

Deangelo Nino

"Speech Cobras"

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[Mr. Lif]

I'm the fire bearer
Holder of the sun
The Earth and the universe combined as one
An everlasting energy taking all forms
Blue skies on sunny days tell the storms
The one who tears down what you adorn
And curses the material things that you mourn
But look up in the sky 'cause I am the dawn
And the light that empowers your flesh as it yawns
Strong, undeniably so
Lif better known as a society fault
The deity glow reach into my center
I bet you feel pleasure and pain as you enter
The tormenter, pleaser, embracer, squeezer
As your skeleton crush
Your physical turns into gelatin plus
Due to over stimuli
You liquify
I send you back to the earth soil to quench the turmoil
When the ground splits
To swallow of corporations and cops
Give birth to rocks
So we can have solid ground on which to walk
Stand strong and talk
And write down theories in chalk on the side walk

Chorus:

"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of a *nigga* who fell" ----->
Buckshot
"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes..."

[Jus Allah]

My style orbits
Around nine planets of forces
Ominous metaphorics in vision of double corpses
Lying order, mad scientist slash doctor
Present the type of horror that boils your holy water

Get warped with the knowledge that folds the holy
father
Hard boys become toys inside the real saga
So why bother
My whole flaw lines is harder
So bring the drama
We all know the signs is smarter
I set off crowds, style wild like a circus
I seek through souls when I walk past churches
Allah praise you, stay true to a devine purpose
Seeking out the wise wherever the dark searches
Flows that I embark and leave your squadron shadow
dodging
Lyrics are softened like slugs that fill harkness
No option, narrow odds
Fucking with god is straight gambling with your tarot
cards

Chorus

[Ikon the Hologram]
Open the gates of Midian
For the fangs like the flesh
Three cyborgs who Bang like Ladesh
We hang the best
Spit venom until your face burn
Yet the critics are parasitic like a tape worm
The hate burn, scathe the urn of a Buddhist
Snake turn and fake yearns to kiss 'em cutest
We take lives with knives steady abusing ya
With the vicious intentions of denting your uvula
Bruising ya with text of a Harvard class
Ikon will smash into shards of glass
To reform into a whirlwind of sand
Then reborn into the word Hologram
A solid man with plans to intwine matter
Mind splatter from the grind of my divine hammer

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