

Soul Kid Klik

"U-N-I Verse"

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[Intro: Weldon Irvine sample] Does anyone know who Diogenes was? Diogenes was the dude who was walking all over the earth Looking for an honest man, and he walked a long time... he did alot of walking... [Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] I'm caught up in this hell called life A poltergeist in the dark tunnel, yearning for the light I'm trapped confined, in the prison of space and time Traveling, through the narrow maze of my mind Looking for a way out to escape from within Made of sin, the outerworld be a dead end A treacherous road, laced with charlatans Disguised in a variety of pigmented skin Pushing ghetto dreams, fictitious realities The hustler's theme, feeding material fiends Obsessive needs, to consume, worldly things The infiltration of these forces, leave the righteous to scheme Capitalizing on the poverty, niggas live and breath Like the clergy, collecting loot to deceive The unaware, baptized in a cess pool of lies In this land of homicide, blind leading the blind So-called civilized, self appointed the Wise Supreme Divine, calling others 85 Those with open eyes, can Knowledge the signs The Mathematics of Today, got man in decline [Weldon Irvine sample] You are looking at an honest man, if he had lived in my day He could have walked over to my house.... (laughter) [Chorus: Infamous Mr. Savage (Goodfella Mike G.)] This hell called earth, trapped from birth to the herse The way it looks now, it seems man is cursed (So hope for the best, and expect the worse The end is near, in this U-N-I Verse) [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] I represent the dead, I was once alive but ran out of time But still punched through, today, to say one last rhyme Time is of the essence so now I manifest my lessons Fuck what you wear, hard rocks beware, the end is near You try to replace fear, with gear, whips and bangles You'll only tighten up the loose, for the new world to strangle From every angle, your circumfrence will be evil Unless you're funding revolution, it's no contribution Down with the institution, and it's a crying fucking shame Life will never be the same, in it's your ass to blame If you're not with the solution, then you're part of the problem But I be known

to solve 'em, and four-fifth, revolve 'em Gangsters live
paranoid, in your fortress, packing tools In times of
insurrection, you'll all be looted for your fucking jewels
Soul crucified for all your crimes against mankind But
we move on, leavin' your spirit frozen in time! [Weldon
Irvine sample] I messed up fellas and I am terrible
sorry But I would never cast aepersions on your
ineptitude If I in fact, was the culprit...(laughter)
[Chorus 2X]

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