

Jus Allah f/ Bomshot, Shabazz the Disciple

"Eyes of a Disciple"

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[Bomshot]

one-two one-two

Yo, check it

Bomshot, yeah, Jus Allah, Shabazz the disciple

[Verse 1: Bomshot]

We Recline on thrones

Rap the self-grown(?), resiting poems carved in stone

Unroll the ancient scrolls

Translate the words of Allah, so you can hear them

And thrive down the narrowest path, to be near 'em

I place the seven lamps

Upon the seven miles cause the EARTH to comfort(?)

from the North, produc'in violence

Sacred like a virgin wiled in white cloths

The wise are attracted to the light like moths

If all the trees repent and the ocean fills with ink

You still couldn't write the amount of rhymes I think

My words form rivers for vessels to float on, strong

enough to hold on

More rhymes than the Qu'Ran

Accurate Arabic, the angel starts to sing

Glory be to the new-born king

Hollow be thou name demons follow a flame

I talk to the dead and continue to heal the lame

[chorus: Shabazz the Disciple] x2

Take a look through the eyes of a disciple

Walk inside of my footprints in the sand understand

the lessons of the bible

It's been long suffering since my arrival

Let my life struggle and what I accomplished be the

compass for your survival

[Verse 2: Jus Allah]

My name erase everything your brain pretains

The date's the same, nothing but the fates have
changed

The strength is drained you feel faint indescribable
pain

Like a needle full of paint in your veins

Wishing you hell, get sick, never get well
Knock the motherfuckers out, the sound of a bell
While Allah keeps smoking like an ounce per L
Maybe more, I never keep count to tell
I'm Allah's best, you motherfuckers eat hog flesh
That explains the savage ways and the dog breath
King of all things, big and small
The Islam I control with the motherfucking chips fall

[chorus: Shabazz the Disciple]
Take a look through the eyes of a disciple
Walk inside of my footprints in the sand understand
the lessons of the bible
It's been Long suffering since my arrival
Let my life struggle and what I accomplished be the
compass for your survival

[Verse 3: Shabazz the disciple]
I'm like the one crucified with the thieves
In this land where men are persecuted for what he
believes
So gather away, from the sinking ship, or face the
pentalty
Change the way you be thinking man cause y'all ya
enemies
Control the population with drugs and deseases
Got my people acting evil strung out with needles
waiting for jesus
What's made in the image of god?
Who turns savage is get murdered by the government
gang with silverbadges
The mob ??? for Juliani
MC you hang slang your bang bang like punani
Word to old spirits above me
One day y'all motherfuckers gonna pay be cause Allah
don't like ugly

[chorus: Shabazz the Disciple] x2
Take a look through the eyes of a disciple
Walk inside of my footprints in the sand understand
the lessons of the bible
It's been long suffering since my arrival
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