

Gettin' spine ache, British, ATL upon thisEven avitronic figures be thumpin' off over this verbal elixir
Magnetic attraction, raw, nearly Jacksons
Straight open in the caption, here comes the Hix and Braxton's
Lyrical contraction, delivery reaction, it started with a passionThat's just the way it had been, raw with
umbilical cords strapped
A corpse, won't drop a curse, while mustard hit this spouse?
Sharp with a needle, try to reach the people
Ya'll fiending for the sequel and the beat's not even EQ'dWe have a snake to catch

Songwriters

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