

iCon the Mic King & Chum f/ Killah Priest "Law & Order"

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(iCon the Mic King reading passage Jude 1:9)

"Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil

and arguing about the body of Moses.

Dared not bring against him an abusive condemnation but said, "May the Lord rebuke you!"

[iCon the Mic King]

Swing the chariot low - my wings melted on re-entry

Archangel turned Azazel - hateful spawn of the intrigue

Six-ty cycle hum and haw - over "what is God?"

Corrupted judge of flaws? or function above your thought?

'Til the puzzle's solved - I hit below the Bible belt

Take oaths with my left hand - write "Michael" with my right as well

Science fails - to explain what astounds all

Men of the cloth stay cloaked in the shroud of torrential downpours

From now on - it's raining catechisms and dogmas

Tetragrammaton atom bombs wit' the magnetism of karma

For armor - I hide under umbrella statements

Slipping over good intentions the road to Hell is paved with

And glass stained with blood of supposed witches

Thin line between heretics and clerics in this bowl of fish

It's true - bliss accompanies ignorance

So it's heaven for the weather, hell for the company benefits

(Chorus) iCon the Mic King

There's no me, there's no you

No dark, there's no light

No cause, there's no effect

No wrong, there's no right

I - was born in Black August

With a halo and a torch the beer

Law & Order

No action, there's no reaction

No life, there's no death
No question, there's no answer
No right, there's no left
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[iCon the Mic King]
My cup runneth over blood of soldiers
Spilled within a clutch of cobras
Seraphim's wearing hymns, stuck up in a crux, a coma
Noah's Ark, was the survival of the fittest
So Darwin, bless America created in his image
Sacred is his limit
Vitruvian man in the mirror
Complete with a crown of thorn as payment for his
penance
Forgive us our trespasses like God heeds advice
My hand-me-down genes was spliced with Jesus Christ
This old fashion statement falls to exegesis
I'm Mr. Fantastic, if God was to fisticuffs
Will eclipse the Sun if you want, scrap - please advise
This for the Angel he assigned the catalog my every
thought
'Til I'm defied, I'm speaking in tongues and cheek
I bury seed from the forbidden fruit - up sprung a tree
That I plucked to feed original sinycism
God made men, once man made God from myth and
fiction

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(Priest talking w/ (iCon))
Yeah, what up iCon?
(Do ya thang man) It's ya boy man
(No doubt) Priest, Priesthood, Priest, uh
(iCon the Mic King) Put in work

(Always, everyday)
Killah Priest niggas

[Killah Priest]

If y'all truly knew my inner thoughts
All my backstabbing enemies would walk
Satan whispers "Well I'ma stick-up his cross"
Cold frost appear out my nostrils
Look what y'all did to his beloved Apostle
They threw stones
Sharp teeth up their large tooth to his bone
If y'all truly had known since the day of his baby chair
'Til the day he grew to a throne
Space was his birth place
From a nation of Kings to a curse race
Felt the evil blood going thicker to his gene's every
birthday
Every nation wanna be in first place
The old lady reaches from her purse gave -
The last she had to a Pastor
Planned one day she'll see the master
When she will after the Reaper grabs her
Priest and iCon complete this chapter
Receive the glory - then read their story
Iron fold the triumphed soul define the applying hole

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(iCon the Mic King reading passage Jude 1:10)
"But these speak evil of whatever things they don't

know.

What they understand naturally, like the creatures
without reason
in these things are they destroyed."

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