

Voice In Fashion

"The Prophecy"

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[Chorus x3: Buddha Monk]
Prepare for the prophecy

[Buddha Monk]
Yea, to all challengers, let's begin

I be the holder of flows like air seepin thru your windows
First nigger that oppose be the first nigger that goes
A deadly comedic dealer, nasty-ass good fella
Crazy-ass dweller novelty known as best seller
It be the slack that you lack, I shoot the verses like gats
Your styles is too wack, it makes you burn like exlax
Buddha'll prove that he's the boss, for years I paid the cost
So now I am the force that keeps you at a state of loss
Wannabe kamakazi shootin at everybody
I'm worse than your John Gotti or your mayor Julianni
Severe body parts, who has to master this art?
Whether it be the day or dark, the fuckin sun has to spark
Niggaz

[Chorus x4]

[Buddha Monk]
It takes 8 million and one stuns for the God is done
If you feel it's a lie, then your ass I will fry
Styles is dirty dirty like some desert water
Watch out for the Zu slaughter (I'm talkin to you!!)
Your blood spills made me the science of my kills
I feels like that of a fuckin desert storm kill
Sight of an insighter who's out for real tight
Whatever lurks in the dark we shall bring to the light
Sit back and breathe the gases I relieve
Breakin off parts, piece by piece of enemies
You done made mad one of the dirty dozen
Guaranteed to slaughter off your moms, pops and cousins

[Interlude: unknown voice]

The prophecy, I see which can foretell the future.
The foretelling of what is to come.
Prophecy, to foretell by divine inspiration.
Something declared by a prophet.
One who speaks with the mind that's been stricken.
The prophecy, Lord Buddha Monk is the prophet.
Now you see, now you hear.
Take heed, which way of life would you travel?
The road of truth or the road of death?
(I can't take it no more!!!)
You have been warned, the prophet is here.

[Buddha Monk]

The prophecy has seen that you remain with the sting
Removin the skin, I never die and kill again
Sinfullness is my trifeness, leave a nigga lifeless
If you try to bite this
I levitate minds like 9's levitate your spines
If inclined, I kill with one line
and leave you dumb, deaf and blind
Done with the swiftness of a sword of Excalibur
Move with the speeds of culos thru a callico
Feel the heat as my thoughts burn deep
Explosions to mind that I seek, now it's you soul that I
reap
I remain in this game and take fame like grand larceny
There's pure fuckin havoc when you fuck with the
prophecy!!!

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: same voice as interlude]

...[indecipherable]...
All the voices of the dark
...[indecipherable]...
Do you wish to take my sin? (Die fuckas!)
...[indecipherable]...
...[indecipherable]...
I choose to be ...[indecipherable]...
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!
...[indecipherable]...

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