

Siah and Yeshua Dapo ED

"No Soles' Dopest Opus"

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Soul brother's on this scene now...gon' really do a COOL one for ya.

Siah:

Archery through parched lips I aim rhymes that maim mimes

The verbal darts I rip (rip) your heart skips (skip) a beat grip your seat

And you can dip your feet in the clear blue here to

Defrost your rear view if you're lost then I can steer you

To where I travel it's always upon the gravel

Cause slaves walk the paved and everybody got a gavel

I could rouse a rabble, but never dabble in that babblin sport

Form a flock, I bring the fodder for your thought

And in the meelee I stay (cool) like icicle licks

The baby Pele here to hit you with them tricycle kicks

Rhymes are tight like vice grips with mic tools, the fools manifest

Jewels to get you high like swimmin in the cesspool

And when you starve I carve a rhyme like a pumpkin

And in the caverns of my soul I go spelunkin

So now you're sunk in the flow, it's mad pure and

MCs who lack the knack are even samplin my urine

Rhymes who emanate from this Yeminite lights

Like a torch I disseminated thoughts in flights

To ignite the four corners of the Earth plus the last world birth

From the sand, now my turf need the astro, I

(leave no footprints in the sands of time

so these wack MCs can't follow me)

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road

Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit

I explain shit, all you need to pay's attention

Four dimensional, I call it verbal intervention

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road

Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit

Po ED explain shit, all you need to pay's attention

Four dimensional, he call it verbal intervention

Yeshua:

Keep close, look to peep the roads took since tracks
are not left evident
To prevent duplicate footprints
Sprints on the main speed remain lame, spannin only A
to B
For me, A to T's the way to be, oh M
Before, then, and after reckon they come to second
Be very fast to analyze lines divided
By the rhyme crafter, I have to, define my kicks
While kids be wack, ridin piggyback droppin lint
In hip hop I'm, wishing kids drop bombs, jewels
And next shit, they best shit cool and only a batch do
So I can pick it up and throw it right back at you
Rhymes hash through, catch too to, match you
View who invite bliss, despite kids
Who force me to write this, sum it up like this
Buffoons, are hot air balloons, find themselves with
wealth
Consumin plumes on the moon, spewin lagoons
Now blooms, assumin, cats, on a tune in
Gladly catch due and sadly that' rulin
Hip hop as I know it, it stops with the PoED
Not only plant seeds but take time when I grow it
So in, the feast the need for weed whackin seems
rappers
Come a dime a dozen, empty minded, they find it's
easy
Sayin nothin when they shit drop, the remedy we be
Formin only original lyrics and shit bit
Hip Hop
(You know I leave no footprints on the sands of time
So these wack MCs can't follow me)

Siah:

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit
We Be explain shit, formulatin a solution
Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution
Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit
To be free, explain shit, formulatin a solution
Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution

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