

Ras Kass F/ Curtis Daniels**"Secrets of the Sand"**

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(Chorus)

Givin' the secrets, secrets of the sand
Secrets of the sand, secrets of the sand
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Secrets of the sand, secrets of the sand

(Main-Flo _Verse one)

I got steps to fly this
And chock moves for your epiglottis
Heavens most modest, plans for the seventh Goddess
Rebuliding land where sands hottest
The oddest Yorks and Scottish
They posin' like they know who God is
My brethen sharp like sketches of art
And I bet you we spark
Like a matchbook, weaponry smart
Thought beams, assault teams
Definetly dark
Money and drugs
Cops and crooks, seperately parked
Ill like nine with bodies on it
That nigga that Gotti wanted
Thought he was cheesed up
But probably fronted
Properly stunted meet at the summit
Rest the stomach, assembled campfire style
Burnin' brand new hundreds
Fully obsessed though metal head like Destro
He played the vest low, club of Rome from get go
Columbia trained to hit Flo
Road scholar calypso, that gold collar with info
Into the jollies of baggin' niggas
For doing collie, selling clues to Charlie
Stepping out in Bruno Magli
Tia Quan and Judo hobbies
Witness say they knew the bodies
About to mob me
Spiritually my moves are godly
In his likeness
No way they souls can fight this
Physically righteous cobrs clutched qith tight fist

Night of the living crisis, I know who Christ is
Format your God's liscence with science mic chips
Electric life seed growing roots at light speed
Engulf nice weed thoguhts hemorrhage 'til mics bleed
Two hundred twenty fifth strike theme, alright team
Let's pull together like Nike strings United Kings

(Chorus)

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(Donte_Verse one)

I'm a sand storm takin' human form
A crown of thorns swarmed on my peeps first born
My mere flowin' keeps going
Heat seek sea borne, so forever be warned!
Or forever be mourned
I'm cleverly armed with God as a heavenly charm
So hope the weather be warm
I'm cold, behold Donte, the ancient, the old
Threw my sand in the fire and I came out gold
Bold man at the gate with my hand in the lake
The other full-o-sand, stranded on a land-o-hate
Wet and dry, Man its so hard getting by
People don't wanna try, they just sittin' gettin' high
In front of the crystal ball watching Bill Clinton lie
A well-respected guy, I peeped him with my naked eye
My fate ain't confined under space and time
The earth belongs to God, he said "Vengence is mine!"
My effect is bright, I just bless the mic
Lived right failed to die and got an "F" in life
We done fail and we rose, Went to hell and we froze
We in our own purgatory and the heavens is closed
Wanna battle the Probe? man we travel the globe
Steppin' out shadows blowed
Unravelling codes at the speed of light
I could read and write
And open doors to death with the keys to life

(Chorus)

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