

God Fearing

Novi Novak

Yea, This probably over their head, real poetic like, you know what I'm sayin?
But if you get it..... You REALLY get it.....

I Came from Androcles to a course fifth dinner
Bone dust skin... to a Norse myth shimmer
Flow so cold the hottest know they feel the shivers
Tell the kings of the jungle I am here removing splinters

And I see the bigger Picture.... the fear in they Eyes
From other rappers who be rappin just to tell it's a lie
Look... they aim ain't as high, I want it ALL this is why
"There's only food for one meal if you get piece of the pie"

Suh suh suh give me the key, I'll open doors up myself
All I needed was answers I never needed the help
Look My soul on the table I'm tryin to keep it from hell
Cuz I see God at the auction and he just hope it don't sell

Cuz I been plottin peaceful waitin
Move makin
Only Professional Chess Players understand my patience
You dont believe it cuz you dont believe to ask
And thats prolly why your mind scarred like Jesus's back
God Damn

Air is thin, Giants on the rise
Knowing secrets is your power and that power is your high
Okay Well
That must be that God Feelin
That must be that God Feelin

Never trust, So can't betray it
If you know too much you really gotta watch it how you say it and
That's prolly why were God Fearinn
That's prolly why were God Fearinn

Cheers roar from the stadia war paths (echo)
Men cleansed drowning in their own blood the "True warm bath"
With hatred hidden from these others like it's porn stashed

Aimed towards the heavens like a Unicorn with whiplash

Window smash..... listen to me.....

I'm far greater with the vision to me

Money and the message multiply then add division to me

Witness I see the thunderous knocks on any gates that are Forbidden too me

There's no fiction to me, underneath I stay

Like there's not an after life that I'm gonna reach anyway

This song matured at the format of Hemingway

Fueled by the pain of a Columbine semi-spray

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Met and been to Irkalla, Came back

Understandin why society retarded with that Riff Raff

Six lions.... chairs, whips and "Get Backs!"

Slips echos through the dungeon of our sick raps

I dumb it down for the masses

The average, the desideratum for creation of classic

The mad hatter they bad chatter with daggers to bash it

Yet won't batter wack rappers instead flatter these faggots?

My graceful tones, Draped laced with poems

Got clones shakin like the bass in hollow space of bones

They Just Servants in awe... they wanna taste the throne

The gold.... the shapes... the brilliance... the unfaced unknown

And I know

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