# Silly Puddy

## Zion I

Zion I intro:
Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.
Gimme what I need gimme what I
need. Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.[Zion I]
Dear Lord you show me the best of times
You show me the worst of times
Confusion all over my mind but still I keep bustin' rhymes
And I fight for what I want, but I die for what I need
And I watch my people bleed while vultures steady feed
We proceed with the mic bless
Fashioned in your likeness
More deadlier than vipers
Lyric spirit snipers
Ignite us
We'll be candles in the dark
Solid like Noah's Ark
I was destined for this part
In the scheme of thangs
We kings and queens eatin' chicken wings
But greasy finger tips can't hold the cepters so it slips
Now who's equip to come up on a grip
Abraver with Fraiser Lee I wait for the response
And I'm locked and loaded missiles ready set to launch
Eliminated comp-atition they gettin' bombed in the trunk
Cause we keep 'em chunk in the trunk
They gettin' bumped in the trunk[The Grouch]
What can I learn from living life?
What can you learn from what I write?
I study till my lungs are bloody to him I'm just some Silly Puddy
Who created me to play with, she to lay with, us to bust
So I spend my day programming what...sounds?
Cosmo bound to rap into the break of dawn
so they can hear and know it's on
If the flow is strong I'm smart
If you're stupid it's not art
Marks are made so many ways
You can spin the tires, blaze a sack for everybody dazed
A chapter is what you're after[Hook]
Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need

Grouch: To help them trace my tracks
Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To stand and face the facts
Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch:To lead them not astray
Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To say what I got to say[Grouch]
Now you can faze me with your laughter your smiles or your pain
I feel your trials when I'm down and out or winning at the game
No one to claim Creator yet the masses are perplexed
Cause by life we're so impressed, we all wish we had a next
And that's no matter how much I complain
Really couldn't place no blame
I'll just refrain try stayin' sane and hope you watch your aim
I scope and got the flame
To make and knock and sock the same
Got to use the brain
So I can lose the chain[Zion I]
See Grouch you my guru leader
So I don't need to pack no heater
Like syrup you make this sweeter
This ballad is beemer teeter
I'm tryin' to find myself
Look at reflections of everyone else
Some of y'all might find that funny but do not know your wealth
You make the world turn
You make the fire burn
You make the wind breeze
The sinner fall to his knees
Now that's some powerful
And I speak my words truthfully
As far as I know
Yo we all got some of God's beautyHook[Zion I]
Let me crack my seventh seal don't rush
Microphone's gotta get crush
I thrush with the force of a rocket booster
This ain't what you're use to
Now we gonna fly high singin this song la la la
If you don't believe in yourself you best to try
Ain't nobody said this life is easy
Everything a test
Is you gonna do your best?
Hide in the cone of flesh?
You got to stay fresh
Cause if you stop you stagnated

Stale thoughts of lack will put you in a jail
Believe I can and I will
Set these rhymes to sail
But will what I really feel pay the bill shit is ill
I stare off in the distance
Rhymin' with persistence
Cause rhymin' is a mission
Will anybody listen?[The Grouch]
Now if you put me through any time of need
I'm sure I'll call for help indeed
Daily I stay silent, thinking thoughts at lightening speed
Heightened by the feedback and forth reciprocation
Situation rather unexplained I maintain relations
In lay men's it's a vibe I felt
Dja vu inside myself
I speak it verbally
Made sure all them fools have heard of me
Believe I'm well connected
Not a prophet who's been resurrected
Trust and I expect it
When I bust it's higher effects to match your spects
Of my blue prints and the true sense of these words
God he lives within, all of this he's heard
Every word (every word)Hook

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