

Jed Madela

"Souls From The Streets"

Visit ["Souls From The Streets"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

My mathematical powers devour cowards as I spr
words
Like acid rain showers, nations, you can't face them
Erase them or I praise them, as my mind excites the
wind
Like spirits of I'll concensions, time will clash
On ya cipher, lyric concealed behind whirlwind fire
Or flood, draw blood from wack souls as I smack hoes
Live concensive, or yes 'em, it's damage
That my sintex causes, is irrepreble
'cause vanity of my insanity force ya whole click to be
divided
You have just bear witnessed to dub side united

[Verse 2]

Who do you love? Bugs, styles and fresh
And numb somes of soul, witchcraft
The clutch is the archer's mode, and sure plot
Of device, we shot twice, after the same arrow
Rush through life, it's off this slug
Advise me with words from death, and new com battles
Far time left, and pure shot plug that way
You marathron, let me down to grace the plate
Full stagnant, touch I, but revamp the squad
Gettin' loops, saviate on contact

[Verse 3]

The triflyn four fists, sparks another spliff
Bodies left stiff, you can't fuck with my ruggedness
My gunshots is leaving niggaz on they asses
Smoking all the canibus, like the weed savage
Rip dimensions and it matters, take an L
You no challenge, I blow up, ya muthafuckin' brain cells
And leave you legal, the slang tongue spigel
Cocks back the fifth, teflon starts to seek it
Criminals on a move, set a threat
Sip the moet, and let off the twin techs to ya
Muthafuckin' chest

samples

[Verse 4]

I speak double-double, cause double trouble never do I
rumble

On a rule, my microphone sever clones
It's beyond binoculars, sense the moody, six
chromosomes

I'm no more less, no need to flex the evil, trip with the
clip

I got the 6-1-0 flow, and 0-8-2 is my zip

Yo, so call me out in Philly when you down to flip

No frill skills, or freestylin' when y'all wildin'

Im broadcastin all the way live from Philly's Long Island

I visualize cream, tech's scrap with infered beams

Stash keys, and tease, lickin' back so y'all can

My click of criminals, flippin' comfortable

My pockets full of benjamins, fool surrendering

When I'm blendin' in, dub side invincible

Imperial, for lyrical tactics

I react with signs to get ya ass kicked

Indeed the face of evil, is the face told by me

So I proceed to bleed my people, niggaz say I'm too
cerebral

Lies, dub side, flippin' perfection through your section
Sanity's slippin', whose the next victim to catch a bless

[Verse 5]

Set a threat, I rip the mic and run race like an auto
practice

I inflect this verse leavin' heads in they casket

Watch this nappy headed villain, brutal torture is illegal

I back down clowns with a four pound, as I defeat you

Insert the lyrical slugs, that straight's very

A nickel plated verse I spit like a hollow tip steady

Constantly, drop ya wack back with fire weapon

This adolescent, keeps a clip full for street protection

Ain't nothing complex about the way I cock my biscuit

I set and threat it, bust that tech son, it's not explicit

Exquisite, in divine rhymes I drop like jewels

The mic I abuse when I choose to break fool

samples

[Verse 6]

With this course, I force many emcees out the galaxy

Challenge me, I rip apart flows with analogy

Now with me, got that establish and wrap ya cabbage
with styles

You can't manage to damage or even fathom the
mental capacity

'cause I harass these wack emcee's, in degrees

I splatter universe, and mountain casualties
In the dark, my squad sells, blowin' ya conscience
My assumptions, ethotical, unstoppable, anthological
I pull the trigger with mystical, my poetic
Rip fanatics up, and rich with the sinical

[Verse 7]

Coming back from the city of Atlantic, it's the hispanic
Causing mad panic, with fat static for ya addict
Automatic, I stick shift quick if you test me
Left the ciphers, layin' lifers, seen in one spot and
attended
That you get ya crews bruised in black and blues
Put ya name and age on the front page, of the
newspaper
I drape my hood up on my carriage, damage faggots
Quit the habits, feedin' on emcee's on maggots
Inspect ya gadgets, my style switches cause I flick it
Return the mic, fixin' stitches, cause I ripped it

[Verse 8]

I can't stand like a maniac depressin'
That's been submerged in subterranean eutopia
Why's the mansion that I'm representin'
Is the feel competitin' in suburbs
Which has regenerated the etaric
That kicks the subterranean poetry on this plain of obscurity
One element, top lyricist
Intellectin' with, d-u-b squad of imperialist
With an innovator as the dictator
So we can see you, liver clues with side and system
views
Heads emulate but can't duplicate, cause this side
Can't be tugged, yo, one love

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