

Lost Secret f/ Blakspik, Infamous Mr. Savage, Malik Kahaar

"Sicilian Kombat"

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[Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] I be the Donna Corleona
smokin' emcees like balona Slingin' Provolna from New
York to California So-called rap capo's bang wit dis you
don't wanna End up cold trauma - unrecognizable by
your momma I'm a five-alarma, my veins pump drama I
even flip shit on that revengeful bitch Karma Rat
bastard, I spit the deadliest linguini I take it to the
afterlife like Michael did Barzini I send my regards to
all you fuckin' traitors Fuck sleeping with the fishes I'm
a feed him to the gators So now you know I'm holding
the mic down style-Mafioso The true black Sicilian who
brought light to Palermo La Cosa Nostra, yeah, This
Thing is Ours Storm, the Godmother of the 16 bars
Even Fam can end up like Fredo in the harbor Violate
Blood Honor, get biffed out by Donna! [Archangel
Metatron] Yo, I talk what matters crowned wit the rings
of Saturn Those who opposed left with charred
cadavers, ashes scattered Lyrics speakin' with the
geometric precision Of the kemetians, preach the
teachings Of when Atlantis had beaches, you cannot
defeat this I speak the facts that leave fanatics
belieffless You cowards love hallucinatin', my Klik be
Masons Tower of Illumination, spiritual lighthouse I'll
guide a nation, Archangel Metatron Go run to ya
Reverend, or come and follow enochs ascension into
the heavens The weak should kneel command a fleet
of Ezekial wheels in galactic battlefields This is the
manifesto, y'all emcees can bring ya best flows But
they'll never match the unmanifested flesh flows That
never even left my mental threshold I scoff at your
rhymin', I be hip hop's conquerin' lion [Blakspik] As my
mind elevates and travel through different time zones I
get theatric with verbal acrobatics I stay with automatic
clips cuz my pen's hot With words that generate the
sounds that make your head knock Hates can't see me,
my light is UV-prone And even in the dark I can see
your weak spark You thought I'd fold under pressure,
sing the song of Blues? But rose like Megatron with
Powercubes You want problems, I'll slap you in your 3rd
dimension Flow back in time, and kill you at your first
conception I ride a track like a biker on the Bruckner

Pop a wheelie, pass police and say 'fuck ya' You wanna see me say my name three times in the mirror fam J O the A to the Q I M, we got it poppin' Soul Kid vets behind me, I'm standing on the square so suckers walk by me [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] What is the essence of a Soul Kid blessin' Niggas got caught fessin', and ain't learned their lessons yet Clowns get whacked on wack TV shows But in real fuckin' life their fakeness really shows You tried to gamble but you never been to Vegas You fell right off, like Strictly Dago on a playlist Rock bottom, so much for your big plans Don't quit your dayjob, nigga, stock boy at Today's Man You ain't a gangsta, your style is strictly gay though You're real Paisans be eating cornbeef and potatoes I brought you to the Wu, got you a meeting with Geffen But your shit was so fresh, Wendy Goldstein was like "next!" Real Sicilians don't be playing Cosa Nostra like it's an act If I see you up in the Hurst you get smacked You're transparent, don't front the role Cuz you can't be a Soul Kid if you got no Soul [Infamous Mr. Savage] Yo, who be that ill nigga creepin' through Palermo You guessed and he's back and he's packin' a fuckin' inferno Blaze niggas internal, I'm slick with it, forget it For kicks I ride the hi-hat and snare, perform tricks with it Yeah, I'm still nice, still rock rhymes Still brawl with any one of ya'll, still pop spines, yeah The Sleepy Hollow kid still spit that relentless shit You thought because I hung up the Doc, I wasn't Infamous, nigga? I'm a soldier, son, a veteran at battling Spit it anywhere, even spat it at the Vatican Spit at anyone, slayed the Pope cuz he was challengin' Stuck him for his Communion Wine, left the place staggerin' Stop your chit-chatterin', your blabberin' will only succeed To get me mad and make me splatter your battalion, homey Like I said before, punk, you don't know me Cuz this man will wave a cannon that'll blam in your canoli [Malik Kahaar Ali] The Verbal Alchemist, blast brain cannons at fraudulance I slaughter shit with or without the quarter inch Immortal sin, to step in booths I recorded in just the thought of them with a pen's an offering to torture them Coffin' 'em with my flows like flying saucer-in' Breathe, please somebody get this man some oxygen I'm hydrogen, bombs are songs that mutilate men I'm hard to kill like a Viagra up in the Vatican I'm battlin' battalians, bones be shatterin Gonna need the C.S.I. to read the blood splatter patterns I'm arrogant with darts I spit like a javelin I'm damagin' emcees that can't speak the Arabic Small change three-dollar emcees is counterfit From a studio A or B, or C your way out of it On top of that, I'm young, black, gifted and talented Cuz I took the spirit of Weldon Irvine and channeled it, what?

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