

## No One

### "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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