

411**"A.D.A.M"**Visit "[A.D.A.M](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Professor X]

Come diddy-dum!

Welcome to this archaeological find!

At the road, witness me

Before the coming of the Sun;

Peeking at you from the Eastern side of Plutonia

Dressed in armor of Order, to meet destiny with a
strong Black gripTen hun-zu, see you in from the Zero, take 'em to the
threeStand firm at the five; here's a star and a shield to
support you

At the nine!

[Brother J]

It's like A - D - A - M

Prepare your mind, run tell your children

Fire, air, water, let the Earth make flesh

Now see from the Father, how funky can you get?

Now my activity is cosmi-tivity

Immortal is my soul, my God, my reality

I'm not measured by tradition, or any type of 'ligion,
huh

Not even cosmic dimensions and such

But many fools, they try to post a duel

Try to post a front but they know it ain't cool, yeah

Boy, my mind goes back to things, just like the cosmic
battle

When sword was my rattle

Shield was my bib, and sarcophagi my crib

Not measured by my words, but the deeds that I did for
God

Illogical god, I was created and formed

Verbal shogun, yes, the cosmic storm

Who? Scrolls to lyrics to bust

I roll 'em up with the papyrus, funk sealed, in God we
trust

I laid it down from circumference to dry space

And now I'm back again, quite lyrical, to kick my bass

Energized by another plane

By logical fanatics, when trying to examine my brain

They can't beat me, so they try to eat me!
They can't keep me, so they try to freak me
Positive sin, again and again, degrees in a spin
Verbs all your silly mortal g-g-grin
Make you feel you could drown in some godly waters
Take control of your body like the farmer's daughter
And as you beg for control, what's the reason? What's
the reason?
Yo, I am son of the Chaos so my brothers call me
Cosmic
Teh-hun-zu for tribal, Brother J when trying to rock it
Six-foot black boot god in the suit of the warrior
So now I'm taller 'n 'ya, check'n me out
A - D - A - M
Prepare your mind, run, tell your children
Fire, air, water, let the Earth make flesh
Now see from the Father, now how funky can you
Get get get get get down, the rhythm must come to
such
When it's time to bust, and all the mortals lay crushed...
Dark sun will get darker
'Cause I existed in the valley of the Father
I got whooped by my mate
'Cause the fruit had a taste
Of the curse that served as a marker
Now here we go, to deal, with all the little "-isms"
To define me in simple "-ologies," Hell no!
On with the flow, here we go, sickamo'
Let us slip on back into the Blackwards row
Niggas didn't catch it anyway
They pat me on the back, talkin' 'bout "Yeah, J"
Well yeah, right
East I flow, East I go
Cover both your eyes, and what do you know?
What do you see? How does it be?
Is it circumference, or what's up, G?
It's like that on the break, with a verbal milkshake
And a godly vainglorious break

[Professor X]

You shall be moved, logical one!
After a clear pouncing with energy from the Sun
At my beckoning - you and your landmark built
Without the Zero pride
Shall crumble, stumble my way to might
[???] pretender - your time has come!

[Brother J]

I once walked the Heavens with Gabriel
Walked through the desert with Israel
Traveled onto Mecca with Ishmael

I'm crucified, resurrected - now ask how I feel
A - D that I AM, that I AM
From Father flesh to Father Solomon
From the pinky to the thumb 'pon my hand
Bring a other Caddy and a tribal j-j-j-jam
But yet I'm judged, leather prophet and all that
Still a pimp, with a crown and a Yankee hat
And yet they ask me, "Brother, what's the time?"
It's a African drum with some space-age rhymes, man
Yo not at all, I say it's sexual, infectual, delectable
I'm not a masturbating intellectual
And couldn't read it from a book because that bores
you all
So come to Umoja, Kujichagulia
Ujima, Ujamaa, and purpose stands for "Nia"
Kuumba, Imani, daughter named [?]Simani[?]
Came to the planet, Father [?]Afer[?] left his body
So leave the boy in the coffin within
Raise your head, let's the A to the D to the A to the M
This is the message from the Cosmic Storm
With the doubters and the judges, disbelievers be
warned!

[Professor X]
With a shield of David on the grill
And the has-been proudly adorned with the color pink
Bring on your G's, your Q's, your R's and your Alphas
It is time - Shalom! And ya don't stop -
Sisseeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.