

De Gregori Francesco

"Swing Blades"

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[Vordul]

Everyday caught in the whirlwinds
Back in the studio, Belief just earled in
Still trying to get my pen on
Write scripts and light splifs
Until we high as light bills
Watching for those that might switch
To the dark, we over here remaining righteous
Though we spark the soul purpose to spit
And hype kids
Make them want to hold open their eye lids
Dangers and missed origins from way back since
The presence of Genesis and Osirus
Life is such a stress
But in the coldest storms I let them off in the Phoenix

[Jean Grae]

Over a thousand miles of public housing
Lounging on beaches in the Riviera, tan and doused in
Coconut scented lotion
Wish I was there the story rare enough to merit an
endangered species
Tagging velvet ropes surrounding every path
Tighter than some virgin pussy
Don't ever push me
I balance on the edge of cliffs for fun
And some are hanging crooked
I never look down, I look to the sky
And envision the place that everybody go when they
die
They say that bright lights and angels some and get
you
If that's the truth than I expect the black night blocking
the sun I got issues
Another day with myself
Another day without wealth
There's gotta be anther way I need help
And so I pray like I'm a Pentecostal, Sufi, Buddhist,
strict agnostic
Hoping one will hit its target
Take another sip of hypnotic

And lay my head on the pillow and dream erotic scenes
Of killers spilling endless rounds and all of them
shooting at me

[Vast Aire]

You know Can Ox got that Phoenix wing span
And love hovering over the ghetto wasteland
I got rap just as fat as my waist band
You got a rap that belongs in a waste can
Yo, Jean you gotta change Grae to Hackman
Cuz when we fight we swing them blades
And when we rap we swing them blades
And then we slide on them like the escapades
I knew the ending of this book since the first page
Rap sucks but we still get paid
We smoke trees at the highest grades
I spit a line that'll fix your fades
So don't go there, you cannot hold Aire
Look at them, reaching and shit
If you touch my jersey I'll bust your lip
Open your face then break your hip

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