

## **Siah & Yeshua DapoED**

### **"No Soles' Dopest Opus"**

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Soul brother's on this scene now...gon' really do a COOL one for ya.

Siah:

Archery through parched lips I aim rhymes that maim mimes

The verbal darts I rip (rip) your heart skips (skip) a beat grip your seat

And you can dip your feet in the clear blue here to Defrost your rear view if you're lost then I can steer you To where I travel it's always upon the gravel Cause slaves walk the paved and everybody got a gavel

I could rouse a rabble, but never dabble in that babblin sport

Form a flock, I bring the fodder for your thought And in the meelee I stay (cool) like icicle licks The baby Pele here to hit you with them tricycle kicks Rhymes are tight like vice grips with mic tools, the fools manifest

Jewels to get you high like swimmin in the cesspool And when you starve I carve a rhyme like a pumpkin And in the caverns of my soul I go spelunkin So now you're sunk in the flow, it's mad pure and MCs who lack the knack are even samplin my urine Rhymes who emanate from this Yeminite lights Like a torch I disseminated thoughts in flights To ignite the four corners of the Earth plus the last world birth

From the sand, now my turf need the astro, I (leave no footprints in the sands of time so these wack MCs can't follow me)

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit I explain shit, all you need to pay's attention Four dimensional, I call it verbal intervention Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit Po ED explain shit, all you need to pay's attention Four dimensional, he call it verbal intervention

Yeshua:

Keep close, look to peep the roads took since tracks  
are not left evident  
To prevent duplicate footprints  
Sprints on the main speed remain lame, spannin only A  
to B  
For me, A to T's the way to be, oh M  
Before, then, and after reckon they come to second  
Be very fast to analyze lines divided  
By the rhyme crafter, I have to, define my kicks  
While kids be wack, ridin piggyback droppin lint  
In hip hop I'm, wishing kids drop bombs, jewels  
And next shit, they best shit cool and only a batch do  
So I can pick it up and throw it right back at you  
Rhymes hash through, catch too to, match you  
View who invite bliss, despite kids  
Who force me to write this, sum it up like this  
Buffoons, are hot air balloons, find themselves with  
wealth  
Consumin plumes on the moon, spewin lagoons  
Now blooms, assumin, cats, on a tune in  
Gladly catch due and sadly that' rulin  
Hip hop as I know it, it stops with the PoED  
Not only plant seeds but take time when I grow it  
So in, the feast the need for weed whackin seems  
rappers  
Come a dime a dozen, empty minded, they find it's  
easy  
Sayin nothin when they shit drop, the remedy we be  
Formin only original lyrics and shit bit  
Hip Hop  
(You know I leave no footprints on the sands of time  
So these wack MCs can't follow me)

Siah:

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road  
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit  
We Be explain shit, formulatin a solution  
Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution  
Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road  
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit  
To be free, explain shit, formulatin a solution  
Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution

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