

## **Patra**

### **"Moses"**

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[Slick Rick]

As you see Ruler show's, is enquirin noses  
Goin into a story about a kid named Moses  
Once a prophet was to be born, so for anything else  
furve it  
Fear of orders, every first born, some murdered  
One got away, a girl wit profit for a river  
Gently put him in a basket, went floatin down a river  
Then hands up by a fair up relative, or honey peep it  
Couldn't be the severed, once determined to keep  
Don't say a word, she told this slim, who was a real  
witch  
Snitch, it'll definetly be the last day you breathin  
Wild kids slaughter, cuz they was fronted them  
Soldiers tellin the kid that they murdered every one of  
them  
Thanks said Pharoah, guys little friend tips  
Sister showin her baby sayin her River God sent it  
To a brother who arose and said, "whoa sis"  
Cure as I suppose this, the upward knows about Moses

[whistling and samples]

[Slick Rick]

As time passes, prove he wasn't the type to beg or  
borrow  
Group to conquer land like ain't no tomorrow  
Made the Sun King jealous cuz he couldn't do a moldin  
Pops I'm not to happy the way you jackin this Moses  
Some dish rap behavior ruins every piece of bash  
Though I complain, where's the several action build  
You piece of trash, tree or switch  
Mo' you buildin, and find your cream's hero  
Built it, anything else, you need pharoah  
Come to star this, this my crown  
One say "How can he" but since not takin any chance  
He threw the hooker off the balcony  
But word sold out to King, he bank cold cuts blessed  
Stripped him of his honors and dumped him in the  
desert  
But I'm return for the people, this chest about saw

King said "You want war? Make brick without straw"  
That's a son not being king, and shorty knows good  
roses  
When I be, suppose this the upward knows about Moses

[whistling and samples]

[Slick Rick]

The new King said, S be the threats, filled wit stuffing  
Oh boy, what do I do? Now pray to prophet  
Then a vision said chill and prophecy fill  
Scorm build, hells of fire, or there first born killed  
It's gettin scary for the king, he made the sufferin go  
by Mario  
You win, take these peasants and get the fluck outta  
my area  
More villains, still in heat, didn't want my 2 to fill him  
Wasn't chillin, then I flat sent the troop to go and kill  
him  
So more, prophecy, when a crossing said run him  
Did some ol' abracadabra and water fell upon him  
The soldiers that is, since Moses was suave  
Then Mo' and the mounds havin a convo wit the father  
Came back in the tens, seen panty hoes dropin  
Partner suave, folks wasn't into what po-pop was  
poppin  
So the Earth shouldn't kill those, bible takes clothes  
Talked about a time when not the worst spit foes and  
met Moses

[whistling and samples]

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