

Deangelo Nino

"Verbal Battle"

Visit "[Verbal Battle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Jeru The Damaja

In the time when hip hop was strong
The Supahuman Klik ruled the land
Bring in that futuristic hip hop, presently in time
The first lieutenant in arms of the Supahuman Klik
Was the all mighty, all powerful, Miz Marvel
I think she can describe it how she does better

{Miz Marvel}

Thought I disappeared now that the smoke has cleared
I come from times with inabitions, face to face with
fears

While shootin stars wishing that I can shift my gears
So I raise my glass eye, I drink to that, say cheers
And let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like
salt

On open wounds, thoughts consume all consentions
Give birth to these rhymes like an oral C-section
Uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy
Time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements
for the souls of fatalities

It's the same for niggas that stuck with that slave
mentality

Or these wack ass rappers, they got no originality
But my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy
Time gets shorter, I'm on the water, run insanity
It seems like everyone was after me

Three's a nasty girl like Vanity
Make niggas wild, I smoke la, anything to keep my
sanity

Ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family
If they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to
be

Sending energy, when I rhyme, but no time for idol
questions

If freestyling is my bible, when I fall in hip hop sessions
Of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned
Respect had to be earned and not given
On the fourth of them but not amongst the men that
living

Guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be
forgiven
Ain't no turning back the hands of time,
when past spirits have risen

{scratching }

Black, black, black
verbal, power, verbal, power

{Miz Marvel }

Power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom
Help me heel like battle wounds, to that shit I'm
immune
We come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled
rooms
Into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to
the tomb
I got a meetin in the ladies room, I be back real soon
O-o-oh o-o-o-oh
And all pro, precise position, like a crossbow
To strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending
flow
Friend or foe, gas heads go from C.E.O. to skid row
See the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow
Paint a mental picture, lyrical Michaelangelo
Words pierced with the sting of a scorpio
Beats mad bong, to collapse the Walls of Jericho
Overflow and explore, I hope you got your blunts rolled
Cuz this is the same, no matter which zip code
My minds pro, bitches is robbed,
suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe
I keep it tracked like a barcode of Illuminati
And fight these devils back with the Code of
Hammurabi

{more scratching }

{Miz Marvel }

I strike with magnum force, send you on a collision
course
With no remorse, I tap the source and knock you off ya
high horse
While beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce
their first born
Never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there
parents
Written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison
desert storm
Step on first month Capricorn, quiet storm
Jeans and boots my everyday uniform

Elegants ruffness and innocence, if ever given a form
Hell have a fury like a women's scorn
My niggas strife to perform, I struggle to break the
norm
Give me any platform and I perform lyrical quiet
storms
I make it hot, you keep it luke warm
From hotels to college dorms, keep these niggas souls
torned

{More scratching }

Lot of other people, other groups aware of these
consciousness
Virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over
and over)

Visit [Deangelo Nino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.