

## 2 Skinnee J's "Sergeant Stiletto"

Visit "[Sergeant Stiletto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The scent of danger  
takes me to the edge of panic  
now I'm caught  
in the plot  
that was thought up  
satanic like Mayo  
-Dayo,  
daylight comes and I wanna get home before I'm burnt  
by the sun.

I wanna be free in peace love and harmony,  
but my veranda be vanishing like carbon see  
check the scripture  
a picture emerges now its shined  
with the twelfth sign of the seventh sturgeons.  
And the first is a sleeper  
steeped in the force of the dark side  
is striked but hold up hell horse.  
And the source be above the law like Sir Gal.  
The thought of their stare raised my hair like the dog.  
Now he stalks where I walks  
setting soldiers at the border  
and hopes to catch Gueverra actin outta order.  
And the fact is I was kidnapped  
thrown in the back of the  
unmarked van destination unknown  
in league with the entry got an Oliver Stone.  
We're starting revolutions  
33 and 1/3,  
you're mine now,  
was all I heard.

In the jurisdiction marked of the prediction,  
cuz the truth stranger than fiction  
from the get go  
the watcher said so  
beware  
Sgt. Stiletto.

J Gueverra takes the fifth to those who would drag me  
under  
like coyote to roadrunner,

now the population faces incarceration  
while select serpents reach  
certain circles of illumination.  
Looking over my shoulder,  
I'm seeing shadows on the walls.  
I'm turning pallid at the thoughts of the gallows.  
Seven gables zooming for me cant neglect the  
connection,

Seven are the sides on the cross on the pendulum,  
Stiletta, the name of the nemesis Gueverra,  
I'm trapped in the labyrinth.  
Assassins be passing me and I amongst their midst,  
before my name is known I slip into the mist,  
I exist  
the Specialist  
who persists  
to vent the secret entrance I decipher the hieroglyphs  
TADA the creek before reveals a door VOILA  
and I emerge into the crypt.

In the jurisdiction marked of the prediction,  
cuz the truth stranger than fiction  
from the get go  
the watcher said so  
beware  
Sgt. Stiletto.

Now I'm strapped to the rack and the terrors on,  
God damn  
I feel like the man from the marathon,  
I gotta bust out or I'm Dustin like Hoffman  
and I feel like the mino shit I'm lost.  
The little keys unlock the mysteries unknown,  
I roam these catacombs like Jones.  
I float like a butterfly  
see revenge like superfly  
and I got high  
be on like sky.  
I'm making a date with the undertaker  
as Stiletta sends me  
out to meet my maker.  
I charge that cigar that comes like Kool-Aid  
and I bust through the wall like a Big Jim Slim.  
You trip the switch and you fall through the trap,  
your friends are falling in and you can't get em back,  
there's a dragon underground you heard the bellow,  
beware  
Sgt. Stiletto.

In the jurisdiction marked of the prediction,

cuz the truth stranger than fiction  
from the get go  
the watcher said so  
beware.

Visit [2 Skinnee J's](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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