

Kay Stubby

"No Soles' Dopest Opus"

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Soul brother's on this scene now...gon' really do a COOL one for ya.

Siah:

Archery through parched lips I aim rhymes that maim mimes

The verbal darts I rip (rip) your heart skips (skip) a beat, grip your seat

And you can dip your feet in the clear blue, here to Defrost your rear view, if you're lost then I can steer you

To where I travel, it's always upon the gravel
Cause slaves walk the paved and everybody got a gavel

I could rouse a rabble, but never dabble in that babblin sport

Form a flock, I bring the fodder for your thought
And in the meelee I stay (cool) like icicle licks
The baby Pele here to hit you with them tricycle kicks
Rhymes are tight like vice grips with mic tools, the fools manifest

Jewels to get you high like swimmin in the cesspool
And when you starve I carve a rhyme like a pumpkin
And in the caverns of my soul I go spelunkin
So now you're sunk in the flow, it's mad pure and
MCs who lack the knack are even samplin my urine
Rhymes who emanate from this Yeminite lights
Like a torch I disseminated thoughts in flights
To ignite the four corners of the Earth plus the last world birth

From the sand, now my turf need the astro, I
(leave no footprints in the sands of time
so these wack MCs can't follow me)

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit
I explain shit, all you need to pay's attention
Four dimensional, I call it verbal intervention
Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road
Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit
Po ED explain shit, all you need to pay's attention

Four dimensional, he call it verbal intervention

Yeshua:

Keep close, look to peep the roads took since tracks
are not left evident

To prevent duplicate footprints

Sprints on the main speed remain lame, spannin only A
to B

For me, A to T's the way to be, oh M

Before, then, and after reckon they come to second

Be very fast to analyze lines divided

By the rhyme crafter, I have to, define my kicks

While kids be wack, ridin piggyback droppin lint

In hip hop I'm, wishing kids drop bombs, jewels

And next shit, they best shit cool and only a batch do

So I can pick it up and throw it right back at you

Rhymes hash through, catch too to, match you

View who invite bliss, despite kids

Who force me to write this, sum it up like this

Buffoons, are hot air balloons, find themselves with
wealth

Consumin plumes on the moon, spewin lagoons

Now blooms, assumin, cats, on a tune in

Gladly catch due and sadly that' rulin

Hip hop as I know it, it stops with the PoED

Not only plant seeds but take time when I grow it

So in, the feast the need for weed whackin seems
rappers

Come a dime a dozen, empty minded, they find it's
easy

Sayin nothin when they shit drop, the remedy we be

Formin only original lyrics and shit bit

Hip Hop

(You know I leave no footprints on the sands of time

So these wack MCs can't follow me)

Siah:

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road

Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit

We Be explain shit, formulatin a solution

Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution

Travel on the gravel, never took the taken road

Slaves walk the paved, cravin on the same shit

To be free, explain shit, formulatin a solution

Four dimensional, we call it verbal resolution

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