

**Bates Katherine Lee****"Ill Collabo"**

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[ Phantasm ]

Phantasm the lyrical emperor, temptin y'all  
With telepathic messages that I'm sendin y'all  
Minds I reach through scripts, I preach like Jim Jones in  
Guyana  
Hurricanes through your brains like winds in Savannah  
GA - Great Adventures without Six Flags  
My heavenly melody causes mental zig-zags  
Madness unfolds when I release scriptures and scrolls  
Tall tales of goblins and trolls  
Games of hoe-playin and soul-slayin  
Powered from the staff of Lord like the hammer to Thor  
Clothed in only a robe, is a rogue  
A thief who steals for the chief, the Tall Man, the High  
Priest  
Imagine me and U.G. sipping from the ?Sea of  
Gallallee?  
To wash away vanity and keep our sanity  
Humanity is unsafe  
In this lost land beyond time and space

[ Pharoahe Monch ]

When I'm in a - cinematography state of mind  
What I visualize will open the eyes of the blind  
Pharoahe finds ways to make come anew  
Some think crime pays, parlay and shrink  
With one blink of the eye think of the guy  
Who most personafies hip-hop  
Shit, I'm synonymous with Jesus Christ  
In other words, the words will last forever  
Word, forver blessin the mic  
With verbs you never heard  
For any possible typical obstacle trap despicable  
My topical raps remarkable, perhaps sparkin  
A few pitiful ?????? to park in the back  
And participatin ( \*clearing throat\* ) poetical education

[ U.G. ]

Aiyo, my layer floats on air atop the mountains  
A sip from the mystic fountain gives me powers  
To run on top of flowers across the meadows

With incredible speed that bursts the speedometer  
Conquer kilometers with three monstres  
The size of the Titanic, gigantic  
Run, panic, run frantic  
Run for your life, run your ice, run your watch  
Run in spots and rock shit, apocalypse  
No stoppin this, fuck poppin Cris  
Non-stoppin piss on tracks, wombats  
Son, I'm feelin this  
UG, Phan, Pharoahe and Po, we be the illest  
What

[ Prince Poetry ]

Strictly catastrophic verses that cast curses  
The mass purchase a blast, the last enter the surface  
Four semen swimmin in, careers that seems birthless  
Not even achievin, you heathen, you're barely breathin  
What is your purpose? What is the sense of competin?  
You're just a Ringling Brother who runs with a circus  
And it's only peanuts you're eating  
I sing an attack, bringin it back  
Po, quick to flip it like hustlers slingin the crack  
These daily scriptures project pictures  
Yo, I play the low like spy cameras hidden inside light  
fixtures  
I'm hot sex embedded inside the song  
Mobb Deep from the back in that asscrack like a thong

[ CHORUS: all (2X) ]

Yo, it's the Phan to the -tasm (Prince to the Po)  
Yeah, the U to the G (and the Monch Pharoahe)  
The Ill Collabo will smack y'all, lyrically attack ya'll  
Underground sound, we comin at y'all

[ Pharoahe Monch ]

Aiyo, I clap, frrr, clip  
( \*produces sounds of something flipping through the  
air\* ) and backflip  
Over walls, spot jewels and snatch shit  
( \*produces smacking sound\* ) smack niggas inside of  
they Ac ?????  
Pass the mic to Phan so he can smash these wack  
niggas

[ Phantasm ]

Lyrical lessons, spiritual sessions and verbal blessings,  
no escape from  
Yes, the great one has come  
Towns, poeple stand clear, Phan's near  
Riding through the streets like Paul Revere on a  
charriot's chair

[ Prince Poetry ]

Tommy Gun-Big Punnin these niggas, spit with vigor  
Mamis love to move to the straight Henny swigger  
Inspect your mental Deck, dig a hole in your neck  
( \*produces a smacking sound\* ) smack niggas like  
Pharoahe said and put em in check

[ U.G. ]

Yeah, strictly menace, sippin Guinness and Henness'  
When I'm finished scrimmage endless  
Bend chicks from here to Venice  
Vintage, sends kids with a sentence  
Don't mention this, invention rips yo shhh...  
Like El NiÃ±o wreck shit hectic  
My prick's long like Tec clips  
I'm the specialist, stop wettin this  
Yo-yo-yo-yo, U-U-U-G-G-G e-ends with a echo  
What

[ CHORUS ]

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