

Shell

"Time & Space"

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[Intro: Frukwan]

Yeah, check it, yo
'Kwan Sun Star, peace to the Gods
Yo, check it, yo

[Chorus 2X: Frukwan]

Caught up in the mixture of time and space
So you better think twice 'fore you loose your place
Cause first your here, then your gone
Some will carry on, I use a fourth back in the pack

[Frukwan]

Lovin' it, creep, blaze wild fires
Mentally complete, I never will retire
I amputate the rep, of you phony cadetes
Roll block and cage melons, I smash your melon
Off top enemy, force blunt dramas
Brothers know the penalty, disrespect the drama
If you ain't a MC, then don't present
By the way, you got a minute for a single fate
I stand root and sort, this be food for thought
And compare it to my stuff, and you still ain't sayin'
nothin'
You want a thick link, I wear a barbed wire clink on my
frame
Look inside my eyes, see my pain
I still struggle, cause ain't nothin' realer then that
Everything that I feel, touch, taste is black
Respect to the street hoodies, I drop boulders
For my up and coming wild young soldiers

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

I spit a tea spoon of tricks, cardiac elixer
Quick to smell the fan, a funnel of a twister
Ching high spy's, black supplies
No matter what the plan, I'm the last to stand
Peep the text work of a expert, stalk the jungle
Black street mongle, lyrics yet to fumble
Arch nemesis, sinister guiness

Performin' on a crowd like a root canal
My metaphor preys on regul' laws like predators
Weak don't stand a chance, and spread terror like
Manson
Pluck brothers from air ducts and such
Trigger the sea fort parts over the war
Brothers left stripped, I'm there garment, crack your
valve
Yeah nigga, thats how I get down
So if you still want a piece, I got more to release
By the gallon, knockin niggas off balance, yo

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

Critical my frame, all points the same
First line in defense, Frukwan's my name
The MC, fuck bein' a rapper
I master concept, thoughts and objects
The original Lex Luth', givin' brothers bumps and
bruise
On brothers that feel they got nothin' to lose
Step to me, I let loose like a untamed bear
I grip and chew, never loosen my grip
Skinned tissue was aparant
I leave lyrical abrasions, and altercations
Any man under the meat, is lesser
Nigga what you think, don't mean a God damn thing
under pressure
And I'mma see to it, and change the text
Open brothers up wide, put a hole in your chest
My click love to hurt, love to do work
Any thing I need done, I just say the word
From my caboose go deep, 36 with night vision
Recruit my troops, under hazardous condition
Incognito, throw them up like torpedos
And send them on they way, yo

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Frukwan]

Yo, check it
Ya'll better straighten up and fly right, boy
With the possession, and the power, to control the
entire globe
Through hip-hop, yo
I feed on compass like any music existed in history
Yo, it's no mystery

