

D.j. Dave**"Mics of the Roundtable"**

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Yeah, Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop
What? Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X

All nightin, all dayin, crusadin
Invadin, tryin to find out who's Satan
Hieroglyphics on the conquest, move makin
For the holy mic you takin

A man dies once, but a coward dies a thousand deaths
Man you must know how to step with no power left
Those words are words of the prophetess of the
powerless
as she professed, we became incensed, set up on a
quest
Totally entrenched in every flow that we dispensed
Any foe'll be a cinch, cause we know that we been sent
By the divine, universal mother and father to rhyme
You pre-millenium MC's are far behind
So we off to find, the holy mic it's only right
Hieroglyphics mics of the round table can hold it tight
Keep it stable, collectin, scriptures and secrets
Projectin the cohesive, beam like graviton
with the avalon, Hiero is dope ask God
And evil-doers on the mic you have done your last
fraud
This ain't no practical joke, or anti-factual hoax
But something each breath in my avioli sacs'll promote
Opposing MC's will be stomped in the process or taken
hostage
until it is accomplished and you can't stop us
Draw down the drawbridge, cross the moat, let's go
Hieroglyphics adventures in the Twilight Zone

Chorus

[A-Plus]

Rumor has it, in a far away land
The enemy's partly a devil and he's partly a man
Now we, on a crusade, and I, got a new blade

from the blacksmith, plus some chainmail that fits my
frame well
Three Knights walking, Knights stalkin for the Holy Mic
y'all
Sun up to night fall
Despite all efforts from the sacreligious interlopers
Mountains, snows, swamps, even bridges we will
venture over
We were amazed it took
only a mere, three hundred sixty days on foot
Now we, better be brave 'fore we enter the cave
If we don't our people will either be dead or be slaves

[Tajai]

I've got a, vague, feeling he's here somewhere
Feeding off rage, villiany, tears and fears
Hob nobbin with Hobgoblins, drinkin blood out of
golden goblets
Waitin for us to throw the gauntlet
And start some conscience, so it can locate then
squash us
Lest we stay cautious, remembered our spells
Only kept the strongest on parchment
Excellent swordsman and marksmen
Who's souls have been tarnished, but still escaped the
demon's harness
Treading intrepantly upon a course
So many mornings, noons and nights no snoozing
Following the Northern Lights
Does this Holy Mic, really exist?
Or is it I'm risking my life, following visions?
The Knights got my back, original is black
I keep thinking that, it strengthens my attack
We blaze the final sack, tribuning, then start up the
stone stairs
to the inner sanctum, to do our duty

[Phesto D]

We're prepared to shed blood and die as mortals for
the Round Table
If we just happen to get slaughtered, depart our coil
deep in soil
Her royal highness was boiled alive in turpentine
Right in line with the serpentine skirt, she died cursed
The whole Oligarch was torn apart before the Dark
Ages eclipsed the planet
So the Holy Septum known as the microphone would be
in sole control
We'd unfolded the scroll that told us where to go
Through the mongols, the concrete jungles
slipped in The Man From UNKLE, was swashbuckling

beat shuffling, acrobatic attack with titanic force
Back and forth, trading slashes and gashes
The torch dwindled, then rekindled with flashes
Right again, then I put my scimitar right up in em
Venom is like a scorpion sting, retrieve the age old
relic
Now, I'm back to the Round Table...

Chorus

Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop!
Hieroglyphics crew, ya don't stop!
Yeah, we shall continue!

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