

## **Bravo All Stars**

### **"God Sound"**

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[ VERSE 1: Mondo ]

Now I can remember: way back in the winter, or  
September  
It was '93 when we got signed, music was destiny  
We'd flee the spot to Unique and made a hop with fat  
beats  
And soon ("Bi-ni-ni") the greatest summer jam hit the  
streets  
I was strapped with Nike Airs and Vex came through  
the door  
Had heads boppin a lot when the joint hit the floor  
Hit Canada to Florida, L.A. to the East  
We had heads in Japan shoutin "mark of the beast!"  
Now check the deuce release, we tell it like it is  
>From grown mens to kids, lettin em know that God  
lives  
What up, dog, ha, the beast about to flip?  
This world ain't gettin no better unless we don't strive  
for it

[ CHORUS: Vex ]

So come in, and welcome to a humble abode  
Boogiemonsters, fat beats and rhymes is the mode  
Save the drama for your mama, coma or hit the road  
It's time to get on down  
With that God Sound (2x)

[ VERSE 2: Vex ]

Yo, I was born in Alaska, transported to Virginia  
Afar from the true origin of the north star  
A small child, my father makin moves through military  
Battlin heads on army bases for props, my life scary  
Never let a brother fall into his mode  
But everywhere I go it starts another episode  
Dig it, it takes a real strong brain to remain  
In the places I've been, worlds's a waste, in sin  
I saw choppers and gats, missiles and maps  
Life of an army brat just pressured my rap  
But everywhere I go, from yesterday to tomorrow  
People cause episodes when we need to kill the drama  
Word

[ CHORUS: Mondo ] (2x)

[ Mondo ]

Yes y'all, movin to the beat  
You can settle down or just have a seat  
God Sound is in your area, it's keepin up your block  
It got MC's jumpin out them shoes and socks  
Now clear-headed is my method, press rewind when I  
speak  
I don't need weed to help me think, relax, write rhymes  
and do beats

[ Vex ]

Now in a three-line design I gotta break down this ep'  
I'm steppin out of this ride as quiet is kept  
Out of nowhere three heads approach me in the night  
Like "Why you shoot our cousin?", lookin ready to fight  
I'm like "What?" then plow, before I know what I saw  
The biggest one, 200 pounds, stood me dead in the  
jaw  
But my man Ronnie Myers had the weapons on load  
And quickly ended yet another ill episode

[ Mondo ]

Have you ever seen those videos with the naked big  
booty girls  
And the MC be rhymin  
And you be like, "Yo, that joint is ill!"  
But chill, when a rapper think he's slick, he can't rhyme  
a lick  
So he presents the naked chick to cover up his lack of  
skill  
But chill, there's another category of MC's  
And it's imperative that I hit em, cause I'm sick of em  
With the el in one hand, and the other be packin steel  
Y'all so fake it's dangerous, sayin "I'm just tryin to keep  
it real"

[ CHORUS: Mondo & Vex ] (2x)

[ Vex ]

Day in and day out I hear heads talk yang  
Out the side of they neck with a whole bunch of slang  
But it don't change a thing, gunshots still ring  
Invited just to fly over, peep the lessons we show ya  
Never sweat what's goin on behind your back over your  
shoulder  
It's just another road to the next episode

Ha-ha

Knawmean?  
So just chill

[ CHORUS: Mondo & Vex ] (2x)

Straight for 2000  
Troy Hightower  
In the place to be  
BM's international  
And you don't stop  
It won't stop  
And it don't stop

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