

Lost Secret

"Lost Secret"

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[Intro: Archangel Metatron (G-Clef Da Mad Komposa)]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, kill you, yeah, yeah (Attention all you dumb thugs) [Archangel Metatron] I'm the now, forever and never, simultaneous terror Stay infidels like King Nebuchadnezzar Light Bearer, this mic's my torch, bright, of course Pierce triple darkness, I cripple starships, holding walls like arches Moth-man prophet, unidentified flying object Ride comets, defy logic, enter souls with the speed of fiber optics Who can stop this? And fuck a reason, it's just for props, bitch So over-stand, you part of my master plan In my hands you all about to drip down time's sand I span the ages but nothing changes, stay pathetic Guard your shrine, cause I'ma jack your temple for it's relics From crucifixes to that false idol's compact disc you listen It's all in the mix to fuel the fiction stupid bitches The ominous, stab you with an Obelisk Soundwaves collide your thoughts like clashing oxen, bitch [Chorus 4X: samples] "Lost Secret" "Illuminati, trace the chalk around your body" - G-Clef Da Mad Komposa "I ain't hearing anymore weird sounds in the ear" - Ol' Dirty Bastard [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] I center my thoughts with firey aim Manipulate the sun, spit comets While you emit vomit and fantasies In the valley of the shadow of the great dumb thugs I represent the sun disc, metaphysical physician Tone scientist, tetragrammaton cymbalist We play survivor on the planets While you sell drugs and shoot rappers You niggas is fucking cornballs Joe Aton I packed my ship for the long haul When we get mad we throwin moons at your spaceball I rhyme to your spirit to improve ya offspring Stand back and out of harm's way when the templar sword swing Bling bling, that's the sound of the idolator Boom boom, that be da Clef kick in ya monitor Rappers wanna test the Clef but yo, you know the outcome They get stung by the venom, operation idiot I feel like throwing hi-hats at ya throat Then harass your fans and shit on everything you ever wrote [Chorus 4X] [Archangel Metatron] (G-Clef Da Mad Komposa) Welcome to Metatron's Rubix Cube (Ayo, you can't square your actions with Mr. Protractor) I throw

you off course like a compass at the North Pole (You all
fold) To the pressure when I wave my sceptre
(Abrhahadabra, now you DOA) And I'm a crush ya soul
like I'm eating Frito Lays (Turn the page, now ya
murdered by Enoch Light) Now turn it back, it's
Metatron dressed in pitch black (Archangel please, that
light is really blinding me) I forgot ya so stupid, why
you keep reminding me (Uhhh we interrupt ya session)
I'll kill ya engineer (Decapitate ya rappers) while I
influence ya sphere [Chorus 4X]

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