

Afu-Ra "Sacred Wars"

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(feat. Don Parmazhane, The Blob)

[Intro: The Blob]

Yo, Afu, what's up man
It is I, Blob, hehehehe
The invisible bully, let's show
These cats what time it is

[Chorus: The Blob]

If you feeling like it's safe, put ya hands up
Bust ya head to the beat, and put ya hands up
Man, get up out ya seat, and put ya hands up
And forget about the beat, put ya hands up
If you really got skills, put ya hands up
If you tryna get a mil, put ya hands up
If you doing, what you doing, put ya hands up
If you ballin', with ya crew, put ya hands up

[Afu-Ra]

You see my mind, has a point of view
It's I'm unhurttable, or was it thoughts
That you would ever think I cater to
The combination of a never lyricist, uh-huh
Nah, how they gonna imagine that shit
I'm technological and anger the lip
That's right, I'm like Battlestar Galactica
Trapped inside a math book, you want the horrific
Plus the terrific, I'm that kung fu kickin', cee-lo player
Mad scientist, I'm with the hidden agenda
I'm tearin' off my Mask, and yet, I'm still an Avenger
I'm ready and the surrender, to go in back of ya neck
To put your body, in check, so what's up

[Chorus]

[Don Parmazhane]

If I couldn't rap, my shit'll be tapped in marse code
Scanned bout thousand radios, like barcodes
Fuck most, I'm the rapper, from down south
Spit flames, my throat all soap with a foul mouth
The type of cat, that swing a bat, and wild out
Treat MC's like kids, put 'em in timeouts

Press 'em like tape decks, let them rewind out
I'm the best kept secret, D&D done found out
You saw me on the news, with the four pound out
Five state troopers there, chopped them down
Said the found wounded three was upside down
Oh shit, what the fuck, Don Parma' done gun out

[Chorus]

[The Blob]

Behold how Blob, will blab a rap, or a hero
Cease that crap like cee-lo, chico
I drown that damn deliverance, with my demo
I'm crack, don't let me do that ass, since Debo

[Afu-Ra]

Hah, yo, hocus pocus, with a position, gentleman
I rub it on, like a letterman
It's spearmint fragrance, or a flack of cinnamon
Soon as I leave the crime scene, they say it's him again

[The Blob]

Who warned ya, tear ya half way down like a waffle
Pound ya predator, til ya, permimently puzzled
Pussy don't push me, or you'll be found in th puddle
Now how's that for, a hammerfied huddle

[Afu-Ra]

Oooh, you dirty rat, I'm stellar
If I have to fix it, I'mma kick it acapella
Totally time binding, I been ascending
Arabian Knight on the track, jump off the building

[Chorus]

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