

6th Sense (Prod. Entreprducers)

The Underachievers

[Intro:]

Touch, Taste, Sight, Smell, Hearing

These are the senses that connect us to the world

But are there more than 5 senses?

[Verse 1: Issa Dash]

Dreaming of things that two eyes can never see

Consciousness future levels that he never did

Imagine fathomable, but the story only brings

An unimaginable trinity to a king

Who traded the adversities of sin

So he could transcend to a gloriful place

He loved the beneficial fruit, so plentiful in taste

And rich superficial delusions of a human race (Race)

Visions of that world is what keeps the strong alive

But I'm immortal, so my soul's never afraid to die

A young pharaoh walking amongst these human lives

Consciousness is higher, reaching and grabbing my desires

The elevated saint creating with his third eye

Woke up out of a dream covered in gold like a wristwatch

Now watch as I'm at the Fligo steal the top spot

I pop like a killer waiting on your doorstop

No straps, cause my hard equipment is for combat

No rats, finest in my clip, we reinforce that

Boss stats, we on our way back we 'bout to change rap

Face punt any nigga in our way so keep back

They'll soon debate a greatest spittin' shit that niggas cravin

Sixth sense, meditate it all a nigga need to make a show go

Three smoke, for the sour diesel

Reefer, like a fairy out a fuckin' fable

Or a ghost, all a nigga missin' is his halo

Same flow, don't you niggas think it's time to switch it up

Pesos, keep you niggas grindin' like some lame goats

You lame goats (No hope)

[Hook:]

Sixth sense, nigga, why you talkin' you hopeless

And if you only use five you soulless

Me and my niggas out a scene from out your dreams

Showin' niggas life that he would never would've seen

[Verse 2:]

Woke up in a cemetary full of martians
Body carved and cut up like I was spartan
Apart from the rays that band music played
Hey, rain on the farm for four days
Caged in like a human-headed lion on the sands of Egypt
I pledge allegiance
To 40 ounces, ballrooms, and short blouses
Stare in that mirror, now watch me get aroused quick
Low as the mountain, high as the ground is
My mind is on some upside-down shit
Irides showin' me how powerful the mind is
Your highness is sharin' pictures with a talkin' lioness
Beside it's please, is a fine freeze
In a planet like ours where the liars lead us
You came here tonight crying to be dusk
Fuss, grab a knife, fuck life
The slut's pray go deeper than nuns say
Front row to the streets, gun play
Who is to say one is and one's not
The rock lives, the Glock gives just one shot, pop!
Now you're alive free from all the lies
Who knew our dreams would be the afterlife
Grab the rifle, shootin' at stars is so delightful
Rippin' out hearts, no one likes it like I do
I do whatever it takes to get the title
Of one, we'll jack it in the sun, son
You know the devil only when you become one
Kush cloud, now all I need is rum fun
Hot stoves, grenades, and sun shades
My life is abstract, Picassos and potholes
Not knowin' they soul showed through glows
I overlap these cons, replacin' them with pros, yo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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