Bless 1 "Angular Slang II"

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Verse 1:

Utter million dollar phrases, praises to the most A million blessings prayed for those who gave up the ghost

Men battle for glory, possess a peculiar story Emerge out of the fog like there was none before me Words accumulate like snow crystals, genuine textured lectures

Crack skulls, leave hairline fractures
Burst out of my mothers matrix, faced hatred
Reciprocated back in the form of brash statements
Ravenous leopards cower at the sight of me
My birthrights dominion, no creeping thing can frighten
me

An artist unequipped with drawing skills
My pen stroke's polychromatic, I toss magic
Views intrude on you unexpectedly
Like home invasions or a random fired bullets
trajectory

Exit unseen without a sketch of me Connect with the weaponry I brandish and start respecting me It's that Angular...

Verse 2

Emphatically I recite these biographical peeks into my psyche Seeking victory like the goddess Nike

Choking the American dream until my hands are permanent green

Stained with the governments ink

Country debating slicing my likeness in rock formations

Born in a nation where hesitation is penalized

Realized that my gift is to craft narratives

Unspeakable joy once the speech is deployed

Navigator of envoys where women are coy

If your paper's obese and you're whipping the newest toy

An unsigned Titan cladded with war armor

Clashing with the gods while they're slumbering in pajamas
Now my name's synonymous with trauma
I died, went to heaven, and came back as karma
Promised myself that I'd finally record an album
And give it to the world before that forsaken time comes
The Angular...

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