

Zion I F/ The Grouch

"Silly Puddy"

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Zion I intro:

Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.

Gimme what I need gimme what I

need. Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.

[Zion I]

Dear Lord you show me the best of times

You show me the worst of time

Confusion all over my mind but still I be bustin' rhymes

And I fight for what I want, but I die for what I need

And I watch my people bleed while vultures steady
feed

We proceed with the mic bless

Crashin' in your likeness

More deadlier than vipers

Lyric spirit snipers

Ignite us

We'll be candles in the dark

Solid like Noah's Ark

I was destined for this part

In the scheme of thangs

We kings and queens eatin' chicken wings

But greasy finger tips can't hold the cepters so it slips

Now who's equip to come up on a grip

Abraver with Fraiser Lee I wait for the response

And I'm locked and loaded missiles ready set to launch

Eliminated comp-ation they gettin' bombed in the
trunk

Cause we keep 'em chunk in the trunk

They gettin' bumped in the trunk

[The Grouch]

What can I learn from living life?

What can you learn from what I write?

I study till my lungs are bloody to him I'm just some

Silly Puddy

Who created me to play with, she to lay with, us to bust

So I spend my day programming what...sounds?

Cosmo bound to rap into the break of dawn

so they can hear and know it's on

If the flow is strong it's smart
If it's stupid it's not art
Marks are made so many ways
You can spin the tires, blaze a sack for everybody
dazed
A chapter is what you're after

[Hook]

Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To help them trace my tracks
Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To stand and face the facts
Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To lead them not astray
Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need
Grouch: To say what I got to say

[Grouch]

Now you can faze me with your laughter your smiles or
your pain
I feel your trials when I'm down and out or winning at
the game
No one to claim Creator yet the masses are perplexed
Cause by life we're so impressed, we all wish we had a
next
And that's no matter how much I complain
Really couldn't place no blame
I'll just refrain try stayin' sane and hope you watch your
aim
I scope and got the flame
To make and knock and sock the same
Got to use the brain
So I can lose the chain

[Zion I]

See Grouch you my guru leader
So I don't need to pack no heater
Like syrup you make this sweeter
This ballad is beemer teeter
I'm tryin' to find myself
Look at reflections of everyone else
Some of y'all might find that funny but do not know
your wealth
You make the world turn
You make the fire burn
You make the wind breeze
The sinner fall to his knees
Now that's some powerful
And I speak my words truthfully
As far as I know
Yo we all got some of God's duty

Hook

[Zion I]

Let me crack my seventh seal don't rush
Microphone's gotta get crush
I thrush with the force of a rocket buster
This ain't what you're use to
Now we gonna fly high singin this song la la la
If you don't believe in yourself you best to try
Ain't nobody said this life is easy
Everything a test
Is you gonna do your best?
Hide in the cone of flesh?
You got to stay fresh
Cause if you stop you stagnated
Stale thoughts of lack will put you in a jail
Believe I can and I will
Set these rhymes to sail
But will what I really feel pay the bill shit is ill
I stare off in the distance
Rhymin' with persistence
Cause rhymin' is a mission
Will anybody listen?

[The Grouch]

Now if you put me through any time of need
I'm sure I'll call for help indeed
Daily I stay silent, thinking thoughts at lightening speed
Heightened by the feedback and forth reciprocation
Situation rather unexplained I remain relations
In laymens it's a vibe I felt
De ja' vu inside myself
I speak it verbally
Made sure all them fools have heard of me
Believe I'm well connected
Not a prophet who's been resurrected
Trust and I expect it
When I bust it's higher effects to match your specs
Of my blue prints and the true sense of these words
God he lives within, all of this he's heard
Every word (every word)

Hook

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