

## **Destinys Child Featuring Wyclef Jean**

### **"Epiphany"**

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[Scratching]

Behold the fungus among us  
When dabblin with babblin  
I sends the battle scene to the apocalypse  
With this you grab my cock ya lips  
Be gettin sorta puckery  
Gettin the Brewin gassed to save that ass come stop  
the fuckery  
My style'll leave ya posin like a hitch hiker  
Make me wanna bitch microphone slap that shady ass,  
you bullshit nigga  
Your frontin said you didn't think too hot of me  
But once you feel the vocal sodomy you'll say, "You got  
it, G"  
I finds the virgin ears I'm bustin raw pops  
Ya savin the drops, tryin to analyze my DNA, the verbal  
blueprint  
Even if you spend eternity you're baffled, nigga  
Havin not the slightest clue of how I'm swingin  
Bringin styles and flow that's nastier than urine  
See my shit is pure and ghetto embellished demonic  
funk and all that good shit  
A bad nigga when it comes to grabbin mics  
I love all women of the spectrum, fuck around I'm  
stabbin dykes  
And as I hurt em I convert em, when it comes to honey  
dip skits  
I'm leavin pussies sore as if you just delivered triplets, I  
flip shit  
When niggas say the brewin doesn't rhyme slick  
I yokes em in the Heimlich just to get the fuckin  
garbage out ya throat  
Mentally hardcore  
There be no guard for defendin against the shit I'm  
sendin  
Once you're comprehendin the ill funk aphrodisiac  
Givin the hoodies woodies as I'm fuckin up the head  
like brass knuckles givin noogies

[Scratching, horns]

I be's the hell fire word reaver  
Even Ripley can't believe  
I pull a stunt as if my name was Colt Seaver  
AKA The Fall Guy  
I never score, why?  
I'm hittin like Mattingly  
Get your fuckin Webster's dictionary  
Look under "fat" and you'll see my profile so smile  
You're grinnin like the Joker  
Cause I chose to smoke a mic and let you witness  
Get this through your thick skull: my shit is deadly  
I kicks my verse, niggas couldn't offer competition with  
a medley of their works  
I smirks when booty niggas try and grab this  
Survival of the fittest call me fuckin Tony Atlas, at the  
podium  
I pours my sodium in open flesh wounds as I mesh  
tunes with the vocal joint  
To become the focal point  
Brothas of funk soon discover I be +deeper+ than that  
nigga Larry Fishburne's +cover+  
Hover on the L, sorta like a stealth in the night  
Then I makes the party +jump+ even when it's full of  
+white men+

[Scratching, horns]

Check it out  
I represent enlightenment  
That have you squintin  
Hintin to rewards of the lord's charity received with  
clarity  
I heave skillaful syllable is the brick I stick in music  
mortar  
Makin ya think and raisin my floor to architect

I comes to spark a teck  
Mind barrages massages carressed in peace  
The vocal acupuncture your stress released  
Like a hymen crack in my rhymin slack and never that  
Styles mysterious like under LL's hat

The curious become the furious and play the jury  
Thus I'm found guilty labelin my sound filthy with the  
gutter in my utter  
A fat bitch goes, "Me me me"  
I cut her in pieces kill her sisters daughters and nieces  
Anything related to such a thought  
I crush I fought hard representin wicked Juggaknot  
minds

I breaks it down to your English  
I makes you say, "I'm gooder"  
Verbs deeper than a hooker strictly bonin seven footers

[Scratching, horns til fade]

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