

# The Spark

## Staylefish

Yo, the feet that I walk with  
The ears that I hear with, the eyes that I see with  
The mouth that I talk with, the terror that I stalk with  
Now it's time to spark shit  
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Now it's time to spark shit  
Look God, I walk around a little edgy already  
Y'all MC's come into my face but my aim's steady  
Militant is skilled in most strategic plan  
I float across seas and breezed across land  
Standin in these thoughts of murder within  
The structure of this world that's corrupted with sin  
I'm always hittin to leave MC's guessin  
For any transgression in my perimeter  
There will be a blessing and your explicit intoxicated  
Buddha session to stop stressin  
Me with the madness puttin niggaz on my had list  
No sadness is felt, you shuffled and your cards get dealt  
Jim Carrey ass niggaz start to melt  
Impact like a buckle bein swung from off a belt  
Any help for shelter when in the realms of a welter  
My weight will tilt ya, hold alignments and change your filter  
My attitude a product of society  
So sometimes for gratitude you know you can't rely on me  
Niggaz eyein me with looks of the anxiety  
Wonderin what's in my heart, velocity or piety  
Yo, it depends on which one you bring to surface  
At times I get trife but what to worship is my purpose  
Malik B blend with the tree to spot an enemy  
You cloggin me up cat, now vacant the vicinity  
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I'm symbolic to a ballot, it's Abdul Malik  
Don't approach with bullshit, I'm quick to call it invalid  
Route through your district, we keep it simplistic  
No need for the rapper to talk, put it on halt  
Show me the vault or the safe, 'cause I'm on the paper chase  
Wade through route states for bout thirty down my waist  
I'm tryin to get it these rain bottlin thoughts become acidic  
With one in the chamber, ready to aim and spit it  
A girlfriend and team made nigga cash just splintered  
I take what you got to give, 'cause I got to live  
The last hour, I bet your ass whack shower  
Might act up, but I still can pass down  
I'm usin new ways to try to reach these better days  
Instead of tryin to take you under I just make you wonder  
I still fast, make salad, and pay zakaat  
I didn't make Haj yet, but that's my next project  
Livin two lives, one of turn and one with true lies  
Keepin a hoe, knowin these hands into my dua's  
In the quarters livin modest with my nigga Trotter  
I circle my foes, like tawaf around the ka'ba  
I used to live life, like there was no manana  
Now I'm treatin every breath, like it was your honor  
I'm Mill-itill-itant with the Fifth that stand firm  
like a pillar, I'm I and T L like Manilla  
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This is what it's all about  
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This is what it's all about

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