

Da Band

"Phesto D"

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We Silver Surfing over soundwaves, scalpin
tickets to my show for twenty dollars more than face
value pays
Curse my vowels on you holdin kids, marvel and gaze
I strip the tarnish off the microphone, sharp as a spade
Bring my plans to fruition, with intuition known to
witches
The Hieroglyphic argonauts bombard the spot
with sandblasting, grand eloquence eloquent talented
like balance beam medalists, the seismic
Hi fidelity poltergeist in your amplifiers
Bustin from the top like snipers, niggaz hyper
Ventilate at the sight of the arch nemesis
When Phesto D walks the premises
I leave em mumma-fied like Tutan-khamun
With premonitions like Hyrahnomeus, device is incisive
And still be rockin the mic with arthritis
And blow the sleeves off your shirt, cause you'll need a
life vest
to survive this, any anonymous character
from Bay Area 51 to Copernicus
I'm turnin kids to concrete, or be impaled
on the stallic mic, with the slightest impulse
I'm hair trigger, explode and reconstitute but bigger
Put the mic in the death, crane like The Vigilante
Manhandling, your crime family like Stan Lee
Branding niggaz with the Hiero, symbol and
adrenalin is, hallucinogenic
By the time the ambulance rolled up, the
pharmaceuticals entered
They won't be able to identify ya
dental records on laser disk, CD, tape or vinyl
The Hiero, glyphics play the Iron Curtain
Drop the gavel on your gangster babble and face the
verdict

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