

Death Angel

"Spitmode"

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[Yeshua Da PoED]

Yeah, ah, yeah, we just cooling in the lab
Got my man Jedi about to set it off

[Jedi]

Yo

1, 2, yo

Brothers be sayin' that I'm out of line
'Cuz I got a rhyme that run up your spine
And clog up arteries like swine
But, yo, I got a mind that develop rhymes
That run up and down your base
Around your brain, until you know the name
It's Jedi, the fifth apocalypse
Droppin' the proper science to kids
And break 'em down with gifted, different arithmetic
that I created
In the lab where beats are marinated
And when released in the streets the heads'll be
animated
'Til the get decapitated
For rhymes are now ?rated? should now be laminated
And put up on walls
Along with every platinum plaque
You see, technology created CDs
'Cuz I know if you melt the wax you felt the facts
Of life, and fuckin' wit' Jedi or might seep in your
afterlife
A sacrifice, battle to take away your bragging rights
Travel throughout the sites
To explore more than the lights Jedi brings up
More than the force of life, more like a paradise, and
poltergeist
Plus I got an appetite for destruction that ignites
And when I'm the mic, my flow is similar to
A demon, 'cuz it goes for your main artery
Until your soul is a part of me and your left barely
breathin'
You see, no one plans to help you, son, no one plans to
stop me

And the only manual attention your gettin' is an
autopsy

Chorus:

(Scratched) "My lips is like a ??? as I start to spray it."

Q-Tip

[Yeshua]

Uh, yo, yo

Brothers be given me a lot of dap, 'cuz I gotta rap
To splittin' your caps, and puttin' Brooklyn on the map

But yo, just on the track, I don't know how to act

Makin' cats collapse like heart attacks, in fact

It's Yeshua Da PoED, one of the last in my class of
emcees to be true

Evidently, there be too many cats to represent me that I
can see through

Too many overrated emcees just blockin' my view

I'd really rather peep the pretty bitches they get to
show their ass in

the video

Sometimes I need to find some piece of mind, release
the rhyme

To be combined, no better way to get away from the
times

But to forget the everyday and let it spray 'til I shine

I said forget the everyday and let it spray 'til I shine

'Cuz, yo, these cats don't really know a fuckin' thing
about rhymes

And, yo, I really couldn't care, yo, what they think about
mine

Like dat

Chorus

[Jedi]

For an update

We upsettin' and detonatin' bombs

Takin' leg and arms and ????

For makin' stars...

[Yeshua]

...Out of fakes

To salivate while I spit

Create a rhythm to battle flakes

That only know how to make...

[Jedi]

...Tracks that's out of date

In fact, I counter, counter-attack to have you collapse

[Both]
Flat on your back
We gather...

[Yeshua]
...Adequate raps for the purpose of excursion
My version of a certain Persian rug is bugged...

[Both]
...Like drugs...

[Jedi]
...That serves because we nervous of our actions
If we decide to, make this a repertoire, I
Assembly lyrics that bring it to any rap seminar

[Yeshua]
Many are
Light up the park 'cuz what we on is beyond the stars
It's so bizarre, got flows that scar bitches that paw

[Jedi]
Lay in the back of a car
Sayin' to tap 'em until they see Mars
And if still don't know who we are
It's Jedi, the Son of Spock, and my nigga Yeshua
(echoed)

Chorus

[Jedi]
Yeah, what?
Jedi, Son of Spock, Yeshua, DJ Bless

[Yeshua]
Bless

[Jedi]
Wee Bee Foolish house of reps

[Yeshua]
And we out

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