

**Skitz****"Fingerprints Of The Gods"**

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\* send corrections to the typist

Roots manuva

Pen to tha paper I scream at the world

Picky headed youth dont wear no jerry curl

In the heat of the summer

More time I trembled

Nuthin dont change, I'm picky from within

The R's for the Rage

E's for the Energy

B's for the 3-4 Bounce that we count

Second E's for the Era of this young hottie youth

L presents Long term soildier stand firm

Foundation flexin stretchin out the pound

I used to want the queens head

Now I want the crown

Its in my blood stream

Shits to hard to define

Why, some get the vision an the rest tow the line

Sleepwalkin floggin the horse thats done dead

Pissin in the wind now piss drips down your leg

Is you plum or is you pleb

Dude its one an the same

One shit short now flush that pee brain

Put ur hand on ur lips spell d-e-r

You wanna be, fartface

An me cant spar

Like the, dooper I am I dont wanna cause friction

I hold my space an then I diss em wid the diction

Nuff of them will fear this

Its right now that they dont wish to hear this

Simple forensic but they cant get near this

Its fingerprints of god

G-O-D

Life

Keep em philosophical

My rap styles collasol to your brain

Like a line of cocaine straight up your nostril

Nowadays like aristotle

I send my message through da mic not in a bottle

A gifted mic disciple like an apostle

Hip hops my life an hustle

Lyric skills be the muscle

They be brand new like the heavies not old like some fossils

I meditate on bible scriptures

Not porno pictures

I smoke sensi bud, green like the trees of eucalyptus

Buffalo soldier from a rasta man army

I need hip hop to satisfy my soul like bob marley

Wisdoms what I give them

Flippin knowledge on the rhythm

If your talkin like a devil I'm performin exorcism

Ill cause malice, smoke a chalice in buckingham palace

Get the queen high, send her to wonder land like alice

Cos I'm a dark stranger

Not from a dirty sick chamber

Cos a star burns above my head like jesus from a manger

Lone ranger, I dont need a posse to follow

My backup be my sword I use it swift like zorro

Guided by a force similar to obi one kenobe

Walk the skies like luke an even chewbacca couldnt hold me

If ur a phoney, its lights out like james toni

An I'm confident like naseem hamed, so you dont know me

I walk in the shadows, I make you paro (paranoid)

My mind be narrow, I carry guns an laser bow an arrows

Si-phillie

I be the bingee man come back from zion

Wid the bag of sensimilila an da mic in da other hand

Bounty killa on the rampage for reala

Gonna make mad dough like my name was don miller

Chancellor exchequer mic recka

? or sampras

You know i be top class

This one is a message from king salisse i

Any pussy bwoy tess I dem bwoy gaan die

Puppet master rasta bring forth disaster

Eskimos be boppin to my shit in alaska

Weak emcees be droppin out cos they have ta

Convert niggas i make em go see their pastor

Power move makin

Never fakin that jamaican

Im from trinidad

When it comes to respect, I'm like ur dad

Not a fake like alexander o neil

Neva choppin off my locks like that nigga seal

The si philly hot tabasco chilli

Niggas suckin up my style like a nipple on a titty

Im flippin lyrics when I'm not on the rob

So my surgical gloves protects the prints of the gods

Skeleton

God all mighty what the devil (u star ?)

Wot the hell what on earth cha

What the bloodclaat

Wat da rass hole blast hole ina di beast

Im da blessin an da dammend an da famine an the  
feast

Im a man 'o' war cos I was a man of peace

Now I'm out for your neighbours like they name was  
annalise

Speak from a snow capped peak to the abyss

Im ugly as sin

An I'm da livin criss

Im chilled in the field an the inner city hype

Im the murderin theivin rapin type

Im the heat, the light, the cold an the dark

Im the silver back gorilla an the great white shark

Im the poorest slum I'm the richest palace

The lyricist the herbalist and the gyaliss

I can get ya down an I can get you lifted

The giver an the gifted

The bima aint fiftied

Shifted, gears I'm the tears an the laughter

The birth an the death an whatever there after

The kiss on the cheek an the kick ina de crotch

The fingerprints of god an every head'll get touch

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