

## Afu-Ra "D&D Soundclash"

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

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 marijuana, 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 and Wesson  
For protection, the streets is watching and they testin'  
They know when you're frontin' and when you're  
representin'

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?

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

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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

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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