

Poetic

"Savior"

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alarm blaring [Intro: Poetic] Sharp Shooter regime,
Godz Work regime Baby J all the way, smooth as alize
Yo, yo, General Grym, yo lockin it down like the federal
pen' Yo, we gon' start wit the hook [Chorus: Poetic] I'm
'bout to wreak havoc on the beast this year Labels ain't
tryin to promote this here Commercial radio shows,
they just don't care The savior of the rap world now
appears To my peeps on the pavement, time is near To
my peers on my wavelength, have no fear 10 years of
politicin make me aware My soul is more precious than
rap careers [Poetic] I'm holdin lives, armies of God
immobilized Reclaimin scrolls, stolen by spies, holdin
fives My mother's swollen eyes prepare me for warfare
Bustin of clear in your ear, with more flair, than the 4th
of July My Sharp Shooter regime got the prototype to
blow a mic You couldn't see me in infrared photo light,
I'm so precise You know the Poet's nice, carryin tubes
made of gold and ice Marchin through your outpost,
causin outbursts Caught you in your house, cold made
your mouth hurt Just sayin my name is a federal
offence Now you fuckin with the hip-hop General, who's
attacks in indefendable Your weak spine is bendable,
your weak my mind is pretend-a-bone It wants to act
sensible but lacks intelligence to pull it off You only
understand the bullet talk Instead of talkin that bull,
you shoul've walked out of my territory My clever story
severs cornies, by measures put together lyrically You
like a terror orgy, you rap niggaz ---- bore me Made me
into this sword carryin, caught buryin Lord varyin, you
know the Gods twist it like Bavarian pretzels Plus, I'm
never respectful, to those who are neglectful of their
duty to cilvilze, as they minimize the power of a live mic
See I maximize all cracks in their vibes, just to provide
light and only the strong survive, so I keep the rhyme
tight Chorus [Poetic] Modern scientists clone cows and
sheeps, just grown from cells Manipulate nature where
guns fail, war tactics vary Our adversary has various
ways to bury us ex-slaves of America, every day could
be your last day You could be blasted the fast way,
caps stray, then ricochet and flash gray matter, while
you prayin to the father Kissin the coba, kids in the

corner is turnin the streets into a suana In the black
home, while the black dome lacks the backbone to
recapture the black phone You got arians all up in your
face and y'all buggin off who got the fuckin hottest
mixtape in New York state, war schemes, your plots,
endorse feds and plot lace the block with crates full of
glocks See, they got more fiends fiendin for morphines
and more rocks than Plymouth, until it's too hot for the
timid street chemist Got more bass then DJ's got bass-
bins, jakes'll pull a raidin Stomp at the cop in combat,
mortals are charged like Rayden You caught off guard,
now armed guards excort you to court offices where
officers offer certain deals which appeal to the snake
mind, yo, it ain't hard to find from clothes designs to
jewels, to mixtapes to the way that niggaz rhyme Yo,
I'm fed up, me and the Gods, set up So, every other
fuckin team get wet up Chorus [Outro: Poetic] Yo! Yo!
I'm too hype to finish this shit! Yo!

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