

Jus Allah f/ GZA

"Pool of Blood"

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[Verse 1: Jus ALLah]

I keep blunts of sess in between my jaws
I keep chunks of flesh, underneath my claws
Animal like, raping lady Afro-Dite
I watch people bleed to tease my appetite
Slice your mug, we're hand-and-knife thugs
That's so hardcore we banned from fightclub
Brawl with night crawling blood alcoholics
Y'all only hope is wooden stakes and garlic
Islamic, thinking on a higher logic
Dressed in arab garments on flying carpets
Taking me to hovering starships
With high powered aero nautics
To glide across cosemics
Lost in space, I pause to meditate
My soul's energy cause walls to shake
Niggaz stand clear when my land is spread
Cause my scarecrow's got real Klansmen heads

[Verse 2: GZA/Genius]

I'm from the place where temples could flare, eagles
are hurt
A neighbourhood wear from steady went to shirt
A battlefield setting the teams, they move thugly
A group with a bitter dispute that turned ugly
Beef that started back in elementary
Then it move from the block to the penitentiary
The contest of the phonecall was frightening
The spark from the blaze to kill all was lightning
Completely unaware of their surrounding
In a +pool of blood+ responsible for drownings
The un-informed remains a total darkness
The only time you see light is when this metal spark this
set
Something greater than their own encounter
Took a small business and they killed the co-founder
Now police probe this youngster's background
Found something in his jeans that was hard to back
down

[Verse 3: Jus Allah]

Yo, I release aggression
Explode like atomic weapon
Going to deep spells of demonic possession
Gave the devil my rhyme book, just to read through
He hid it in a safe that he had swallowed the keys to
Said: "Jus Allah, I have nothing to teach you"
There's no plague or harm to man more deceitful
Than a lost breed of evil
Fucking monstrous niggaz
Trade to kill inside their subconscious
Taken what's promised, derived from skies and
comets
Accomplish Prophecies from Muhammed
I overpower shit, fuck the hater and the doubter shit
Chop off the top of your skull, drink out of it
Cowardly bitch I hear death in the wind
Notify next of kin, best of friends
Your limbs are lobbed off, by Jus Allah's axe
Forced to whack their own severed arms to catch

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