

## **A Thread Lyrics by Gypsy Kyss**

### **"D&D Soundclash"**

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(\* taken from album booklet)

[ Steele ]

Feel this, feel this  
Brooklyn's in the house  
Brooklyn's in the house

[ VERSE 1: Steele of Cocoa Brovas ]

S-T, Supreme Teacher, read you like a preacher  
Seat you down, make you pay close attention to my  
ether  
My aura illuminates, removin the snakes who lay awake  
Lovin to hate, but we still elevate  
Massagin the brain, utilize the wisdom contained  
Through the knowledge of my circumference and how  
to maintain  
Some nights I walk with the understanding, build  
cypher  
Like Charles Bronson, vigilante ready to snipe ya  
Ignite the marihuana, roll a cigar from Havana  
Tony Santana, smokin in the Coco Cabana  
Or in the sauna, after doing my calisthenics  
Universal metrics, reversin the hex, cursin the sexist  
Accepting my blessings, remembering my lessons  
Take my dog's suggestions when he told me keep my  
Smith & Wesson  
For protection, the streets is watching and they testin  
They know when you're frontin and when you're  
representin

[ CHORUS ]

It's not where you be or how you be  
Or who you be or what you got  
Unique sounds, grounds is hot  
We comin through, we tidal waves in this rap shit  
Now how you be, now who you be and where you be?

[ VERSE 2: Afu-Ra ]

You wanna get with the brothers that's the illest?  
The microphone have sex with my lyrics  
Hit shit off, first move is doggy style

No premature ejaculation, last for a while  
Flippin and turnin and splittin it, all type positions  
Grabbin and tuggin and yokin it, all type of missions  
Crazy - nah, I'm not that type of brother  
My verses, when they out in the streets, they carry  
rubbers  
I heard you're drippin, your rap style got gonorrhea  
Exploitations of nations, look at this, it's here, yo  
Seven days around the clock ass all in the videos  
I know you like it, I do too, love the cheese, yo  
But this is hip-hop, stop it, go make a porno  
Not player-hatin, on the mic I'm player-scrapin  
Nobody seen it, whole eons change to zeniths  
I bounce styles that's sexual, plus I'm intellectual  
Thoughts transverse to physical, I keep it spiritual  
I got the motts, you bust the dutch, I got the hydro  
I just sit back on tracks and let it flow

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Tek of Cocoa Brovas ]

I give you agony, agony, agony, you wanna rump with  
me?  
Constantly, constantly, constantly rollin a Phonta leaf  
You know it's beef when you gettin stomped losin teeth  
Because you sweet and ain't got no claims to the street  
You're the type to get shot and go explain to the cops  
Come to court every day, make sure a nigga get locked  
But I thought you had that big Glock that you bust a  
whole lot  
Then why my nigga's sittin up in that little cell block?  
I'm tellin ya, ock, the world is a spot for snid-akes  
Niggas who hid-ate, do anything to get the pid-apes  
Love to see me down and out, blood in my mouth  
Steez all sweated out, tied up in my house  
Can I live and still give, take my team on sprees?  
Twistin out skeeze out of custom drop-top V's?  
You know the pedigrees, always stay blowin the dick  
When B.G.S. is the squad, the dice stay on the six

[ VERSE 4: Jahdan ]

Nuff of dem still in di valley of dry bones  
Dem ah search dem Seven Seas, dem ah throw stick  
and stone  
M-mh, dey gonna melt like snow cone  
Da minute di countdown say dis ah di final showdown  
Well some ah said dem ah star, dem love car  
Dem at war, and a blur, dem nah really reach far  
But nuff ah dem ah bafoon, dem ah goon  
Cartoon, dem nah put out no conscious tune  
A-fi warn dem, if dem nah listen, so we scorn dem

We gonna steer far from dem  
I know that we are kings and we love nice things  
But we not sell out fi no diamond ring  
Yo, I got da Lord in ah mi mind  
So any which part mi come, mi ah go shine  
Trust me, we don't fear nothin  
So don't boost up yourself like you are gon' do me  
somethin  
Mi turn dem off like mi turn of mi light  
Jah control di better part of mi life

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