

A Thread Lyrics by Arden Jann

"What Am I?"

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(Pharoahe Monch)

You blink, I think with sincrinicity split my body
multiplicity shit
Fifteen places at the same time speaking the gospel
The optical illusion or obstacle for institution
Of impossible word resuscitation and execution,
Electricution!

(Priest)

Electricution, emergency broadcast beacon
Reachin' expand the bandwidth stand beyond the
abandoned sycopius
Brimstone pullin' the esophagus dragon breathing
apocolypse

(Pharoahe Monch)

Spit spit out shit shit get incredible responses
From these unearthly creatures and androdginistic
monsters
Haunts the every move

(Priest)

Pattern, exorcist, excercise no disgression when
pressing the boundaries
Surround the beat like street lights on nights with fights
and latteral
battle moves
To all crews, emcees FREEZE (scratching)

(chorus)

What am I? What am I? What am I? (x13)

(Priest)

The acappella block rocker shocker
Off the top off the roof fly m.c. entity

(Sayyid)-Talking

Me proceed enslave fragment images enhanced by
system of our compulsions
Transcriptions transparent as captivity communicate
while emcees like

thoughts of thousand grains of sand!

(Priest)

The super soaker then choker, poker-face
straight hate treds stay red
Dead clouds brought back to life mic. majestic
Untested, destined
To rest among the best of the System Solar
North Polar controller of the mic. M.c. The Panet Laser

(Beans)

The first release quick! kick back the impact
Came in crush on contact knock out your contact when
in combat
Called Combaticon causing wreckage pummeling
carnage carnivorus to con
Anti to Pop then apply sauce then chomp

(Priest)

The to the break of your neck m.c
With the impact of a wrecking ball
to the back of the head Black rocker of rap
Don't look back on my optics
Times two highscore in Galaxian Axiom
Tracks but come more then many
Collision, precision, incision within your skull case

(Pharoahe Monch)

Necks twist turn off selective words
Play double effects you triple tapes flex and nerves
Revenge of the nerds
Seen in blurrs
Only the sound of words splurred
Now you remember when men get DIS-MEM-BERED

{SCRATCHING}

What couldn't I say about Emcees? x2

(Sayyid))

Every heart turning insult would be looked at praise for
their demise
The bastard owed me his life
Look at everyone hide their celebration by sipping tears
from rain
champaigne glasses
I hope they are burried so deep
Even the worms and the maggots couldn't breathe!

(Chorus)

What am I? What am I? What am I? (x12)

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