

Jehst f/ Chester P, Kyza

"The Trilogy"

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[Verse 1: Chester P]

I spray walls so we can battle for the writers bench
and fight against the odds like Daniel in the lions den
You bite my style - I'll cut your hands off and write with
them
Don't breathe down my neck or I'll stop ya flow with
nitrogen
You said I'm nice blood? you'll have to say I'm nice
again
My ways are set like cement, swinging like a thousand
spidermen
Hit so hard some rappers never write again, like a
dried up pen
so you just can't rely on them
To step to me's to put your own legs in jeopardy
You could walk a thousand miles and still not get next
to me
I'm so beyond it's only future that's ahead of me
To battle me you'll need to travel to the next century
I'm so high-up even mute people try to mention me
My arts are sharp mentally, when I think you're meant
to bleed
I'm blackin' out cos I haven't got the strength to see
My hate's blind so I'm running dangerously on lengths
of beef
I'm old skool like a real pair of hippy's flares
When I go to bed I cuddle up with a grizzly bear
I move so fast most people ask 'is he there?'
I leave now and by tomorrow I travel 50 years
so if I was you I'd be pretty scared
Try'na buy a new set of pants cos I know you're in a
shitty pair
I spit bricks and build my own little city here
while ya fallin' off like Paul Daniels' wiggy hair!

[Verse 2: Kyza]

When I start rhymin' bare breddahs a start hidin
My dark writing strikes many like charge lightnin'
Sharp slicin' knives cut and then stick right in
It's not a wise thing to start no arms fighting
I might fling hundreds of blows and start wilin'

Like right-wing Nazi marchers who start violence
My mind thinks the same way that Einstein's did
My IQ is higher than London car crime is
I slide in inside of the thighs of a nice white slim
Light skinned girl from behind and plot my tings
I dive in, piping her slightly ripe tight minge
I like when she tips on my c'cK! and starts ridin'
I fry fins of these sharks who like biting
Surprising them with more hundred and five types man
Their eyes widenin with the frightened child likeness
Some high-pitched siren screams when I'm sighted
I buy drinks for some Friday night high-jinks
And try link some yatties by givin' em sly winks
{*whistling*}
Kindness lines my golden heart shining
A high cars mileage just to pass time with
I cry gems, shit rubies and fart diamonds
My style is rarer than priceless art findings
I'm swiping iced rings and wetting up dry men
with my pen, what my friend - Alright then

[Verse 3: Jehst]

It's the return of the drifter; Billy the Kid
Contents under pressure, I'm flippin' my lid
So many rhymers are liars, I'm sick of their fibs
They lack focuss, jokers that tickle my ribs
Thinkin' they're hard-core, they're more brittle than
twigs
I'm projectile spitting while you dribble on bibs
I'm diggin' for hits givin' the middle finger to pigs
Bringin' that nasty stink that'll linger like cigs
I sit in my crib glued to the telly
No food in my belly, I'm losin' it tuned into Jerry
But this is my final thought - right now it's time for war
Better decide if you're fightin' for a righteous cause
like me an' my cyber force, we walk tall swing swords
slay the minotaur
I scrutinize rhymes 'til my eyes are sore
We from the underground, raw like iron ore
You'll get deafened by the lion's roar
I'm stompin' on primitive life forms like a dinosaur
Ridin' beside the four horsemen
I got my eye on the pie and I'm out for a small portion

[Scratches]

"...the trilogy will be heard"

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