

# Shadrach

## The Gospel Proclaimers

Riddle me this my brother, can you handle it?  
Your style to my style, you can't hold a candle to it  
Equinox symmetry and the balance is right  
Smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night  
It's not how you play the game, it's how you win it  
I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic  
For those about to rock we salute you  
The dirty thoughts for dirty minds we contribute to  
I once was lost but now I'm found  
The music washes over and you're one with the sound  
Well, who shall inherit the earth? The meek shall  
And yo, I think I'm starting to peak now, Al  
And then the man upstairs, well I hope that he cares  
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire  
We're just three MC's and we're on the go  
Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago  
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Only twenty four hours in a day  
Only twelve notes well a man can play  
Music for all, and not just one people  
And now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope sequel  
More Adidas sneakers than a plumber's got pliers  
Got more suitst than Jacoby and Meyers  
If not for my vices and my bugged out desires  
My year would be good just like Goodyear's tires  
So I'm out pickin' pockets at the atlantic antic  
And nobody wants to hear you 'cause your rhymes are damn frantic  
I mix business with pleasure way too much  
You know wine, and women, and song, and such  
I don't get blue, I gotta mean red streak  
You don't pay the band, your friends, yo that's weak  
Get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo  
Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago  
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Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago  
Steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks  
Giving to the poor and I always give thanks  
Beuase I got more stories than JD's got Salinger  
I hold the title and you are the challenger  
I've got money like Charles Dickens  
I've got the girlies in the coup like the Colonel's got the chickens  
And I always go out dapper like the Harry S. Truman  
I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Neuman  
{I'm never gonna let them say that I don't love you}  
Well, my noggin  
is hoggin' all kinds of thoughts  
And Adam's yoggin is Yauch and he's rockin of course

Smoke the holy chalice, got my own religion  
Rally round the stage and check the funky dope musicians  
Like Jerry Lee Swaggert or Jerry Lee Falwell  
You like Mario Andretti 'cause he always drives his car well  
Vicious circle of reality since the day you were born  
And we love the hot butter, on what? The popcorn  
Sippin on wine and mackin'  
Rockin on the stage with all the hands clappin'  
Ride the wave of fate, it don't ride me holmes  
{Being very proud of being MCs} And the man upstairs I hope that he cares  
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire  
Amps and crossovers, under my rear hood  
Beucase the bass is bumpin from the back of my Fleetwood  
They tell us what to do? Hell no  
Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago  
Shadrach, Mesach, Abednago

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