

## **Knut Kiesewetter**

### **"The Interrogation"**

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[A-Plus]

Hieroglyphics baby  
Yeah, yeah!

[A-Plus]

Yo, we delicate precision I erect the prison  
Make you respect the wisdom  
Man I'm chillin' with these checks I'm gettin'  
Cashola when I raps over tracks, yo I mack  
Just to break a ho back, we spin that ass over  
Stop hatin' before my dogs mash on ya  
Niggas claimin' they ballers they can't even sack dosia  
No model chicks, just a trick, some wack (bova?)  
No Range Rover just a moped and a crashed nova  
Y'all speak hard but then you leave scarred  
When you see my deep squad it mean you fi'n to meet  
God  
Is you a retard, it get heavy when pleas start  
Snatch your weak broad then we playin' leapfrog

[Tajai]

Yeah we sometimes explicit  
Never complicit, bust it  
I gets busy usin' the arts of mystics  
Break the shit down then I start to twist it  
Blow it, into the wind  
When I touch the microphone it's a win-win, situation  
You placed in I'm goin' for the ball  
It's all about concentration and placement  
Boxin' niggas out rockin' any house  
Any time, any where, any how, nigga feel me now?  
Phenomenon, for the mash on the feminine  
Off the sour mash cobwebs in my calabash  
Blast on you scalawags  
Then I'll blow up some power plants  
Don't have to ask you yo how was that

[Chorus: Tajai]

Yeah we inter-continental  
Multiple mentals, possessive of all essentials  
Movin' on you minstrels

Man this what we off in to  
This what we was meant to do  
Uh yeah we inter-continental  
Ballistic missile  
Melt bones, flesh and gristle  
Put away your pistol  
Cause you gon' feel us when we hit you  
Nigga we the Hiero Crew, marks

[Casual]

Ay,  
They ain't got the heart to battle us  
Our challengers stay talentless  
I'm imbalanced fuckin' (funabulous?)  
No need to counteract you counter-attack us you're  
kinda wack  
Engaged in static with the lymphatic pimp at it  
Large and the thought you was still swift at it  
rhythmic  
With hard shit  
Wordsmith versatile while Jewel of the Nile style  
'll get you buried  
They see your picture when they get your obituary  
You scary-ass low-class ho-ass nigga  
Broke-ass nigga you don't know cash, nigga

[Opio]

Aw yeah  
I'm like side street high speedin'  
Sharp turnin'  
Rack and pinion steering veerin' towards the curb &  
Police runnin', machine-gunnin'  
Gasoline Mark Fuhrman, start burnin', leave nothin'  
No evidence just dead presidents  
The Fed's nemesis treacherous evil residents  
Who got weapons with scopes on 'em Op' squash it  
They deep as the exorcist tryin' to cause a closed  
coffin  
Man I'm on a mic show stoppin'  
Like a loaned shotgun  
The rest are so monotonous  
Pseudo-scientific but you know Hiero's infinite  
Fuck a diamond I dominate concentrate

[Chorus: Tajai]

Yeah we inter-continental  
Meditated mind state balanced mental  
Movin' on you minstrels  
Mashin' on the instrumental  
Man that's what we meant to do  
Uh, yeah we inter-continental

Ballistic missile  
Melt bones, flesh and gristle  
You ain't fi'n to feel shit when we hit you  
We into you, this is the Hiero Crew, marks

[Phesto Dee]

Yeah it's metal gear for the track layer  
Sword blaze your vertebrae up  
Swing my laser like a space-age sensei  
The suckers sashe  
Backfire on the Messiah  
It's quick draw  
Rapid fire through your rap attire  
I side-saddle ya  
Sciatica straddle your automatics  
Dazzled 'em with fabulous force that's haphazardous  
Third-rail ya taggers with flow, hell daggers  
I nailed Raymond, you frail baggage  
A stale package  
Sharp hatchet here's Johnny  
Lyrics (rally?)  
Draw down like Salvador Dali  
Out the drawer to the Hollies  
Snatchin' bodies clowns get cracked up at the Colli  
Like niggas tryin' to 720 wind mill into our alley

[Pep Love]

It was written in the stone tablets  
Hieroglyphics rippin' microphones savage  
Puttin' Imperium on the map bitch  
Niggas be lettin' they lips flap  
Speakin' on my crew in front the hoes  
Dude, what kinda shit's that?  
You bound to get slapped  
Car-jacked and pistol smacked  
And get your bitch kidnapped  
And I don't even get down like that  
But word get around quick  
Guess you wanna hear me spit some town shit  
Nah I got a different style, in the 99th percentile  
While you tryin' to get down I been down with real  
niggas  
That will make you wig-wiggle  
While I'm gigglin' stickin' ya chick with the dill pickle,  
You feel that?

[Chorus: Tajai]

We inter-continental  
You corny niggas always tracin' usin' stencils  
Mash you mentals  
I hope you got full-dental

Nigga this the Hiero Crew, marks  
Yeah we inter-continental  
Ballistic missile  
Melt bones, flesh and gristle  
Movin' on you minstrels  
Mashin' on the instrumental  
Nigga this the Hiero Crew, marks!

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