

## Gorguts

### "Hot 97 Freestyle"

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\* released in limited quantities to promote "The Future is Now"

[Verse 1]

When you enter my house of worship  
Ya crucifix I doubt it only Christianity  
Y'all recognize this my man Christ album  
Flip the pages of Isis Papers killin' racist  
Federal agents, roll up rockin' masks with they techs  
Computer matrix classified access throw on ya gas  
mask  
The devil's bash flash reflected off the lights gats blast  
(Hopes to those) Leavin' ya inner deep with ya  
chromosomes blown  
Roamin' the catacombs of the phantom zone  
(Ask yourself) How can we obtain true equality  
When the value and price of life is less than  
technology?  
They tryna call this a civil-ization  
But what the hell is civilized about buildin' weapons and  
space stations  
Cease and just call it what it really is  
A technologically barbaric society like the Ancient  
Romans  
I see the writing on the wall  
The devil killed the righteous man  
but now the rest'll take the savage beast to war

[Verse 2]

Remember rules of ancient, crusty like basements,  
study like spaceships  
Ain't no probin' wid metal processors temperature  
placements  
Teeth of a dragon, face of a lion  
Children of Zion half bleeds who defacate iron  
Burnt in flames we firin' robots and the bible insane  
Unknown intelligence son to the sun we're astral  
residents  
Bigger than rap let's make this album decadence  
Turn mass to energy, medicine and telepathy,  
conspiracy, Tel Aviv

Buildin' the food pyramid type heart with the left plate  
Confess stay, raw like stones on my breastplate  
It seems to me they all had hands in Nazi thievery  
It's ninety six brothers use brains at low frequencies  
One time for sharp kids, killers do biblical  
There's two ghettos, one in the mind, the other physical  
Break through, I be on the search for other niggaz  
Race haters and prostitutes just as sinful as jail niggaz

[Verse 3]

Accept the phat beats that's filled with ghetto  
philosophy  
Beatlovers and derelicts plus servant stenographers  
The way they take my words to the throat and dictate  
'em  
To they man, like they was in the lab and just made 'em  
From scratch but we can catch you on that parade  
Cause in the end you sound like wax  
That ten other emcees made  
I'm throwin' shade to the willow  
When you weepin' on the pillow  
We'll know when it's time for finger prints  
To be rubbed out with Brillo skills  
Go through changes includin' cats that rearrange 'em  
So if you hold my skills for ransom better kill 'em fore I  
claim 'em  
I don't see Jehovah tellin' you that it ain't over  
My carb take the eye of the storm, through this soldier  
Sworn to defend the faith rap monk in New Tibet  
If you want the holy doctrine tell 'em we this crew to get  
Now who's next, uh, it's Non-Phixion, Non-Phixion

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