Silly Puddy

Zion I (f. The Grouch)

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

We proceed with the mic bles
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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