

Bizzy Bone **"Mr. Majesty II"**

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[Crowd cheering]

[Mr. Majesty]

This is Mr. Majesty representin' on behalf of the 7th

Sign Regime *[Laughs]*

(Yea, yea, yea, 7th Sign Regime representin')

Thunderstorms when they mourn fallen angels

Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle

365 I'm live at every angle

Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle

Everybody knows 7th Sign got the hoes

Everybody knows we divine wit' the flows

Shouldn't have to tell you when it rains wear your coat

It's thunderstoms because we mourn the dope

[Mr. Majesty]

Manipulatin' metaphors I take full credit for

You can rest assured you'll never more suffer through
flaw

You can steady toughen the law;

they'll be harder criminal brushin' the shores

Tuck in your jaw

If your confidence is lower, minus lead blower

sinus flaired to the smallest odor

Tried to get open but just a file folder

Next man style holder, weightless chest a tasteless

death

I'm compound to be a sound souljah

On tracks compact, bolder abstract flava

Drift like the mist holdin' a black fist with right shoulder

Addition to the culture went fishin' with these vultures

Enlistment predicted to be held over

Hired wired cobras to work front desk, smoke

Dress the dress, pure moist no choice but to be less

His ploy to decoy the congress, skills

Too broke to pay homage

In a craft he shows his ass, in a trash conglomerate

Had your staff astonished precise math, most

dominant

Switch

[Mr. Majesty]

Enchanted romantic mechanics will banish
No talents damaged in fragments unbalanced and
silenced
Stompin' the housing, crowdin' kids
That's pounding playgrounds and courts
Where small missiles went through
So often a sport on the wrong course trailing the horse
Raps biggest divorce needs figures
For me, my niggaz: weed, food, and cloth
When the greed mood falls off
The danger remainder is a hard rock slagged soft
Walked past slop almost crushed by a bus
Not lookin', in a rush, might have been a mascot for

I.H.O.P. as human slush, keep it lower than hush
The diploma for lust and slight comas
When I bust and then again works skins to heavy musk,
everready cuts
Coincidentally is simply a mystery melody rush

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[Mr. Majesty]

Percussion rushin', crushin' the sounds
The inner raggamuffin', got me bustin' them down
A nine milli really make a nigga worship the ground
Preparering kings, courtship is now
Ignite torch for sundown
Quiz of a ninja disguised as a stupid nigga
This biz will injure the unwise and traumatize offenders
White lies turn shades of gray like skies in November
At the brink of dismay
My eyes will never flicker
Herbs, got the nerve to pray when the city gets sicka
punks
Intellectually drunk with butter flies in their liver
Have no ties to the beginning
Cold fries, but I've put in work for dessert and dinner,
no perks
Incentive: soul search the whole earth extensive
Had a low chirp, slow birth in placenta

Incubated and escalated to contender
Pushin' through gush waitin' for air on mush
Now sexually molest ovaries, finessed
Locally approach me with respect and royalty - Majesty

"And after this you'll call me Your Majesty"

Motion sickness prevents the wickedness from overseas
magnificence
No talents with instruments
But the choke-hold vocals compensate the difference
Society full of menaces - abnormal residents

It's like I'm floatin'
I think I'm floatin'
Got me open, I guess I'm floatin'
No jokin', I'm movin' as my words are spoken
A vibe in groovin', lightening movement
I feel so exclusive

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