

Bendik

"Ill Collabo"

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[Phantasm]

Phantasm the lyrical emperor, temptin y'all
With telepathic messages that I'm sendin y'all
Minds I reach through scripts, I preach like Jim Jones in
Guyana
Hurricanes through your brains like winds in Savannah
GA - Great Adventures without Six Flags
My heavenly melody causes mental zig-zags
Madness unfolds when I release scriptures and scrolls
Tall tales of goblins and trolls
Games of hoe-playin and soul-slayin
Powered from the staff of Lord like the hammer to Thor
Clothed in only a robe, is a rogue
A thief who steals for the chief, the Tall Man, the High
Priest
Imagine me and U.G. sipping from the ?Sea of
Gallallee?
To wash away vanity and keep our sanity
Humanity is unsafe
In this lost land beyond time and space

[Pharoahe Monch]

When I'm in a - cinematography state of mind
What I visualize will open the eyes of the blind
Pharoahe finds ways to make come anew
Some think crime pays, parlay and shrink
With one blink of the eye think of the guy
Who most personafies hip-hop
Shit, I'm synonymous with Jesus Christ
In other words, the words will last forever
Word, forver blessin the mic
With verbs you never heard
For any possible typical obstacle trap despicable
My topical raps remarkable, perhaps sparkin
A few pitiful ?????? to park in the back
And participatin (*clearing throat*) poetical education

[U.G.]

Aiyo, my layer floats on air atop the mountains
A sip from the mystic fountain gives me powers
To run on top of flowers across the meadows

With incredible speed that bursts the speedometer
Conquer kilometers with three monstres
The size of the Titanic, gigantic
Run, panic, run frantic
Run for your life, run your ice, run your watch
Run in spots and rock shit, apocalypse
No stoppin this, fuck poppin Cris
Non-stoppin piss on tracks, wombats
Son, I'm feelin this
UG, Phan, Pharoahe and Po, we be the illest
What

[Prince Poetry]

Strictly catastrophic verses that cast curses
The mass purchase a blast, the last enter the surface
Four semen swimmin in, careers that seems birthless
Not even achievin, you heathen, you're barely breathin
What is your purpose? What is the sense of competin?
You're just a Ringling Brother who runs with a circus
And it's only peanuts you're eating
I sing an attack, bringin it back
Po, quick to flip it like hustlers slingin the crack
These daily scriptures project pictures
Yo, I play the low like spy cameras hidden inside light
fixtures
I'm hot sex embedded inside the song
Mobb Deep from the back in that asscrack like a thong

[CHORUS: all (2X)]

Yo, it's the Phan to the -tasm (Prince to the Po)
Yeah, the U to the G (and the Monch Pharoahe)
The Ill Collabo will smack y'all, lyrically attack ya'll
Underground sound, we comin at y'all

[Pharoahe Monch]

Aiyo, I clap, frrr, clip
(*produces sounds of something flipping through the
air*) and backflip
Over walls, spot jewels and snatch shit
(*produces smacking sound*) smack niggas inside of
they Ac ??????
Pass the mic to Phan so he can smash these wack
niggas

[Phantasm]

Lyrical lessons, spiritual sessions and verbal blessings,
no escape from
Yes, the great one has come
Towns, poeple stand clear, Phan's near
Riding through the streets like Paul Revere on a
charriot's chair

[Prince Poetry]

Tommy Gun-Big Punnin these niggas, spit with vigor
Mamis love to move to the straight Henny swigger
Inspect your mental Deck, dig a hole in your neck
(*produces a smacking sound*) smack niggas like
Pharoahe said and put em in check

[U.G.]

Yeah, strictly menace, sippin Guinness and Henness'
When I'm finished scrimmage endless
Bend chicks from here to Venice
Vintage, sends kids with a sentence
Don't mention this, invention rips yo shhh...
Like El Niño wreck shit hectic
My prick's long like Tec clips
I'm the specialist, stop wettin this
Yo-yo-yo-yo, U-U-U-G-G-G e-ends with a echo
What

[CHORUS]

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