

Jus Allah

"Chessking"

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Yo, yo, yo

[Jus Allah]

I have sublime comprehension
Divine Intervention
My enzymes studied by the minds at Princeton
To figure my design would divide the Christians
Complete Truth
Brothers been deprived of listening
A secret Odyssey
Ungodly, Cursing Prophecy
Reading Verses That will Preach a Demonolgy
I speak scholarly
Lord vain
Require more brain
Than your physically ordained to contain
I'm on the next plane
Where everything exists one and the same
Where pleasure is pain
And never rains
I seen what you fear
I've passed beyond that
The things that give you tears
I have laughed and yawned at
Your fucking heart tastes so weak and rank
I have to eat dog food just to keep my strength
And my doors wide open for anybody that wants some
But I don't even live inside a house, I haunt one!

*scratches

[Jus Allah]

I'm a prize
FBI want me alive
They found the cold morgue and flies
I told em to drive
fall through knives till every single part of you dies
Couldn't figure my designs If you started at 5
Defend for yourself, you'd be broken in tears
You fool you could probably pull rope through your ears
You sweat cold

Graphed in original web-toed
My mind in the physical mode would explode
If what i knew spread round the globe
They'd start measuring my head for a crown of gold
Your weak soul is trying to climb a greased pole
In a deepest hole
Defeating man at his peakest role
And seek to read my power for its evil use
But I can see the truth
I can teach Greek to beetlejuice
I'm high as fucking hypodermic needle use
I'll even fucking piss in your mouth, give you legal
proof

*scratches

[Jus Allah]
I'm the chess king
The difference between boxing and wrestling
Knowing you guessing
Only y'all stand opressing
Being of supreme measuring
Unquestioning
You're not anything, I am everything
You second string
To go against a much advanced mind
Your dumb, you wash your hands before you eat swine
Simple cavemen too dense to even talk to us
There ain't an idea in his head I haven't thought of
You thin skulled, a numbskull
My skins gold
More valuable than yours ten fold
Repute! from now is the day of reckoning
The truth shall sound so loud its defeaning
Never will you come n overpower my words
My unploughed dirt will grow the last flowers of earth
In the last hours of mirth, I'll be left to laugh at it
Watching how the walls of space collapses on these
savages
Evil parishes, disappearing in its own parrells
Proving ignorance is erroneous
I was chosen to write the future as the lord said
Wouldn't be surprised at waking with an eye in my
forehead

*scratches

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