

## Supernatural "Victory"

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This qall we got, yâ€™™ all,  
 Limitless feat. Supernatural, yâ€™™ all  
 Dj rhetmatic, dj Rhett, matic  
 A free man turned evil, its VICTORY BABY!  
 THIS GOES BACK TO MEDIEVAL TIME WHEN  
 egos relied upon records  
 the dj coordinated with mcs proceeded to use rhyme  
 patterns,  
 using verbal telepathic methods and black knowledge  
 on forto ground,  
 some peep can a know less the word will get around,  
 those who choose to make moves on order,  
 pass to the gods feel the heartbeat pumping through  
 my order,  
 it a three man turn a mit on the bench for ten years,  
 open  
 you started play points to get your years and tears  
 open  
 like a game of hoop, like a game of loop to create  
 joints  
 carress the the crownd audience to make there minds  
 stay point,  
 because ONE, the mucs stolen from you clean, you  
 collapse,  
 plang straight deep for you callin â€™™ticky tacksâ€™™  
 say â€™™who thatâ€™™ the wild one, donâ€™™ t wanna  
 bring out the wild one,  
 i said who that, that the one that make the lootpackâ€™™  
 smile constinue  
 oh-ex here the freeze! limitlessâ€™™ s been at it,  
 claiming victory on the ctrack provided by DJ rhetmatic

I get kill with it to bill with it to thrill with it  
 grab the mic and then i verbally kill with it  
 do gymnastics on tracks, for little while,  
 i got a phone call from this kid, the wildchild,  
 he said â€™™oh nat, i got an idea, a building on the  
 trackâ€™™  
 i said donâ€™™ t worry baby i got your bbck,  
 i be there in a flash, hope the whip donâ€™™ t crash,  
 when you there, make show you how the blunts would  
 hash,

i could inhale deeper, cannabis and tiva, make you a  
believer im hooked on a reva eyes perfectly when i hit  
them trees, they enemys fall to them nees stop drop  
and freeze.

Call the lootpack tell the yo to put it on,  
they spit kid, whats up with my homie mad, lived,  
he goes mad inside of a lab, i can envision yâ€™™ all,  
held without a pen and a pad.

I spit hot rocks, slobber volcanic ashes,  
car crashes, 50 yard dashes,  
mdcâ€™™ s minds move slow like molasses,  
i rock in sapaces, war fat lace,s  
back in the days absorb sun rays,  
and when i spit it of the dome, you miht get paid,  
i donâ€™™ t cheat to raise on land, imthe man,  
raise your hand, now lets make a stand,  
As the word go, those who prosper will prevail over  
those who lost over with a tail,  
a significant difference for the real emotins felt,  
from now on, lay this for or your national anthems,  
me and you will feel the victory, crashen on anthems,  
we living in w e s p n,  
you caught in the matrix can singulate your identity  
from the real world,  
and the one down beneath hims,  
and thatâ€™™ s the worl we live in, wheres the victory  
baby?  
tom allen 07976317579

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