

King Geedorah "Next Levels"

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1, 2, 1, 2, yes

Yo, it's King Gheedra, combined with the forces of nine
ether

Blowing woofers and tweeters, shaking syllable
meaning

Disaster's cataclysmic, mystic natural, it's about time

We hit you with some substance that's actual

I got a gift call, hip hop prophecy, says 2003

Ends the reign of the jiggy MC

No more roaming on this planet like scavengers

Sciences broke the code of the Gregorian calendar

Define laws and space in time, trying to trace my lines

Hold up, respect the architect

Digital rollin', my whole crew roll with VS

Type to master this whole universe in three steps

We stretch across the equator with something major

Universal rhyme tones, tamper with ya timezone

Minds blown by the millions jus' for the feeling

Hip hop it just don't stop until I make a killing

Nah, I'm kidding but for real

The world ain't the same no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Word up, word up

Well, I'm colliding with the mind of a

Survivor surviving, uncover the time brother

The high volume white collar High styling

Verge jocking the side, dodgin' mirages

Conquer the vibe, hunger lurks

Nine to five work saga, God bless the life

Father trife, crawl for the light, pounding the

Globe on sight, vocal pimpin it's throat

So you know how we go down yo

Struck from the getto yo, medal throw

Settle the dough, live showbizz

The cannonball, weapon, men and arms
Four section, super intelligence, balance
Benevolent, stinging nettle medicine
Crouch tiger, dragon, craftmatic

Watch ya back, if, catch this
Fascist through the atlas, first class diplomatic status
Stigma flag, over standing the plan
Bar skin, then a [unverified] streets watch Timex clocks
[Unverified] on the dot five minutes to rot
So we blew blocks, crews
It's old news how we do

I'm a drop one rhyme
For every time I cross the thin line
Between yours and mine, see
It's part of my design, shifting paradigm
Yin and yang combined, must be out ya mind
Thinking star would never shine

Pops duke, focus with a hawk's eye view
I'm all that, a plaintain, and some Ital stew
Gettin' spinache, British, ATL upon this
Even avitronic figures be thumpin' off over this verbal
elixir
Magnetic attraction, raw, nearly Jacksons
Straight open in the caption, here comes the Hix and
Braxton's

Lyrical contraction, delivery reaction, it started with a
passion
That's just the way it had been, raw with umbilical cords
strapped
A corpse, won't drop a curse, while mustard hit this
spouse?
Sharp with a needle, try to reach the people
Y'all fiending for the sequel and the beat's not even
EQ'd

We have a snake to catch

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