

Two Kind

"Death be the Penalty"

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Intro:

Yeah

The once lost, disciples -- now found
Bound, together, forever

Verse One:

As I embellish, mentally I nourish
Resuscitate a mindstate that has perished, you shall inherit
his blood I require back, to Earth
we rise out of spiritual darkness, six thousand year curse
The lost disciples, bound, to the midst of the
bottomless pit, trapped behind the gates of the wicked wilderness
I hear the sound of the trumpets, blowing across the heavens
It's calm -- prepare, for the storm, of the seven
Shabazz, the Disciple, the holy, exalter
Condemning those, who sacrificin, babies on the altar
I hear the cries of innocent black babies who are aborted
and unmercifully slaughtered
Loud screams echo, skulls of angry slaves
turning over in their graves
The white sheets are like white flags, you need to wave it
To the soldier, of the Lord, the warrior King David
I come to kill and crucify, those who trick and lie
In the eyes, of the most, high
The pale-face, devil race, caucasoid germ
Grafted, from original, black man's sperm
Thin-blooded weak, grafted-brain punk
Your power's a third of mine, you drunk funky skunk
How dare you use Jesus name to shell your filthy religion
My tongue be the sword, to slash you with precision
The justice system is his, the court'll only acquit him
And eighty-five percent of y'all are going to hell with

him

The walls of hell, are closing in, disciples, we rose
again

the Sunz of Man, chosen men

Like lightning, striking, from the East

The Holy Psychiatrist, 4th Disciple, and Killah Priest

Unlimited volts, of energy, striking, the enemy

The righteous vicinity, death be the penalty

Chorus:

So come on and swing it low, sweet chariot

Pick up your righteous load, and yo then carry it

To a new home, and i-dentity

For my people, death'll be the penalty

Uhh, and for my folks I mad a-love

Keep your eyes on the prize and you'll rise above

And yo Shabazz, make sure you sing it loud enough

Peacein out to the righteous stay rugged and rough

And y'all get on down, come on now get on down

Swing it low sweet chariot... get on down

Come on now get on down, swing it low sweet chariot

Interlude:

Lawd, I'm in this culture

The microphone and I'm joinin

Sharpen your sword, we must be aware

Them trick knowledge, they use to de-ce-ive us

You've been plagued with the mental di-se-as-es

You worship false portraits of Je-eh-s-us

The grafted image, of worshipping Ce-as-ea-r

Verse Two:

I hear the snap of my great great grandfather's neck
in a noose, hangin from a fuckin tree whipped-in
mentally

abused, visions of great great cousins

Runnin across the field, unarmed

Ran down, and killed

I be the star to dispel the darkness

Cast upon your soul by inhabitants of Mount Caucus

Who praise the dead, and not the true and living

Killed Jesus and said, that he died for their religion

Chorus

Swing it low now

Swing it low now (sweet chariot)

Swing it low now (sweet chariot)

Swing it low not (sweet chariot)
Pick up the righteous load and yo carry it

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