

Hieroglyphics

"No Nuts"

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Del]

Del meister bout to heist the hijacking come back
Listen to this peep it

The transfixer reprimand your bland fixtures
Replenishing with my menacing sentencing
Up inside this oblige with guidance
From the funk expanding verb triton
I glance upon the multitudes of weak and seek
To organization concentration camps so they can get
lobotimized
Fuck so bad you feel sodomized
Time for words to be colonized
To keep regards tall in size
Erecting the best things in life
My flows composed of foe-sas
My enemies cheese in my face and embrace my palm
I hella spurn, but my face is calm
Keeping the hip-hop scene vibrant
I come alive with good tide, it's fine, and MC's silent
Milestones in Hiero history
Led you wishin' we was never released, at least
Even if our demo tapes add to the myth of Hiero's gifts
Those that don't agree is just pleading the Fifth
Proceeding to enscript the code
that makes your brain overload and implode
Too much imagination got you facing defeat
Quit rhyming cause to wasting the beat
It's Del with my diabolical follow-ups
And logged to augmented tales that keep you mind
tensing
With interest, and that was just an entrance

Chorus:

Save it, put it in your pocket for later
It's all greater, I'ma do you a small favor
Deliver want we call beta
For ya'll and your neighbors
With Del on the mic, and Rob on the fader
Wait up, hold up, Hiero got it sewed up
You know butt, Del is coming through with the cold cuts

Competition shouldn't have even shown up with No
Nuts
We robust, Del is coming through with the cold cuts

[Pep Love]

The coldcuts

Make the whole planet panic and when it blows up
I hit'em again and again

Trust no one

The Hieroglyphic mics have been descrated by the
likes of them

And I don't know about that diplomatic shit

I rather let it crank when niggas be on the dick like a
nympho

I murder'em like hurdling obstacles

It cause holocaust, all I got is word & balls

I'm hot pepper, that you don't wanna taste to see

So just watch me lace the beat gracefully

And ain't a nigga got a thang to say

My broken language slay niggas that came this way
Aimlessly

My automatic's brave, reck havoc and mayhem

If you got something to say, come to bay

And get it off your chest

Then put it to rest

Another competitor bested

Ready to, just shut the hell up

Develop your skill, and get enveloped still

With my nigga Del up, to bat turn, yellow belly, and lilly
livered

We delivered the russian roulette

You never know it might get you wet

I'll make a issue out of that bitch, you turned to diss
(WHO)

Thee invincible, Hieroglyphics crew,

I'll grab that ass by that braid and shock you like

Raiden

Wash you mouth out with dick, and keep skating pass

The irrelvant punk that pumps fiction

But no, he don't want no friction

I got a mic addiction that I don't wanna kick

Mine's are original rhymes that are three-dimensional

Inching up to the pinnacle and cranking my engine up

And then I'm out with the middle finger up

And a perpetual "S" on my chest, just to let you know

We still the best

Chorus

