

## **Lost Secret f/ Ced Gee**

### **"Delta Force 2007"**

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[Chorus: Ced Gee] Hello, I'm back again With Metatron,  
the champion Hello, I'm back again It's Ced Gee, the  
champion Hello, I'm back again With Metatron, the  
champion Hello, I'm back again [Archangel Metatron]  
I'm a radar, getting messages from galaxies They want  
me to stop, aliens are mad at me Cause on the face of  
the Earth I'm the first To break the wrath of the curse  
Getting lucky, just like David did Goliath My rhymes,  
they sling shot, around Orion Then return like a comet  
killing giants I'm defiant, so stop relying, on Weak  
rhyming child molesters But I'm the Metatron, Pyramid  
Protector The Delta, Alpha, and Omega, Supreme  
Divine soundwaves Puerto Rico beat the Dream Team,  
reality And forget formalities, explode with thoughts  
Yes, nuclear of course, you stepping to me? You get  
your face slashed, irrational, a pattern in Pi's decimal  
Decimate, your brain, I detonate Chill with germs then  
further instigate Create, which means to build  
something Words to thoughts to flesh, now I wanna kill  
something Motherfuckers, Lost Secret two soloist Your  
moms mad that your pops on some homo shit Blowing  
up your brain like a Jewish terrorist Or a Muslim,  
whatever irrelevant Rappers, to me you just a toilet seat  
You get shit on, I'm a cleanse your soul Rap to take  
control, I'm Metatron and I'm a roll My names the Delta  
[Chorus] [Ced Gee] Back to take control as I begin To  
rip this mic apart, from end to end Combine the rhyme  
that's mines to make 'em blend Produce a beat that's  
dope I hope you smoke the dope, I wrote I quote I made  
your brain choke, you need an antidote Of rhymes, just  
like funky potions I killed your membranes, so now your  
hoping That you can become, another intellect But  
you're a dummy, son, your rhymes can't connect  
Metaphors, cause your style is very basic You leave  
traces, you have no aces Jacks, or Kings, or Queens, or  
even deuces I'm like Spades, you can't renege this  
Ultramagnetic style of rhythm Brain combustion, is  
what I give 'em To make them shake and hesitate and  
make mistakes To stay awake cause the Gee stands  
for Great Man, reachin' my apex The more I climb, son,  
some rappers hate that Twist and change the way I

rearrange they brains Cause I'm still the Delta [Chorus]

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