

Dag, Philly Too

Homeboy Sandman

[Verse 1] Hellafied heaven
Rank and foul live amongst the rank and file, livid
Be the living while legend
My limits are alleged
Sun is now risen
Now engines are revvin'
Rebels are reppin'
Cats don't know the half but half of the steppin'
I doubt that they're down to throw down any second
Them clown boys don't make a sound
Boring without a weapon
They towel boys
Ask the cowboy what he wreckin'
I could have moved pounds of pedico
When hell pounds, but that won't give power to the people
Poll prowling, busy profiling my people
It's so vile
It's something so foul, something fecal
A conquest extends upon realms, never charted
Where young flesh with color like tar be the target
For centuries, before the Red Sea was ever parted
As an emcee, I germinate seeds for the harvest
For the most part, press doesn't even matter
Nodding like Pez dispensers to raise pegs on the ladder
For brunts or mumps the husbands hunted and gathered
Before a Trump, the billionaire punks was the pattern
Lemme at 'em
Yeah
Things in Philly don't look good [Verse 2] I got scruples
Professor professes what's best for my pupils
Look at my pupils
Big up to marsupials, carryin' fam
I move like Maid Marian's man
Without nary advanced
My nap sack do carry a can
I whoop ass whippin' it out, it's hardly a task
I'm on path like Road to Damascus
All owning the masses
Back to the lab, front to the past

Which means back to the future you bastards
Say what's the happenin's
I don't mean up in the Hamptons
Nah, I'm not here to share wheels with the hamsters
I'm looking for answers
I act here on behalf of the hereafter
Saint right near the marks
Same marks right near the ass, the-
Flashes in the pants straight giving me as the
Typecast with casted characters
Got me more bluer than Captain America
Stay coming of age
People are like "You the second coming"
I'm like "Hey, I'm the first coming of me"
Came up uncomfortably
And I ain't coming to play
And the predators will be coming to prey
But things in Philly don't look good[Verse 3]Spent three years over your head
My name mumbled under your breath
Now I'm the boogie man under your bed
Terrorizing your village
Here to pillage and plunder your bread
And everybody raised on wonderbread get a percent
During the chorus listen up for Horus battling Set
First it's cats fed up with love and rather battle instead
And now impersonation's some sort of respect
I think that's sort of a stretch
Ain't nobody coming off of the head
The situation's come to a head
C'mon, what the heck
? I give any spin with sonic the hedge
I ain't folding under pressure
Peep the sound of me pressing reset
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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