

Phi-Life Cypher

"Crazy Balheads +"

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Yeah Phi-Life Cypher, Millennium 2000 conquests

Attacking the iluminati, check it out

Were gonna chase them Crazy Balheads outa we town

Outa we town ah what we do

Chase them Crazy Balheads outa we town

Outa we town ah what we do

(Si Philly)

I got the kinda style that makes disabled people run
round

I rap from sunrise to sunset that's when the suns down

My name be Life some people mistake me for Jesus
Christ

Cause he was a light skinned in dreadlocks and
sandals but I wear the Nikes

We've both been crucified because of our wisdom and
our beliefs

From the system of Babylon triple six mark of the beast

Now Satan be the patron of hate war and devastation

His occupation is to turn the whole world into a gang of
freemasons

Like revelation I reveal, how I feel about Lucifer's army

Those crack smoking blasphemers who munching on
salami

Gulping down Sunny Delight there'll be another devil's

angle

The Church of Satan receive 50% of the profits of
proctor and gamble

Heavy metal music supporting Lucifer's level

Play their music backwards and your hear messages
from the devil

Government and church scams the Pope who run the
Vatican

Behind the people's backs be smoking crack plus he's
a battyman

Vicars and pastors too, curb crawling to prostitutes

On Sundays they wear black suits claiming to preach
the tune

That's why they're wearing dogcollars not godcollars

They're satanic scholars dishing red gold and green
for devil colours

(Life)

I'm dodging the black chop alias the sniper rights the
sights

The secret societies they try to snatch me in the night

People that's in the 33rd degree levels diplomacy

are planning on splitting my family like we were Jodeci

You know its me come to give a nigga the factors

the planets got a script and the populations exactors

Im getting deep with you people Life just feel asleep

We telling the people thats minds are weak there
future's looking bleak

They got a plan for women and man

every boy and girl they bringing the new order to the
world

Coming just like a thief inside the night they blind you
with their light

They got you sipping sunny delight and thinking it be
aight

Gonna shock ya we Procter and gamble information
to give the money to the Church of Satan

Im not the patron lucifarians I be the rastafarian

Scaring them like a shark in an aquarium

I make you scream like you been in a Freddie dream
cause I be in the team possessing anarchy heatedly

Them men in black trenchcoats they try to slit my throat
and FBI try to decipher signs in what I wrote

My nine lead to genetic telekinetic protecting me
from zealous medics with powerful anaesthetics

Strapping me in the operating bed to take a tumour out
my head

Secretly slipping a digital microchip instead

Cause you can't stop reality from being real.. real.. real

Were gonna chase them Crazy Balheads outa we town

Outa we town ah what we do

Chase them Crazy Balheads outa we town

Outa we town ah what we do

Say we chase 'em down North and we chase them
down south

If we see a balhead we lick them in their mouth

Scratching: Phi Life Cypher next up chasing the
iluminati all about (yeah yeah)

Its time crisis we come with skills magical like Isis in
any crisis

Terrorising pentagon what da you think?

Si Philly DJ Nappa big up the creators (phi life phi life)

2000 flex (peace) We done yes we done

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