

## Opio

### "Mind, Body and Soul"

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[Opio]

Yeah, you know my crew is thick  
Makin chicks go buckwild and act a lunatic  
I'm not a fugitive, hit me on my voodoo bip  
On the Hiero bus, smokin out the hookah wit  
hydro bazooka shit, blowin out your mucus membrane  
Yeah, you can spit game, but who can explain  
how your woman in Spain with Miguel?  
Well his real life don't match the stories he tell  
Pedallin propaganda, wearer of the handcuffs  
In a plastic cell, look straight for the camera  
From Atlanta to Havana, they broadcastin "Channel  
Zero"  
I'm in your ear though, sort of like a black antenna  
I throw my hand up, body electric  
Receive God's blessings how I stay protected

[cut and scratched]

"This is protected!" -> Professor X

[Opio]

Nowadays young boys have to handle the fifth  
like John Hannibal Smith, put the ammo in the clip  
Catch you in a alleyway, blam you in the rear  
Run up in your crib, go gorilla on your family  
And it ain't about a rap song, they do it for the cash  
homes..  
.. what comes around goes around  
You might catch one if you own this town  
And that's well known so hold it down  
When you try to blame hip-hop, for who gets shot  
I point my finger at the President, it's his fault  
No amount of Harvard slick talk can pick apart that one  
Delinquents on the ave know what's happenin (uh)  
I throw my hand up, body electric  
Receive God's blessings how I stay protected,  
protected, protected

[cut and scratched]

"This is protected!" -> Professor X

[Opio]

Resistin as a seminal for centuries and evermore  
Spit it in a metaphor, get it at your record store  
Let's make it crystal clear, listen here  
Blood spilled on the battlefield or shed in a tear  
Recharge, reshape, then reappear  
Then reformulate before we commandeering  
It's the renaissance, from Port-au-Prince, to in the  
Bronx  
And back to Oakland, the wheels in motion  
We coastin - thunderfoot like a Clydesdale  
Rumble, young man rumble, I'll put your lights out  
Opio be groovin like Manchito and the Afro Cubans  
And that's cool then, T. Mass power movin  
I throw my hand up, body electric  
Receive God's blessings how I stay protected,  
protected, protected

[cut and scratched]

"This is protected!" -> Professor X

[Opio]

I expand like the verbal supercluster, so who could  
muster  
the force of impact, from my point of attack  
Live third rail on the subway track  
I'm in the tunnel like the Moleman, with mo' plans, to go  
back  
to flows that expose "Acknickulous" skill  
Not mass appeal, or abs of steel  
Or apple bottom like the ass on Beverly Peel  
I appreciate celebrity status it's all real  
But it's mo' about the cats in the lab and with no deal  
Who keep the fully-auto verses single-action ideal  
Yeah Hiero oh they straight, culture merchants we kill  
So throw your hands in the air, let the truth be revealed  
Yeah, body electric, protected, protected

[cut and scratched]

"This is protected!" -> Professor X

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