Sickness

Mr. Lil One

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
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