

Darklands

"A Beautiful Thing"

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[Chorus: Ill Knob]

Up in this thing of our's we devour c-cipher power
My Klik move like Navy Seals and nuclear showers
On the streets we rollin with beats and mad heat
We talkin dumb loud, niggaz ain't even discreet

[Ill Knob]

Eh yo, this thing of our's should be treated with respect
Anythin else should bring forth a slug to your neck
Me and my people get even with the enemy you sleepin
with
So, where creepin at? My eyes is always peepin that
Now I'm keepin that, gotta ride off the camp
Move, who you beepin at? We saw you reapin that
Release the strap, get in the back cuz I'm takin this rap
Where the money at? Now we 'bout to pound you with
bats
Hate to see it, you wanna be tough? So be it
I'ma treat ya like ya heathin it 'til you stop breathin it
It's Ill Knob, ya wanna be God? Come amongst
I'll introduce Lord Ramel from the Bronx
With Kenny Fingers, Rowdy Raheem and Adriatic
The K to the G to the B, Klik Ga Bow blows the static

[Chorus x2]

[Ill Knob]

Yo, he's a friend of our's, a made man in his clan
Negociatin with the yakaza out in Japan
We hittin foreign lands, got ten men in Finland
Just waitin on the word my niggaz ready to send
I got a puch filled with diamonds, big rocks crazy shinin
Took it to my man Don-Don the Dooga
He said, "Forget about it, it's frig-azy", you niggaz'll
drive me crazy
When the shots stop, mad gun smoke hits pave the
skies, eh?
You don't even believe it that I'm livin so trife
Yea, I live by the gun and probbaly die by the knife
What is life? A hitch-house, I got shot twice
The Ill Knob hard to get rid of like lice

Whatever, I sport my slug-proof like pleather
And if I get hit, my name will live for ever

[Chorus x2]

[Ill Knob]

I'm at this club of our's, in the back countin the dough
stack
Meetin with the Fam about a counter-attack
We sat for 80 minutes, still the plan just wasn't finished
Cuz some of 'em was spotted in the village, cold
grinished
It's ok, they gotta pay for they foolishness
Disrespectin our things and no respect for Power things
and the very sour thing, let's see who coward then
At the gun blaze, droppin fu-gaze
Behind the shower thing, you'll find a tower thing
Y'all niggaz bring that to me, y'all know the writin's legit
These niggaz never understand it 'til the fire get lit
Ill Knob give it to 'em in a firey pit, for...

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Ill Knob, (Raheem)]

Up in this thing of our's (word)
This thing of our's (the clan)
This thing of our's (respect yours)
This thing of our's (will never be)
This thing of our's (symbolic)
It's a beautiful thing (heh, yea, word)
This thing of our's (so don't fuckin think, aight?)
This thing of our's (this thing of our's)
This thing of our's (cough)

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