

Shabaam Sahdeeq "Arabian Nights"

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Verse 1:

Light over the city bright
I take flight on a magic carpet visually scanning this
metropolis
Graphite and philly guts through the cats of silly sluts
Move makes straight fakers and the pick pocket
People setting their wakes too late for them to stop it
Sheeq with the star cheek
Navigate through city streets
New Jerusalem days Mega nights
Wrap like a turban tight
Some are tall for those who wanna spar
Meet up with the caravan
Sinister voices stand at command
>From Flatbush Ave. to Pickadilly Circuit
We work this double edge to split the head of serpents
To the finish which is my death breathe m last breath
I'm on a quest for the answer to this
Before the seas swallow the continents and we cease
to exist
The crown jewel what I possess
In my heart the emerald four star general flips the art

Hook:

One thousand and one Arabian nights
March through your city at night with torch lights(4X)

Verse 2:

3 wishes granted by the genie in the bottle
Cause I plucked it with my index I thought that it was
hollow
Give me world peace and a field of green to blaze
Complicated days some nights got trapped in a maze
Last wish to be immortal
Won't diss the classic
No melted plastic
In the attic pure static
I stand within' the depths of the sand of the Sudan
Shabaam put the mic in my hand

Sahdeeq technique open sesame Allie Baba
Type jewels fool I drop on the street
Gems for them
Way to eat for my fleet tryin' to make ends meet
Bring heat with phat tracks eliminate critics on the
didick
Talking ka ka your worth nada
Your style plaga
Played out like stadas
We hotta
Leave shit chopped like Benny Honas
I promise maintainin' composure puffin' on the
scommas

Hook

Verse 3:

Three wise men bring gifts of hip hop hits
You're vibeless
Sinister be survivalist
Marvelous sound of the charge of the burgade
Where's my change
Dues to pay
Arabian nights on camels start the journey through the
desert
Median, Mecca, Style injector
Clash Of The Titans
Verbally sword fightin'
Enter the gates of the birth city called Pelon
You get peed on
Makin' moves without your heat on
Don't get it twist
I leave the cypher with split lips Shadeeq style, sick
Call the specialist
Unwrestle this
Red tape make thick with politics
But if we don't get somethin'
Gold or platinum type status
Whenever double S bless the apparatus (echo)

(whispering) left right left right left right left right left
right

Hook

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