

## Darkim Be Allah

### "2000 Cuts"

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{Big Supreme}

Aiyo

Be Big Supreme Just, lyrics laced 2000 cuts

Non melodic melodies razor burnin ya guts

Turn gas to liquid, but the flow be solid

Years from the light, days to comin be rowded  
mathematical

Actually solar, when light, strike the style ya bite

Supreme mine, communion, always relatin the burst  
to 120

Then I'm out with the burst

Physical well fed, to chop trees with whip blades

Study, meditate, build on the page

To describe the microphone in me

Shit god damn, I be at it again

When this shit gonna end

That's not the plan yo

Word

One two one two now, no time to waste

So much at stake, major dough to make

Recognize the real from the fake

Yeah carry out laws of life on the mic

But check it

With the butter phat beats I send

So hot like baby oil, sink right in

Quick absorption

The only way I do, put my word of bond to it

Wrote a rhyme in the air, life smoke, so thick

Make the whole muthafuckin spot choke yea

Skills ring, like naked pie manifest to the whole world

Droppin diamonds and pearls in the rhyme skit

Up to day, we emerge

Work hard so I get all absorbed

And the crowd, once again makin hip hop pure

And oh yeah, by the way

I got brown galore, to go long and strong

And make my way inside, yeah

You can't run you can't hide, I told ya

Chorus

Key to gettin success is power refined

Power refined

Power refined

Power refined

Power refined

The key to gettin success

So you a Roy Boy Jetson nigga now

Future fistic kid, told you, you ain't see my bid

Supreme rebel sight beyond the back inside

The magnetic pull hard

Hold tight for the ride on the wave click select

Pull it, the prophet-

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