

# zealots

## This Beautiful Mess

One, two, I'm 'bout to set this off, like this  
Hip-hoppers, check it  
Another MC lose his life tonight, Lord  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?  
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, whoa  
I haunt MC's like Mephistopheles, bringin' swords of Damocles  
Secret Service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy  
Abstract raps simple with a street format  
Gaze into the sky and measure planets by parallax  
Check out the retrograde motion, kill the notion  
Of bitin' and recyclin' and callin' it your own creation  
I feel like Rockwell, 'Somebody's watching me'  
I got no privacy whether on land or at sea  
And for you bitin' zealots, your raps are cacophonous  
Hypocrite, critic but deep inside you wish you had the pop hit  
It hurts don't it, a ReFugee come to your turf  
And take over the earth  
See my rhymes, are the type of fly rhymes  
That can only get down with my crew  
And if you try to take lines or bite rhymes  
We'll show you how the ReFugees do  
Yeah, yeah behold, as my odes, manifold on your rhymes  
Two MC's can't occupy the same space at the same time  
It's against the laws of physics  
So weep as your, 'Sweet Dreams' break up like Eurythmics  
Rap rejects my tape deck, ejects projectile  
Whether Jew or gentile, I rank top percentile  
Many styles, more powerful than gamma rays  
My grammar pays, like Carlos Santana plays, 'Black Magic Woman'  
So while you fumin' I'm consumin' mango juice under Polaris  
You just embarrassed 'cause it's your, 'Last Tango in Paris'  
And even after all my logic and my theory  
I add a motherfucker so you ig'nant niggaz hear me  
  
Crew remember take notes, as I sow my rap oats  
And for you bitin' zealots, here's a quote  
Ay, another MC lose his life tonight, ohh  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?  
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, aiy

You can try but you can't divide the tribe  
These cats can't rap, Mr. Author I feel no Vibe, whatchu readin'?  
The magazine says the girl should have went solo  
The guys should stop rappin' vanish like Menudo  
Took it to the heart but every actor plays his part  
As long as someone was listenin', I knew it was a start  
For me to get my chance, grab my pen and revamp, bing  
Do a cameo while everybody do the dance  
Quick now 'cause you runnin' out of luck-a  
Playin' Mr. Big, 'I'm Gonna Get You Sucka'  
While you munchin' at your luncheon  
I'll be plannin' your assassination, bing  
Then hit you like The Dutchman  
I compress sound sets with my rap DBX  
Then drop vocals on my 456 Ampex  
Bring terror to the shop of horror  
As she cry, "Mi amor," the Phantom dies in the Opera  
And to the young'uns who carry gadgets  
And kill six days a week, then rest on the Sabbath, hold up, hold up  
Violence ain't necessary, unless you provoke me  
Then get buried like the great Mussolini  
And for you bitin' zealots, your rap styles are relics  
No matter who you, 'Damage', you're still a false, 'Prophet'  
Ay, another MC lose his life tonight, Lord  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?  
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, yeah

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