

Confessor

"Guard Ya Shrine"

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[Poetic]

Yeah, comin through the mist of the dust
Of a hundred thousand wild stallions
On a dirt road
Another episode of the Gravediggaz saga
Yo

You came to assassinate me
I got degrees that evaporate seas
I got thoughts that decapitate enemies
While your thoughts couldn't fascinate fleas
See I manipulate keys in a vocal joint
That alter your focal point, fuckin snake
I annoit by will, to kill you savage emcees
Then watch your cabbages bleed
You're weak and you're wicked
Diseased with a sickness, that turn Gods into swine
My mind detects blind ambition
A fine musician slash crooked politician
Trapped in a black hole, cuz ya lack soul
Gravity chokes ya black soul like a lasso
Your condition is a walking dead man
+Wake+ the fuck +Up+ or get your head banged
I'm the soldier with the bloody red hands
These ghetto alleys become dead valleys
Snakes too shook to show up at your rally
Some paralysed by the thought of bein analyzed and
caught up in lies
In false hood, it ain't all good, in New York, if you don't
walk the walk
I dare fuckin parasites to grab a mic
The Grym brings Fahrenheit, and blinding light
You are not my competition, you non-living treacherous
pig
I'll have you submit...yo

[Chorus X2: Poetic]

You're feeble and you play black, guard ya shrine
I'm a needle in a hay-stack, hard to find
I'm evil when you slay black God for crime
I'm evil and I stay strapped far as the rhyme

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