

X-Clan

"Voodoo - Quazedelic, RBX, X-Clan"

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VooDoo

(RBX)

Ahhhhh....Vanglorious!

This is protected by the red, the black, and the green

With a key....Sissieeeeeee!

(Brother J)

Voodoo they thumpin to my magic

too black too strong I sing songs of mathematics

Voodoo they callin for the magic

give the people what they want and commence to skull
snappin

Yea

Crossroad walker, roots man villa

got my mic beam sliced on that Mega Godzilla (G.O.D.)

Sam Snead, Rude Boy, Masta Killa

my cup spillleth over so I cleanse dirty (unknown)

rebel milk churner my hydroglycerin cream sets off in
two burners

broadcast while at Ted Turner's

networks observe vocal dramas

from pimps to the lamas I serve like Benihana's

skull snappa-dada J Supreme Aba

my Sun the Joshua earth seed Black Madonna

very big bang evolution God ethics

told jewels as gold one path through mathematics

the conscious terrorist warfare kinetics

extreme level phonics (forwarned) granted it's hectic

deadline for fools think twice before you said it

first steps a doosey no hell your drop is endless.....

(RBX)

Ahhhhh

To the east backwards

and it won't stop, can't and will not stop....Forward

(Quazedelic)

Oooh, come on round to the livest sound funkin'

lessons will begin

you got the Grand Verbalizer spittin the tone, X-Clan
son it's on again

(Brother J)

Now what they hollerin bout?
Voodoo they thumpin to my magic
too black too strong I sing songs of mathematics
Voodoo they callin for the magic
give the people what they want and commence to skull
snappin

Shaman of street knowledge the art of survival's my
recipe
my roots be harmonious therapy (Uh huh)
kiddin they ready be ready for X-Clan
we cipher like 720, we cycle the life's span
we evolve and expand the blood race and land
and brother's who connection we live free in the land
we spark the God man arm ligga-ligga (ahhhhhh)
we doin it true too and we measure beyond bars
the seat to the east is empty
distracted by terror and the sacrifice for war is plenty
much death goin down and pending
we stop payin dues in the streets like thuggery is the
ending

(Quazadelic)

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lessons will begin
you got the Grand Verbalizer spittin the tone, X-Clan
son it's on again

(Brother J)

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Voodoo they callin for the magic
give the people what they want and commence to skull
snappin

Voodoo they shakin to my lines
reflect to my roots and build a whole new design
and when they say hip hop they don't expect civilized
to manifest with content and specialized rides
and you know how we do when we servin that black
indigenous funk way before that Sugar Hill rap, head
crack
son let these mortals adapt to the irresistible rhythm of
my voodoo style raps

Builders, ballers, new jacks, vets

the funk of the acquired is controlling the set
the crossroads cipher will replenish the X
and if ya frontin on the Clan son protect ya neck, come
on

(Quazadelic)

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(RBX)

From Professor X to the Narrator X
you cannot cross ot the X, the X-Clan
and my name is Kunta Kinte, not Tobey
Sissieeeeeeeee!

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