

Afterworld

"D D Soundclash"

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(* taken from album booklet)

[Steele]

Feel this, feel this
Brooklyn's in the house
Brooklyn's in the house

[VERSE 1: Steele of Cocoa Brovas]

S-T, Supreme Teacher, read you like a preacher
Seat you down, make you pay close attention to my
ether
My aura illuminates, removin the snakes who lay awake
Lovin to hate, but we still elevate
Massagin the brain, utilize the wisdom contained
Through the knowledge of my circumference and how
to maintain
Some nights I walk with the understanding, build
cypher
Like Charles Bronson, vigilante ready to snipe ya
Ignite the marihuana, roll a cigar from Havana
Tony Santana, smokin in the Coco Cabana
Or in the sauna, after doing my calisthenics
Universal metrics, reversin the hex, cursin the sexist
Accepting my blessings, remembering my lessons
Take my dog's suggestions when he told me keep my
Smith & Wesson
For protection, the streets is watching and they testin
They know when you're frontin and when you're
representin

[CHORUS]

It's not where you be or how you be
Or who you be or what you got
Unique sounds, grounds is hot
We comin through, we tidal waves in this rap shit
Now how you be, now who you be and where you be?

[VERSE 2: Afu-Ra]

You wanna get with the brothers that's the illest?
The microphone have sex with my lyrics
Hit shit off, first move is doggy style

No premature ejaculation, last for a while
Flippin and turnin and splittin it, all type positions
Grabbin and tuggin and yokin it, all type of missions
Crazy - nah, I'm not that type of brother
My verses, when they out in the streets, they carry
rubbers
I heard you're drippin, your rap style got gonorrhea
Exploitations of nations, look at this, it's here, yo
Seven days around the clock ass all in the videos
I know you like it, I do too, love the cheese, yo
But this is hip-hop, stop it, go make a porno
Not player-hatin, on the mic I'm player-scrapin
Nobody seen it, whole eons change to zeniths
I bounce styles that's sexual, plus I'm intellectual
Thoughts transverse to physical, I keep it spiritual
I got the motts, you bust the dutch, I got the hydro
I just sit back on tracks and let it flow

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Tek of Cocoa Brovas]

I give you agony, agony, agony, you wanna rump with
me?
Constantly, constantly, constantly rollin a Phonta leaf
You know it's beef when you gettin stomped losin teeth
Because you sweet and ain't got no claims to the street
You're the type to get shot and go explain to the cops
Come to court every day, make sure a nigga get locked
But I thought you had that big Glock that you bust a
whole lot
Then why my nigga's sittin up in that little cell block?
I'm tellin ya, ock, the world is a spot for snid-akes
Niggas who hid-ate, do anything to get the pid-apes
Love to see me down and out, blood in my mouth
Steez all sweated out, tied up in my house
Can I live and still give, take my team on sprees?
Twistin out skeeze out of custom drop-top V's?
You know the pedigrees, always stay blowin the dick
When B.G.S. is the squad, the dice stay on the six

[VERSE 4: Jahdan]

Nuff of dem still in di valley of dry bones
Dem ah search dem Seven Seas, dem ah throw stick
and stone
M-mh, dey gonna melt like snow cone
Da minute di countdown say dis ah di final showdown
Well some ah said dem ah star, dem love car
Dem at war, and a blur, dem nah really reach far
But nuff ah dem ah bafoon, dem ah goon
Cartoon, dem nah put out no conscious tune
A-fi warn dem, if dem nah listen, so we scorn dem

We gonna steer far from dem
I know that we are kings and we love nice things
But we not sell out fi no diamond ring
Yo, I got da Lord in ah mi mind
So any which part mi come, mi ah go shine
Trust me, we don't fear nothin
So don't boost up yourself like you are gon' do me
somethin
Mi turn dem off like mi turn of mi light
Jah control di better part of mi life

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