

The blood scene followed by catch up  
Peep the cinematography  
A chopped up body found in the dry, spin it  
Now who gone clean this mess up?  
I'm from the school of ninjas  
I free the crime scene in five seconds  
Flash of a shadow, designed methods  
The fine essence, divine blessings  
Mind the tech, might've been fine  
Tomb skilled fountain in the gloom tooth  
The womb tail ran from the temple at 22  
Memorize the manual, warning for death  
I'm throwing stars at you putas  
For trying to corner me up in the juice bar  
That's your head plus an arm and a leg  
It's back to the future for bread  
I'm on the spot hustling meds  
FedEx fair envelopes with the black dust in it  
Meaning we coming to kill you when you can trust in it  
Too many bodies for estimates, my goons is with it  
You appear regular like city pedestrians  
Honor to scroll, minus what it sells or what is sold  
From the creators of rock and roll  
The DNA was locked and load  
Toxic bones, watch us getting it popping with poems  
We're not allowed mouth strapping their tones

I heard my ahki say he God Body while we drinking hard body  
Made me thinking about God's physical, kinda odd, probably  
Christians say body of Christ  
Hindus think each cast is a limb, Buddha's reincarnate every life  
Me, I'm just Bacardi and Sprite  
But if the creator got an anatomy of somewhere holding the mic  
His skeleton in every creed color and nation  
Defeat Mohammad, Jesus and Abraham, cause that's the foundation  
Martin Luther King, Gandhi and Dalai Lama the heart  
Bob Marley the lungs where the herb got sparked  
Red blood cells is Damu and Piru  
Crips the veins, cause your body and pump blue  
The muscles must have Malcolm, Hannibal and Nat Turner  
Che Guevara MC's that are holding that burner  
And neck turn your attention to 12 ribs on each side  
So we must have 12 great women who changed lives  
Like Mother Teresa, Mary Magdalene and Nefertiti  
Harriet Tubman, Anne Frank, Marie Curie  
Gloria Steinem, Sojourner Truth, Rosa Parks  
Oprah probably did too, arguing with Joan of Arc  
Marcus Garvey and Dubois - good thoughts in the brain  
With Obama with ideas for real change  
And everybody got a place to fit  
Cheney an asshole, which makes George Bush a piece of shit

I'm stepping raising, no stepping fetching  
Pervade it truth 'till you get it  
Then work it 'til the code is embedded  
Program the letters like I'm working for Microsoft  
My micro hard, these cold written rhymes by God

Contemplate it like I'm John Austin walking a yard  
Trying to balance to these being recorded and my tablets  
Despite my transgressions at life I'm still at it  
At least I'm not dead on the streets, a crack addict  
Searching for salvation inside of a strange nation  
Where niggers'd shoot each other than warn you about a motion  
Rather live on the run and have to face incarceration  
Fuck them crackers 'till they suffer from sense of deprivation