## Mr. Majesty II

## **Bizzy Bone**

(Crowd cheering)[Mr. Majesty]

This is Mr. Majesty representin' on behalf of the 7th Sign Regime (Laughs)
(Yea, yea, yea, 7th Sign Regime representin')Thunderstorms when they mourn fallen angels
Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle

365 I'm live at every angle

Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangleEverybody knows 7th Sign got the hoes Everybody knows we divine wit' the flows

Shouldn't have to tell you when it rains wear your coat

It's thunderstoms because we mourn the dope[Mr. Majesty]

Manipulatin' metaphors I take full credit for

You can rest assured you'll never more suffer through flaw

You can steady toughen the law;

they'll be harder criminal brushin' the shores

Tuck in your jaw

If your confidence is lower, minus lead blower

sinus flaired to the smallest odor

Tried to get open but just a file folder

Next man style holder, weightless chest a tasteless death

I'm compound to be a sound souljah

On tracks compact, bolder abstract flava

Drift like the mist holdin' a black fist with right shoulder

Addition to the culture went fishin' with these vultures

Enlistment predicted to be held over

Hired wired cobras to work front desk, smoke

Dress the dress, pure moist no choice but to be less

His ploy to decoy the congress, skills

Too broke to pay homage

In a craft he shows his ass, in a trash conglomerate

Had your staff astonished precise math, most dominant

Switch[Mr. Majesty]

Enchanted romantic mechanics will banish

No talents damaged in fragments unbalanced and silenced

Stompin' the housing, crowdin' kids

That's pounding playgrounds and courts

Where small missiles went through

So often a sport on the wrong course trailing the horse

Raps biggest divorce needs figures

For me, my niggaz: weed, food, and cloth

When the greed mood falls off

The danger remainder is a hard rock slagged soft
Walked past slop almost crushed by a bus
Not lookin', in a rush, might have been a mascot for
I.H.O.P. as human slush, keep it lower than hush

The diploma for lust and slight comas

When I bust and then again works skins to heavy musk, everready cuts

Coincidentally is simply a mystery melody rushThunderstorms when they mourn fallen angels

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Percussion rushin', crushin' the sounds

The inner raggamuffin', got me bustin' them down

A nine milli really make a nigga worship the ground

Preparering kings, courtship is now

Ignite torch for sundown

Quiz of a ninja disguised as a stupid nigga

This biz will injure the unwise and traumatize offenders

White lies turn shades of gray like skies in November

At the brink of dismay

My eyes will never flicker

Herbs, got the nerve to pray when the city gets sicka punks

Intellectually drunk with butter flies in their liver

Have no ties to the beginning

Cold fries, but I've put in work for dessert and dinner, no perks

Incentive: soul search the whole earth extensive

Had a low chirp, slow birth in placenta

Incubated and escalated to contender

Pushin' through gush waitin' for air on mush

Now sexually molest ovaries, finessed

Locally approach me with respect and royalty - Majesty"And after this you'll call me Your Majesty"Motion sickness prevents the wickedness from overseas magnificence

No talents with instruments

But the choke-hold vocals compensate the difference Society full of menaces - abnormal residentsIt's like I'm floatin'

I think I'm floatin'

Got me open, I guess I'm floatin'
No jokin', I'm movin' as my words are spoken
A vibe in groovin', lightening movement
I feel so exclusive

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

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>