

## **Cope Cecil R**

### **"False Things Must Perish"**

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[Intro: Frukwan]

Hahaha! Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Yeah, yo, check it, check it, one-two  
Gravediggaz, yo, yo, yo, yo  
We on ya ass, watch the happ's of the gun blast

[Chorus: Poetic]

False Things Must Perish (x4)

[Frukwan]

Yo, yo, yo  
Judas, Xavier, Sampson, Goliath  
Now and nowadays, Gatekeep', livin' Messiah  
Porphecize, historically, the wise category  
Superiority in the game, explain my story  
Dopeful lavish, they're doin' that like a savage  
Concentrate, basin' my inner faith and pushin' karats  
Rappin' the average, speakin' on riches  
Teachin' that all of mankind is actin' dumb, deaf and blind  
Beatin' with stripes, worshippin' the glitter of lights  
Callin' the Twilight Zone, 'pendin' on cellular phones  
Batteries low, got no dough, what's facin' you?  
Sportin' ya jewels, and twenty-seven niggas chasin' you  
Ultimate blast, constantly repeatin' a path  
In an attempt to represent, our class be exec.  
To get higher, for what you desire  
Yo nigga, yo' blood shall be required  
Give it here..

[Chorus]

[Poetic]

Yo, yo, yo  
Fix ya face, y'all know the tricks of the trade  
Trade ya six for the eight, spit the case  
Face fire and escape on tracks, raise the facts  
I annihi-late the wack, I'm tired of these fakes on wax  
We all wanna shine but we all don't seem to have the mind  
To design schemes that align teams, just a crime

scene of blind teens  
In the rap kingdom, where cats keep  
bling-a-ling-a-lingin'  
And it's fine, I love it when the black man shines  
Bringin' hope to the habitat where fiends do dope,  
snort coke  
And carry battleaxes, players rock Cadillacs, hunched  
in their seat  
Pumpin' the beat when stompin' the street, they come  
with the heat  
Cuz flamboyant niggas get punched in the teeth  
When they front in the beat, but who brings relief  
For the average nine-to-five cat carry his grief?

[Chorus]

[Prodical]

Brook-nam, grace and charm, stay calm but chron's hit  
Lebanon  
Black man but ortho' green Leprechaun from Lexington  
Don't disrespect Sunn, I crack ya face with the gun  
Smack ya taste outta ya dunn, look at ya fam on the run  
Now y'all respect Sunn, shine all type direction  
Right connection with the right perfections, recite a  
lesson  
But my weapon reign automatic projection  
Blow out ya reception, hose through ya reflection  
Solid gold complexion, stay swoll to perfection  
Did a fifteen, me and my team, supreme legends  
Twenty-one-two, still gettin' money with the Wu  
Up in the Cayman Islands, bitches sweeter than honey  
dew  
And I made moves, paid dues and slayed crews  
Y'all niggas fakin' jacks on tracks, look out for the steel  
bat  
I live it real black, ill with my format, my war tac's  
Worth divine, alphabetically spilt

[Chorus]

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