The Ritual

Triskel

Bitch nigga, gun trigger, dick's bigger, why fuck?
Killer, blood spiller, bitch, steal a Mac truck
Bad luck fuckin' with this black buck
Bigger Thomas I promise, leave a corpse in the furnaceBitch nigga, gun trigger, dick's bigger, why fuck?
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Bigger Thomas I promise, leave a corpse in the furnaceNigga what? I'm complicated down to my strut
Like the way I hold my gat flat on its side like a pug
And I'm tickling the trigger make it laugh from its gut
You would think I'm a comedian the way it eruptsNigga what? I represent the ashes and dust
All that's sittin up in ya chin that's got ya stuck in a rut
You can fire, hold your fire, son, I'm smokin you up
You can whistle your desires even Buddha got snuffedNigga now I'm standing on the corner of wow
Exclamations pointed at me 'cuz I'm gettin' these nouns
Got these kids inventing adjectives and gaining renown
'Cuz I am nigga, I amNigga please, the earth, the air, the fire and the seas
Third dimension, fourth dimension, fifth dimension with ease
Oh, the chicken never thought I've got ya smokin' them trees
Ask your front door what my sawed off got you snortin' them keysNigga what? But I ain't gonna knock open up
When it's time to meet your maker ain't no changing the plot
You're an actor in the series nigga, I own the lot
And I'm here to serve these royalties like gold in a potCallin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have notsCallin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have nots
Callin' haves and have notsHey, ain't no need to stop that
Hey, ain't no need to stop that
Hey, ain't no need to stop that
Hey, ain't no needGod and pussy, objects of desire
And ill repute some rather seek up high
Than dig and grind that inner truth

The angel of my eyeA bit too fly to substitute
With any other form than the Messiah's black Mariah
Mothership, grandmother moon and sea
The wave and form of beauty born of Eden's apple tree
And every single Adam stands erect and prays to be
The follower she offers sweet communion, holy unionLet me see you run it just like that
Move your hips from side to side
Come forward, push it back
Let me know firsthand the land of glory that I lack
I surrender all to you if you surrender backHoly God where'd you learn to squeeze it tight and then
Move it slow enough for me to question everything?
You slowly start to tremble heaven's walls begin to sing
Tsunami ever after cosmic slop on everythingHey, ain't no need to stop that
Hey, ain't no need to stop thatBitch nigga, gun trigger, dick's bigger, why fuck?
(Ain't no need to stop that)
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