

Cuddy Jim

"Miles to the Sun"

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Chorus:

I don't know what you've been told
but when we rippin the mic taking total control
just heed, pay attention, read, the inscription
our definition is the shit when we rock
we got, 93 million 5 thousand flows
and heres one more

Opio:

yeah I burn a gremlin escape on yo tape
intricate like a diagram of the universe
they cant devastate, levitate, featherweight
rappers who got separation anxiety
that's why they try to be just like the "H" to the third eye
"RO"

..word

Tajai:

a nigga liable to flip
make your pulse skip
wide eyed surprised
so shocking when we choppin choking talking
for profit avoiding rocking stocking mass robbin
and voided got you like we imported put please..

Pep Love:

Don't get it distorted
Just flashin and the music and absorb it
hieroglyphics crew into orbit
we gotta motivate
elevate through the sky
hell if it aint a big surprise
how we dematerialize
then reappear in front of your eyes
you reach out but its light years away

Opio:

back again with the reincarnation
the awakening
you making green but you aint causing storms in the

underground
fuck around get wiped cleaned from the slate and
wonder how
now you miles from the sun
paranoia and you carry a gun
scared to death on the run

Tajai:
with no destination
and no nutts with no hesitation
the bonus bestowed beckoning those who know us
to get the checking and oppose the owners respecting
its affecting the music we grown upon
and that's sho enough
so enough and shined up
sidewinders is sewn up your times up

Pep Love:
Mine's just beginning and im intending to infinitely
exist like this
taking it to another dimension
discovering i got style with a twist consistently
distant from the brother uttering other nonsenses
we gotta keep ya braincells fluttering

I don't know what you've been told
but this will unfold again the distance
and heed, pay attention, read the inscription
we giving the night the day, how many miles away?

93 million 5 thousand flows and heres one more X3

hieroglyphics...

Tajai:
At centigrade we blaze the strats
we suddenly combust spontaneous
till niggas need a bomb shelter
when i unveil the microphone
tapping your spine like your doctor
break water
the kinetic poetic lyrical archer with phonetic
marksmanship
splittin moving targets apart with
aero dynamic rhymes from the barrel leaving your mic
sterile
paralyze while i send you muppets
by the quintuplets with your tuxedos and cufflinks
bustin mabeline, get rushed disablin me to rock the
show
is not an option so

it just don't stop

Pep Love:

listen my mind tunes releasing toxic fumes
developing each track each line consumes
sucka emcees in a feeding frenzy
you ducks are in season
up against me
the immanent threat veteran
that set trends
getting intimate with yo bitch feminine itch
style that are not appreciated on this side
im all in it like a tick for blood
when i collide to the top
its heavier than a riptide
i demolish the arena when obscene
obscene things are done
than after i rat a tat tat
so Swiss cheese emcees i burn them with rap degrees

I don't know what you've been told
but when the beat proceeds you need to keep close
and heed, pay attention, read, the inscription
we living this life to stay, they're many miles away

I don't know what you've been told
but when we rippin the mic taking total control
just heed, pay attention, read, the inscription
our definition is the shit when we rock
we got,

93 million 5 thousand flows and heres one more X3

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