

4th Pyramid f/ Akrobatik, C-Rayz Walz

"Fantazmic"

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[C-Rayz Walz]

Yo who it is (WHAT) What we live (WHAT)
With a gift (WHAT) What you feel

[4th Pyramid]

It's fantazmic with our pants sagging
Till the casket live with the plants magic
Get your stagger stuck in this damn ballad
Yo this pattern's bugged on some old jazz hit
Orgasmic on a more rap tip
When I spit that means raw dog no prophylactics
Wrap dicks, spit flows of acid
Stack chips play Madden laughing with Ak bitch!

[Akrobatik]

Bitch better have my money when I rap fly
At your venue then the party can continue
The way my music blend through recalls tempt you
Stealth tactics precise without practice
Call me Akrobatik cause my lyrical backflips
Be stunning white boys and lubricating the black chicks
Peace to Mr. Lif we be dropping the fat shit
Niggaz blast this 4th P we FANTAZMIC!

[Chorus]

Yo who it is when we spit (WHAT)
What we live in your cribs (WHAT)
With a gift that enrich (WHAT)
What you feel for this hit (WHAT)
Summertime type script
Above the mind of the stiff
Fantazmic bliss..
Come to find it exists (BUT)
Yo who it is when we spit (WHAT)
What we live in your cribs (WHAT)
With a gift that enrich (WHAT)
What you feel for this hit (WHAT)
Summertime type script
Above the mind of the stiff
Fantazmic bliss..
Come to find it exists (BUT)

[Akrobatik]

Top shelf that's where you placing my vinyl
Happy on the street date like you was acing a final
Cooling in your dorm room when the song hits
Puffing on strong shit pressing rewind between bong
hits
Honeydip shake it till your thong twists
With the psychedelic relic you could sing along with
Ask me what I did when I visited the Bronx kid
Hooked up with P on a track and straight stomped it

[4th P]

Lost in mantras constant kontras mommas goners
Gone in orbits calling often shit

[C-Rayz]

The force of conscious nonsense common's clash
with karma
Coughing kids who cough from awesome spliffs

[4th P]

Lost in stardom harvest martyrs artists
Starving narcissists hawk them gifts

[C-Rayz]

Pompous rhythms and guarded gauntlets guns and
Gods
The given dearly departed artist living in this

[Chorus]

Yo who it is when we spit (WHAT)
What we live in your cribs (WHAT)
With a gift that enrich (WHAT)
What you feel for this hit (WHAT)
Summertime type script
Above the mind of the stiff
Fantazmic bliss..
Come to find it exists (BUT)

[4th P]

Variety's the spice of life they say
That's why I say fuck sobriety 'least twice a day
Spiked punch, straight off the cactus
In Nike dunks inhaling some Backwoods
Think about flowers blossoming
In the bosom of the beast
Without Solomon (Samson strength)
Whenever they come hollering

[C-Rayz]

Following Rayz in a blaze shea stay buttery
In a maze of bullet strays haze and Hummer jeeps
Players and summer freaks
Beats so lovely streets so guttery
Is it the clubs that we tear up? or the other emcees
Whose music I can only listen to with earplugs
I'm like that "Yea what" type of fellow that rock an all
year cut if my beard's plush
With a propellerhead hat the new black's burgundy
Fantazmic bastard bliss rich internally

[Chorus]

Who it is when we spit (WHAT)
What we live in your cribs (WHAT)
With a gift that enrich (WHAT)
What you feel for this hit (WHAT)
Summertime type script
Above the mind of the stiff
Fantazmic bliss..
Come to find it exists (BUT)
(WHAT)
(WHAT)
(WHAT)
(WHAT)
Fantazmic bliss..
Come to find it exists (BUT but but but - echo out)

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