

Alien Intellect

"Madina Passage"

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[Forte' - Speaking]

The Madina Passage...
Brooks Federation...
John Forte', Jeni Fujita...

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

This town is too small for all y'all
Where the streets are meaner
This one's for everybody!
This one's for everybody!

[Forte]
Pikasoe meets Baracus!

[20 Grand Pikasoe - Verse One]

This world is messed up
So I lay back, and smoke a yeshca (?)
'Til it burn my chest up, I'm stressed up
From my toes, to my neck up
It's all out, I seen niggas cook up
In a small house, with the dogs out
I know all about it, drugs, money, sex, even where the
whores are routed
Nothing's too small to doubt it
The wolves feed upon us, so we walk the streets with
honor
Looking for heat that launches six shots and eat you
harder

[Baracus]

We want acres of land, so we can plant our own weed
crops
52 states, we want green gaze and tree spots
We want the better life, the mo' better cheddar life
I was a young thug when my momma threw me out
Starvin' on the streets, the gods putting food in my
mouth

Taught me how to read and count
Cook up coke, cut up dope and how to bag an ounce
Me and my family coming to rob America blind,
thugging since '89!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte' - Verse Two]

Yours truly, El Capitan...
I don't small talk, y'all all walk
We turn half them cats up into dodgers, like the
ballpark
Five-O drop charges,
apply pressure the hardest, more than Japanese
massages
You need us, to roll mo'
Cruise to homogenous
You didn't list where you from, we Madinas
You niggas speak on dough with no conception of what
green is
Momma Sheena's how homes get bought, vis-a-vis the
Dow Jones
Y'all rappers stuck on cow clones, like two tones
We'll never match boss, at the cost, I'll fuck around and
rip the patch off!
My bitch's god-sent, my yacht-men, bigup to cassette
At every soundset, I iron butts off, leaving the ground
wet
Y'all walking like you safe, you ain't outta town yet!
It's for the inner-city block sitters, the glock spitters
Niggas who used to pop - locks, and cops that wanna
rock wit' us
You wanna hear this like you dumb guys?
Yo, hi! Most niggas is students to this, we alumni's!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte']

Nikki gunz, meets Casino Red....

[St. Nikolas - Verse Three]

Murderous, Brooklyn burglars, black rosary
Known for making scott flees out of black hosery
Do dirt, pull it over my face so you don't notice me
Black Jesus, rockin' black cheeses
Nikki Bonadon, grown scorpion
Travel on, trying to go platinum, in Brook-lawn!
Shook ones, can't hold guns, better hold your tongue
And grab a hang of this hear, out for the C.R.E.A.M. this

year

So light your clip, filled with rose hips to smoke it!

[Casino Red]

On Madina streets, Casino Red, Casino The Dread
Roc-A-Feds of Brook-Lawn
Crooks run out of the dead, bloodshed
Bloody red rags and dog tags, automags flossed by
cats
In this game, put shine up for grabs
I'm talking showtime, Madenic rhyme, high-crime rates
escalate
So play for high stakes, chasin' money and guns it
must be my fate
So keep the ones where they're safe!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 1x]

[Forte']

El Harim, daddy goes....

[El Harim - Verse Four]

Disobeying all stops, word to my pops
Do dirt and blame it on cops
Red dot, aiming on cops
Throw a drop, with the beast eight
Release eight
They hang the traitor body at the east gate
I'm now a legitimate suspect
Studying e-straight
He can't breathe proper, cuz he eat steak
Shit can fuckin'-fuckin' blow a beast 'way
Man rolls, come to blow up east state
My voice, echo through the valley
The tec flow, through the valley
Boom and bam...Hear my voice echo through the
valley!
Rose raise dead, from New York to Cali.
I know you never heard-a--undefined priest capable of
murder
Whodini stylesque, escape a murder
Got twice on the cross, now I rock ice on the cross
Escape the death plot, it wasn't Christ on the cross!

[Jeni Singing Chorus - 2 1/2 x & Fade]

