

Johnny Reznik**"Mingling"**

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[Grand Agent]

It's like Farrakahn say, a new thing is happenin today
It's sweet to blaspheme beats when you ain't got to pay
But the ancients stress patience, the Agent knowledge
ancients
If I take my time, what can I can't spit
Don't exist, the moment bliss, myself and I kiss
You know it's bonafide, certified hotness
From the muthafreakin Major Deacon
to the 5 Interstate, mildly penetrate, like the Kahlua
Place the homogenized, to bass I philosophize
Grace the demonic guys and space, I'm outta Dodge
My interests include flow, love and war
The hip championship I'm thuggin for
So take the flyest rook rhyme book like a leak and freak
Page 43: the Jet Beauty of the Speak
Now, I don't really know but some city said
The Grand came through, left this kid mic for dead
Ya minglin wit mayhem slim

...

What up Starr? Word to Kenneth, we ain't in the same
You better off spectatin, speculatin the aim
Rest assured, I got the fresh mature listeners locked
on some extra-next-texturized imagery stock
Inspired by, only the desire to be
the Mega-Interworld poster man-child MC

[Chorus]

Ya minglin wit mayhem slim {*repeat 4X*}

[Grand Agent]

Yo, if this ain't ill, dub don't commence wit the drum fill
And it don't take a late night to make it tight
Willie bigger than a Billy Squire beat but comprehends
None of what I speak him see-through cuz him pretend
Now I don't really know but some city said
The Grand came through, left this kid mic for dead
From the front page of Final Call, "Genocide" bellowed
They ain't understand this kid mic was made of metal
I jetted though, runnin for the credit of course
Cause rap shit own my life since James Brown was the

source

And girls act stupidly when I be spillin 'em text
Like they chest was silicone and I was feelin 'em
But they numb, +Dumb+ in the skull as I be +Cold
Gettin+

Ya minglin' wit mayhem slim, it's soul-splittin

...

Pick up the pieces like the bread that be Jesus
with the Welch's that's the blood, I know you felt like
half a thug

When I came in the door, spit somethin raw

Then broke fast like we on a twenty city tour, yo

Salaam-alaikum on behalf of the move-fakin

Who's bacon? Biblically, it's mine for the takin

Technically, the recipe is unwritten

Cause all these gun smitten rappers just be fuelin the
era y'know

[Chorus]

[Grand Agent]

This is the Grand Age, yo, clear the stage

Recommit, get on some other shit

You in the Grand Age, nigga, clear the stage

Yknahmsayin? Bounce!

Grand Agent, Kutmasta Kurt

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