

Fields Of The Nephilim

"Cleverness"

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[VERSE 1: Passion]

I be the P-a-crooked letter-crooked letter
-i-o-n, and it don't get no' better
I be legit, like E-40 I'm sick wid it
East meets West, I make it 'southernplayalistic'
I be doin this without strugglin
You wanna be down like me like Brandy
I demand the phony MC to hand me
The mic, I spark it up, I do whatever
Wanna-be MC can get your style severed
By this terrorist lyricist, you will believe
Flinttown and Brooklyn, Passion and Mr. Breed
Number one big ballers, player-haters get deceased
Fuck peace and compromise, it's do-or-die in the East
You don't wanna see Def Squad, we dangerous like
Too \$hort
We burn mics like blunts and light the stage like
Newports
See, lyrical-I believe in eye for an eye
And for them wack-ass niggas, see, I predict genocide
The unfuckwittable MC, my golden touch be king like
Midas
The lyrical death certificate writer, my style's the
tightest
Step up and play it hard, and get your whole style
scarred
See, I be on Southern Avenue and Lindon Boulevard

[CHORUS]

Cause I do this without strugglin
When I bless this
Many wish to be as crisp
Never mind
Cleverness
Bitch (2x)

[VERSE 2: Chuck Nyce]

Young Chuck and I makin a come-up like throw up
No luck, I been fusin, waitin to blow the fuck up
Like napalm, back, legs and arms explode
Like pipe bombs, so ring the alarm, it's on from dust to

dawn
Landmines and trip wire
Cover my entire front lawn and four rottweilers
Prowlin the premises, and hop the fence
And get that ass crucified like Jesus, believe it
I stays weeded and smokin MC's like seedless sativa
Battle to travel through valleys of lost
and dead MC's and never got defeated
MC's retreated once the battlefields got heated
My projectile heat-seeking missiles
Check it, I'm settin it off and representin these Flint
niggas
Street gorillas, drug dealers, sushi dinners
Sippin quart, I'm blue with a twisted lemon
Weed, twisted swishers, we split it and fill it
We fill it, lick it, then seal it
Then lift it to your lip and ah - feel the effect

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]

Now this is bein done for you non-believers
I'm bringin bats, bitch, machetes, gats and cleavers
Now which one of y'all wanna come see the B-r-double
I'm ridin, nigga, and you can run and ask T-Double
I run sport like Berry, but big balls like Jerry
And it's gon' take more than phone calls, nigga, to
scare me
My infrared got a date with your head
And my beat'll getcha after I fill my clip with lead
Bloodshed ain't shit to me, most of this shit is meant to
be
In an infested society, physically and mentally
Follow through with basic instinct, nothin superstitious
Many await your downfall, so clown all bitches
I got my riches from the streets
So when it comes to streets I get my eats, props to my
peeps

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4: Jamal]

Look, I beez Mally G the villain
Kill your whole scene with the guillotine shotie
Aim it at your body
Look, I spit the lead till your bodyparts spread
Now Passion got it, the red's dotted, spotted on your
head
Stand still, see the blood spill
I ain't bullshittin, muthafucka, on the reals
Run it, I got the gat, I'm about to gun it

Son, it don't matter, I'm leavin your crew clueless like
'Whodunnit?'
Fuck it, got me on some iller shit
Bestow upon you the power to move, so I can blast, kill
you, bitch
Ask which ass MC's (fuck you trick-fleas)
Claimin you real, that shit came with your deal
I speak from the heart, freak tracks apart
With insane lyricism - off the ism
-atic auto-tactic the show flows
Illadelphiadid, who the fuck want the static?

[CHORUS]

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