

Cultured Pearls

"5 Stages of Consciousness"

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Intro: Killa Sin, P.R. Terrorist

Yeah, yeah, one, two, check it out, yo
5 stages of consciousness right here
You got your conscious, yeah know I mean, word up
You got your sub-conscious
You got your super-conscious
You got your magnetic-conscious

Various talk by both

[Killa Sin]

Yo, I forever stay ready dunn,
money run gun under the pelly, kind of heavy
Pretty pearl, tickle my belly, but steady by the waist-line
Thirsty to dump but thought twice before I took time to
waist
None un-mine in his swine, I let him live now hop he
relizes what he did
Perhaps you've got a tab on the line and I aint got no
time for no bid
See battle up to warn the squad, already bars on my
crib
With their guns drawn, seekin Killa Sin who done slid
Many moons ago, across town whereabouts
Unknown heights blaring loud out, you, me like who
gives a fuck
I puff a bone, a usual suspect, i'll never be
Allah sees everything, bad boy silence is the key to
longevity
So, take this advice, while I reiterate the thought to take
your life
And I will

[P.R. Terrorist]

Magazines recovered at homicide scenes, living of
rhyming schemes
Always had dreams to be discovered and meanwhile
had to blow trial
Not put in foul like the rest of them, seventeen with
blade infected guns

Had to watch my back when I shit and piss, niggaz
busting nuts at CEO's
Leaving maternals frisked, faces derenched, buck 50
smile
Your face get lifted and then you shift into another
facility
Same shit, back in the world, I stand strong and watch
the weak curl
>From the pressure of everyday life, career endeavor
The knowledge, syllables and my name is straight
terror
Killarmy running through your whole fucking era
With five stages of consciousness, we swiftly change
like the weather
And control forecast, rough traffic, off the pad, alive in
the act
Your stuck to subjects just like math, ram you off in the
first half
This quarter wont last, your leaning on the trigger,
guns blast
Blaow, super-conscious leaves this track smashed

[Beretta 9]

Harpoons for hard times, kid, going through this
difficult stage
You gotta maintain, cope with the stress and pain
Still in seek of the shelter that blocks out the rain
A thirty down in the flesh, my mental pretains
Took to much time to explain
The duty of a wise man, to the minds, some will blame
With this physical, mental, will and emotion
The aquizations to control my infinite devotions
Which is to seek the onslaught, cause we express
thoughts
To the seeds the wrong foods, that made them with
their knots
My dude is to civilize and penalize
Throats were cutting them, they must of got
stregthalized
I take it upon myself to reveal the disguise
You fucking snake, I tie you to the graphite, tight
If now to live, you would begin to strike
I waste no time now searching for a mystery
With every twenty five thousand, we renew our history
We be the gods, the asiatic black men, and not
reacting
We actually run this shit and defend

martial art sample

[Islord]

Aiyyo, three years trapped in the belly of the beast
Got me on some, fuck the large, fuck the fed coats
Fuck the judges, cause they dont give two shits about
us
Black man, woman and child, how were living over here
Trapped in the worst part, when things like this happen
on the regular
Innocent bystanders get trapped off on the streets of
my stomping grounds
With constant war pops off, wine bottles on the regular
Like clock work to be specific

[9th Prince]

The general wise out in fatigues, mentally for life I
bleed
And promised to feed the deceased, was the supreme
general in the army
Little intelligent little bug, roll with thugs that sold
drugs to survive
Civilized the eighty-five and saved many lives
But these water head niggaz dealt with the four devils
Ceased the rebel and broke the god down physically
down to another level
Madman at his weight, the great general pass the
weight
With a smile on his face, I swear if you was hear
These pussy niggaz get tourtured, while I stick hooks
up their noses
And cut of their ears, even their family memeber swill
have to pay
Brothers, mothers, sisters and fathers get
manslaughtered the right way
We're not dealing with feelings, I spare the children
Weak niggaz get destroyed, Four niggaz is building
Revenge the general, thats what I quote and tape up
grenades to your head
And watch your brains explode

[Shogun Assasson]

Yo, yo, I sling horse slang like cocaine
Rebel dope that numbs your brain
Like a shot of novacainne
In your death you will feel no pain
I should teach you with my sword
And the clip was poisonous
Snakes speak lies and their words is venomous
Wu hits come continousCause I don't give a fuck about
'97
Ain't feelin this
See what I'm revealin is the truth
In actual fact be the proof

The youth be the proof
And the elders be the roots
I stand solid, under firmament
This black man be the garment intelligent
These be the word's for my testament
Written documents of the thought
That makes me give props and sell tapes like cataprops
Mother fuckers

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