

# 6th Sense

## 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 doorstep  
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 cemetery 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  
Iris 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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