

## La'Chat

### "Bro J. Theme"

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DJ's and MC's! Can't touch... J, J, J (repeat 5X)

Verse One: Brother J

Now as the vibe get live, in the tricks on the vics  
Bells like elixir, so come get your fix  
Subliminal minister, will weave through the sinister mix  
Detaching cords, smacking haughty lips  
Here as I execute nuff boots rebuked  
See higher verbal je-wels, maintain through the roots  
Earthquake president, makes the world shiver  
Mountains to rivers, crossroads be all whatever  
Never to sever, my melanin preserves, solar winds  
The arctic age, it's apace now  
Unleash the livest, make way for Tehaan  
Repay lethal bound, representing Dark Sun  
As I charge up the silent, the tenth letter  
The brother coming raw, pure zone is my weather  
Mmmhmm, son of God will rule on the ill balance of  
doom  
As I move from the cocoon I preach the room  
So with nuff G-O-D's there's no stoppin this  
Pure texture pon the real God it's obvious

DJ's and MC's! Can't touch... J, J, J (repeat 2X)

Verse Two:

Ohh yes ohh yes I come in wide come in broad  
Spreading the Seeds of Evolution my lord  
What they gon' do when the tales of Sabu  
With the pooper scooper crew, the mortals, the fools  
All fry within my skillet, easily comprehended  
I get down with the creator, I'm scrolled from his  
descendants  
Unicode that, flip that, give it on back  
Cause if I keep this up, yo man my powers get jacked  
And then picture me, soundin like MC's  
who yellin baby please come come my niggaz ease  
when Tehaan pon the job, make you wanna holler  
all praisin Jah Jah, illi him yahoua ya hoova Allah

Just know who you are, it's pure understanding  
when the brain's on the jaw  
I electrify my cells, and I come universal  
No confirmations or religions or rehearsals  
I am that I am of the cosmos  
Three tongue apocalypse in my funk dose  
Or combine for the Ugamastic feel  
My funky live wire for the ones who know the deal  
Come on

DJ's and MC's! Can't touch... J, J, J (repeat 4X)

Verse Three:

Now Dark Sun, you know your funk vibes are zappin  
to the guild, your universal waves adaptin  
VG's, the Ark God's rise on back  
So attack for attack I think I'll ease on back  
From the birth of the eon to the tick of the dead  
Your balance gettin deeper than the bubonical plague  
So I forward, strictly to enlist, skilled and righteous  
Pure bredren that's down with the justice  
Ain't no hocus pocus fake ass shit  
I'm payin due, so skip impressin charts on my hits  
Abnorm will form will cite the deal  
Underground invasion tell me shit ain't stinkin real  
Directly from the core, my hunger's much more  
Than any mic controller feelin raw  
I'll let them flex and let they brains go hex  
Let them pass out in stress then the maggots is next  
On back to the lab realize what it's about  
I'm breakin all the slaves chiseltown ass out  
And that's the real

DJ's and MC's! Can't touch... J, J, J (repeat 8X)

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