

Now for the record, I'ma professional
Making my word known, dropping over the metronome
Hopping over the norm to the rank of the Prose
Taking you on a journey to where civilization arose
The nine principles of Hieroglyphics lore exist to be
Those that added a twist to hip hop history
Excelling that swelling at a rate
You can't hold back, might as well collaborate
And make it better forever and never ceasin'
At least, I'm gonna do what I want to do
And get my piece of the pie
This Hieroglyphic high priest speaks from my third eye
Never learned nothing from Greece
It's easy to bit and steal
But once you come amongst those with heightened skill
You get frightened
Mics and the likes of me
Create ice in the hearts of the average MC
And with my counterparts
My thoughts are massed to the juggernaut force
You better not horse around with, come and get drowned
In the rhythm I found
And stuck wit it through the thick and thin
While some just withered away
I'm in this for permanent prominence
Turning it out, my presence is ominous
Blessed in my destiny rest in each
Syllable and the particular way it dress the beat