

ElectriK HeaT - the seekwiLL

K-OS

Ok, its about to go down
Please step up
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, here we go! It's the return, burn like a supernova
Spin the plates, the great debate's over
Don't rush, take it easy, slow down
The Earth is a space ship spinning round and round
We're in it, together, we can make it better
Don't sweat a thing, swing with no vendetta
I rhyme in a graph style, carve every letter
To move every be-boy king like Coretta Scott
Keep it hot block, once rock
The plot that we tried to recognize was not
The l to the o-v, m-o-v-e
K dub dropping the dub, that's new TV
The eMC double E, no doubt
Runnin' the route, wiggin' out, turnin' the part out
We all fall from grace and make mistakes
And raise to face to face with the antidote bass
And every single word in the verb. Wild style
This is not a mission. It's a written lifestyle
I'm still in the struggle and I see the light dial
Turnin' to 10. Ascend what's in the profile. Can you feel it, to the beat ya'll
Let the music play for the people
And if you're down to rock, whether you're ready or not
Yo, guess who's back with the sequel
Oh yeah! Just do it
Oh yeah! Just do it Now, in the beginning the light that shined so bright
Within the city of my mindscape night
Listening, glistening the moon reflecting the sun
Making me one with the music.
Oh, get low, get bold, get hold
Just look for black gold
Yes I'm in the house but I never ever sold
Rhyme black vinyl, 20 years old
With the mic in my hand, ringin' alarm
Singin' the song, bringing the calm to dramas so hard
To much info, been so instrumental, potential, exponential
My DJ's cuts are presidential
Yo Jazz, let the rhythm hit 'em

I woke up to make the main cut, to face the pain
What does space contain? Love
It's the heat-seeker, packin' the speaker to beat the sleep preacher
It was written: the sequel Can you feel it, to the beat ya'll
Let the music play for the people
And if you're down to rock, whether you're ready or not
Yo, guess who's back with the sequel
Oh ya, just do it
Oh ya, just do it Now the world is yours. Oh yes, the world is ours
But we're casting stones from afar
We're like people driving in our cars
On lost highway mileage

Songwriters

BROWN, JAMES / BRERETON, KEVIN DERON / HALL, NATHANIEL PHILLIP / SMALL, MICHAEL /
BOXLEY, JAMES HENRY III / SADLER, ERIC / RIDENHOUR, CARLTON / GAHUNIA, JASPER

JAMES Published by

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