

Grinspoon

"Miracles"

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[*scratched collage of*]

(Huuua!)

(Yeah, it's gonna be very wicked)

(That old real shit)

(Ha-ha-ha-ha)

(Ah yeah)

(No doubt indeed)

(Ha-ha-ha-ha)

(Yeah)

[VERSE 1]

The majestic sun rose and those in the city
Were astonished at the fact that Mellow was more gritty
Praise to the Lord of Hopes who puts the devil in his
place
And brought forth Mellow Man Ace
From the camp of the Latin Thugs and Soul Assassins
Full of concepts and ideas that just be blatin
Conquerin fear and all who's in his path
Complete with a staff to tabulate the math
Standin on the word like tons of concrete
Battlin defeat and rose to his feet
Establishin the goal that so long ago was stole
Achievin heights of up to platinum and gold
Catchin the thief in his tracks, expect sevenfold
Double what he had for every lie told
Weatherin the storm and that's word bond
Plantin the seed that brings forth the corn

[CHORUS]

Miracles

Miracles

You must believe

You must believe in

Miracles

Miracles

You must believe

You must believe in

Miracles

Miracles

You must believe

You must believe in
Miracles
Miracles
You must believe
You must believe in

[VERSE 2]

Shocked and amazed deejays played the stage
Of full manifestations that cut like razor blades
Award shows came and players in the game
Were hatin from the sideline as they read his name
Walkin through the valley of the shadow of death
Spittin game at em till his very last breath
Comin from the slums of the North Hollywood
Re-inventing himself like a true player should
All accolades pre-written before time
Way back in the days before they sent the first rhyme
See the crowds gather as they flock in great strengths
Bringin him gifts and travel to great lengths
The return of the prodigal son, hip-hop disciple
Dodgin all bullets from telescopic rifles
Armed with the Word, so who shall come against?
Peace to Sen-Dog, big up's to Common Sense

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Blessings from the Heavens and the cup runneth over
The jam is priceless, it's in the eyes of the beholder
Now it's blowin up, no doubt, there's no debate
Cause good things come to those who sold weight
Heavy rotation, you hear him on your station
Make no mistake, this is true revelation
Since the days of Noah and the floods to the arch
He had nuff game to put the park into the dark
The lyrics lead the way and let you see the vision
As it all comes to pass comes the fruitful vision
The musical arrangement wins treasure of the year
A true masterpiece from Collective Funkateerz
Now the day is dawning, the sun cracks the skyline
Through metropolis echos out another fly rhyme
Miraculous miracles, a verse from the Lord
Words breathe life or death, a double-edged sword

Miracles
Miracles
PEACE!
You must believe
You must believe in
Miracles
(No doubt indeed) --> Prodigy

You must believe
You must believe in
Miracles
Miracles
You must believe
You must believe in
Miracles
(No doubt indeed)
You must believe
You must believe in
Miracles
Miracles

Miracles
Miracles (until end)

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