

Mood

"Secrets Of The Sand"

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(Chorus)

Givin' the secrets, secrets of the sand

Secrets of the sand, secrets of the sand

Givin' the secrets, secrets of the sand

Secrets of the sand, secrets of the sand

(Main-Flo _Verse one)

I got steps to fly this

And chock moves for your epiglottis

Heavens most modest, plans for the seventh Goddess

Rebuliding land where sands hottest

The oddest Yorks and Scottish

They posin' like they know who God is

My brethen sharp like sketches of art

And I bet you we spark

Like a matchbook, weaponry smart

Thought beams, assault teams

Definetly dark

Money and drugs

Cops and crooks, seperately parked

Ill like nine with bodies on it

That nigga that Gotti wanted

Thought he was cheesed up
But probably fronted
Properly stunted meet at the summit
Rest the stomach, assembled campfire style
Burnin' brand new hundreds
Fully obsessed though metal head like Destro
He played the vest low, club of Rome from get go
Columbia trained to hit Flo
Road scholar calypso, that gold collar with info
Into the jollies of baggin' niggas
For doing collie, selling clues to Charlie
Stepping out in Bruno Magli
Tia Quan and Judo hobbies
Witness say they knew the bodies
About to mob me
Spiritually my moves are godly
In his likeness
No way they souls can fight this
Physically righteous cobrs clutched qith tight fist
Night of the living crisis, I know who Christ is
Format your God's liscence with science mic chips
Electric life seed growing roots at light speed
Engulf nice weed thoguhts hemorrhage 'til mics bleed
Two hundred twenty fifth strike theme, alright team
Let's pull together like Nike strings United Kings

(Chorus)

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(Donte_Verse one)

I'm a sand storm takin' human form
A crown of thorns swarmed on my peeps first born
My mere flowin' keeps going
Heat seek sea borne, so forever be warned!
Or forever be mourned
I'm cleverly armed with God as a heavenly charm
So hope the weather be warm
I'm cold, behold Donte, the ancient, the old
Threw my sand in the fire and I came out gold
Bold man at the gate with my hand in the lake
The other full-o-sand, stranded on a land-o-hate
Wet and dry, Man its so hard getting by
People don't wanna try, they just sittin' gettin' high
In front of the crystal ball watching Bill Clinton lie
A well-respected guy, I peeped him with my naked eye
My fate ain't confined under space and time
The earth belongs to God, he said "Vengeance is mine!"
My effect is bright, I just bless the mic
Lived right failed to die and got an "F" in life
We done fail and we rose, Went to hell and we froze

We in our own purgatory and the heavens is closed

Wanna battle the Probe? man we travel the globe

Steppin' out shadows blown

Unravelling codes at the speed of light

I could read and write

And open doors to death with the keys to life

(Chorus)

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