

**A.k.-s.w.i.f.t.****"Estragen"**

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[ Lyric ]

In this hip-hop game rappers are the biggest  
pretenders  
To me the word 'MC' doesn't know no fuckin genders  
I enter braincells within the midst of beats  
The ray of sound make b-boys jump out of their seats  
I defeat all rumors you hear about female MC's  
Let my voice embrace your dome, like lyrics entering  
your soul  
Like old myths that have been told, like  
commandments written in stone  
I'm proned to break sound barriers within microphones  
I'm the lyrical body that your mind will always scrape to  
hold  
I am woman, hear me rhyme, our number's infinite,  
ahead of our time  
Whether it's hands or arms, it's all skills, not body parts  
or hairlines

[ Helixx C. Armageddon ]

After pondering the word 'reflection'  
I saw the universal tone frozen in sections  
State of aggression while I meditate on human purpose  
Life on the surface but I'm woman with a nervous  
urgence  
When splurge this, I'm that ultra-feminine black Latina  
filled with melanin  
Estragen like it was medicine, my thoughts are levellin  
They call me Helixx C. Armageddon, stronger than the  
average  
Power 36 to the 10th like Cameron  
( ? ) I lost patience with the thought  
That the question is my gender's splendor, anomaly  
agenda  
But as I release the beast, can say my verbal piece  
The woman in me, it's the time to awaken to the East

[ CHORUS: all ]

We came through, now we up in here  
Estragen, feel the estragen  
We came through, now we up in here

Estragen, feel the estragen

[ Ayana Soyini ]

The woman in me, like Buju B is rulin her own destiny  
The woman in me knows what it's like to be hungry  
Hustlin for money when you got to get grungy  
Knows the rainy days and the sunny, 360  
The woman in me is mind, soul, body  
The woman in me has been here for centuries  
Infinitely the womb of maternity  
Universally free, the woman in me  
Is whatever was or will be  
The woman in me is d-i-v-i-n-e  
Ayana Soyini - the woman in me

[ What? What? ]

Man, let these niggas stay talkin about rippin some tax  
We tippin the stacks, my voice'll cause the skip of your  
wax  
Was flippin these cats since first tracks grippin my back  
Fuck my womanhood, brothers kneelin be lickin my  
raps  
What? What? motherland-born, microphone specialist  
La Femme Nikita, snipe MC's with professional hits  
My feminine wits is like adrenalinie kicks  
When I begin to meddle with shit your head'll get split  
I spit skits that makes niggas wanna rewind and freeze  
I'm inclined to rhyme sprees ( ? )  
I serve kids with swift kicks from my Servix  
Leavin brothers' lips open and closin they dicks

[ CHORUS ]

[ Pri Da Honey Dark ]

You see just like Mickey D's I'm seein niggas fiendin for  
my secret sauce  
Cause my rhymes they up and into you like intercourse  
Just like intercourse you have venereal diseases  
See, these brothers they be leeches  
And they make you causin pre-lyrical ejaculations  
You like to brag a lot, I'm vexed  
You're playin your petty games but yet you claim to call  
it sex  
Try to run your game on me, you better think twice  
You been eatin too much chickenheads and ( ? ) fried  
rice  
Who I be? Pri Da Honey Dark  
And if you steppin up to me you better finish what you  
start  
Without the superficial thought and without the gun  
I have the power to knock a thousand niggas back to

AB1

[ Yejide The Night Queen ]

Thoroughbred Brooklyn borough-head, mama said  
I'm every woman, it's all in me  
Brothers they be callin me Night Queen  
I symbolize the moon, educatin my youth  
So my power consumes the seeds I push from my  
womb  
Daughter of the water, subdivision of the cell  
I live well on the vital idols  
That gave birth to my mothers  
Others try to claim my mysticism  
But they third eye don't widen with the ism  
Or the rhythm like mine, I come a long way runnin  
Escapin Babylon and havin on a gun in  
One hand, the scriptures  
The other hieroglyphic pictures  
Of the essence  
Feel my estragen  
Peace

[ Heroine ]

I flex my double x chromosomes throughout my bones  
And the skin to shed my XO-skeleton to spread Heroine  
Like ( ? ) be the microphone  
And carry it to Harriet Tubman, a tongue when I style  
free  
From underground to ( ? ) John Blaze  
( ? ) silver spoons  
My tune sauteein from a sack, crowds react  
When they extract my formula  
( ? ) horizontal is how it seeps in  
I get in under your skin and take over as Mrs. Fix-It  
I'm keepin heads bobbin permanent  
( ? ) like leavin ( ? ) in windpipes  
Spiked with Heroine-inflated steel mics

[ CHORUS ]

[ Apani B-Fly Emcee ]

At the auditory peak with authority  
Freely speak by our shadowy physiques in the ( ? )  
purple fall  
Is it a mirage or 8 genies in one bottle?  
The essence of womaness, we finess because we are  
Far beyond amateur, not insecure, what we're here for  
Has already be explained but unless they can be us  
I trust there's no way they can ever really understand  
Whatever, can't let those who wait down  
Stop the flow of the program

Release my scheme as the anti-virus vaccine  
Took infected MC's before they get a chance to erase  
me

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