

Genius "1112"

Visit "[1112](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bobby said, "Fuck spendin' 50 on a whip, buy a clip"
Mental flip, got a thousand tracks thought on a chip
Said he had mad toys to make noise
You split and separate drums like asteroids

The concerned producer sampled this question
Hit him with the beat for the answer, with extra
compression
When sound travel, it quickly grab you
And equalizes the pitch up, until it have you

Bugged out, tryin' to think you can match this
The portrait's too graphic
Panoramic view for you, stamp Wu
The feature Gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic

We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint
And who the nigga you anoint?
700 volts on the track to slay
Murderous wordplay displayed, for killin' cascades

Throwin' bullets in the air to test wind
And which way the cyclone spins
Counter on clockwise, still civilized
Kill spies on the wall, that still flies all dies

Give no extension on the lynchin'
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned
It's the aura that's felt, that causes one to flash his gun
And reveal how he really feel, confirmed

He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for
the dough
I'm takin', breakin' his wax
Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the
Swarm
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday

My ninjas lay in ravines and ditches
Underneath shrubs and leaves
They breathed through underwater reeds
The enemy walks above

Clan remain subterranean mud
Off shore banks, tanks approach the location
Bombarded by the circle of death formation
Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes

Shatterin' bulletproof helmets with scrap nail
fragments of cell
Inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel
Through the north facility, the city must suffer at the
hand
Of the Chief's command, volts is in

At 3 minute intervals the heat intensifies
Deadenin' the power from electrical fences
Defenses are down, shake a nigga up
Bounce him off the sound

You know what I'm sayin'?
The God ca-diver, in the streets of Iris
We talk about sex, money and drugs
Ruled by power

And y'all cats don't know
What it's about
(Love and power)
It goes deeper than what you see on TV
Killah Priest, come on

Burnin' desire, ebony eyes
Painted toe nails, legacys die
Drivin' by the well, Egyptian queens, Arabian shieks

Are paid to knock off rich kings for the joy some sing

Graveyards filled with scarlet widows
Who stabbed they husbands
Sleepin' on silk pillows, blood on they robes
Disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes

Lambs and wolfs in black hoods, pull out they gats
Like magic wands, castin' spells, sendin' niggaz to Hell
Trappin' they souls in realms, baptize 'em with holy
water
Springin' on the heads of plenty witches' daughters

Interviews with the richest reporters
Silent nights over the dividers, a 1000 Muslim bibles
For the cobbler, Hebrews flee to the hills of Masada
For the love of God, guns make a loud sound

I'ma show you how thugs get down
Shoot outs, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you
down
Cursed nation, lost generation
X-Files, describe them in the future as cosmic rulers

Fallen angels from space intruders
Dyin' saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures
Dissolve it with your 100 proof liquor

Ha, I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly
Threatenin' the lives of those who threaten me
Lessenin' my chances of defeat by predeterminin' the
victory
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter

After the third one, I heard my words shall be bombed
Regardless to anything or anyone
I die by the gun, my life has just begun
Thought I was livin' all along, but I was wrong

This long road I have to travel in countless battles
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles
Kings, queens and pharaohs change to cattle
I'm able to subtract the devil's arrow

Singin' at his eyes on the sparrow, mind narrow
2 positions, horoscopes and tarots
Hark harolds, angels and Christmas carols
Raven images hang from the mantels

Man made slaves and modern day babbles
Raw from Africa and golden ropes and sandles
By wicked thieves and vandals
Aho man-handled us with leather whips and burnin'
candles

And rambled through our castle, leavin' niggaz
shambles
Stole our golden sodas like some Arab camels
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his
ammo
With to the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow

We went to Gretal and the Hansel
Tricked by this wicked jackel
Children of my grand old daddy, have me
In mind were they lost in this wilderness blind?

Visit [Genius](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.